WE DIDN'T ASK UTOPIA

SWEDEN
FINLAND
HELSINKI
BELO-OSTROV
LENINGRAD
STOCKHOLM
Baltic Sea
ESTHONIA
RIGA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
S S S
Vo
GORKI
MOSCOW
POLAND
KIEV
KHARKOV
UKRAINE
RUMANIA
BESSARABIA
ODESSA
CRIMEA
CAUCA
Black Sea
UNION of SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
TURKEY
0 50 100 150 200 250

R
MARIISKI REPUBLIC
MARBUMSTROY
PARADSK
ZIELONI-DOL
CHUVASH REPUBLIC
KAZAN
TATAR REPUBLIC
KUIBISHEV
Samara
URAL MTS.
EUROPE
ASIA
RAILWAY
SVERDLOVSK
TRANS-SIBERIAN
ARATOV
Volga
Ural River
STALINGRAD
ASTRAKHAN
Caspian Sea
GROZNY
MOUNTAINS
BAKU
CENTRAL ASIA

To Harry!
Hope I'll enjoy it.
Aunt Rose

1.50

We Didn't Ask Utopia

We Didn't Ask Utopia

A QUAKER FAMILY IN SOVIET RUSSIA

by Harry and Rebecca Timbres

New York PRENTICE-HALL, INC. *1939*

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70 Fifth Avenue, New York

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First Printing.....May 1939
Second Printing.....July 1939

Illustrations
by
George Gillett Whitney

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AMERICAN BOOK–STRATFORD PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

Foreword

WALTER DURANTY

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO WRITE an introduction for a book about Russia, but I have never before done it so sadly and yet so gladly. Sadly because this is not merely a book about Russia like others which try to picture that strange and distant country for American readers. This book is more than that. It is a memorial to a man, Harry Timbres, who gave his life for Russia, not directly, as a soldier dies in battle, but in the simple course of his duty, to Russia and to science. This book, which tells more than most of them—perhaps because its basic material was not meant as a book at all nor written with that purpose—is the living words of a man who died. He was my friend. I knew him and admired him. I knew his work and difficulties and how he overcame them with a quiet persistence that refused to be checked by a thousand and one petty nuisances, stupidities, delays of red tape, and misunderstandings, which make life so hard for foreign laborers in the Soviet vineyard. For that reason, I say, it is sad for me to write this introduction.

On the other hand, I am not only glad but proud of the opportunity to pay a last tribute to Harry. I last saw him a few weeks before his death, when he came to Moscow to speed up the delivery of supplies and equipment vitally needed for his fight against malaria. With the restrained

enthusiasm that was a striking phase of his character he told me what they were doing down there in the Mariiski Republic and how they did it, how it compared with work done elsewhere, in Russia and abroad. He had the subject at his fingertips, of course, because he ranked high amongst those "microbe hunters" whose careful, patient efforts are truly making the world safer for humanity. He was delayed in Moscow much longer than he expected, but he didn't grumble. He understood that the delays were not due solely to red tape and inefficiency but arose because Soviet authorities faced so many and such gigantic problems, and because they were trying to "make bricks without straw" in so many varied fields and often with such weak and doubtful clay. That understanding on his part you will share as you read this book. And I hope too you will share his faith in what this country is doing and what it hopes to do.

At last, he left Moscow in high spirits. Work could go ahead now, he felt certain, on a more ample and useful scale. I received one letter full of facts and figures as he had promised, but with a clear undertone of eagerness and hope. Then, suddenly, typhus. And "the silver cord was loosed." Men die but their work goes on and lives after them to help and encourage others. Harry Timbres would have said that himself, but he would have added, as I add, that is beside the point. What he would have liked—and what I hope—is that you who read this book will not do so for the sake of Harry Timbres or for Russia or for science, but to get from it what he would want to give you, kinder and deeper understanding of the USSR, apart from power and politics, in terms of human hope and work, in order to make tomorrow more happy, bright, and wholesome than today.

Introduction

CHARLES-EDWARD A. WINSLOW, M.D.

EARLY IN JULY, 1936, AT THE HOTEL NATIONAL IN MOSCOW, I met a young American doctor who was planning to bring his family to Russia and to live there for a time so that he and his wife could do their part in the struggle against preventable disease, which was one of the major problems of the Soviet Union. This book is the saga of the family adventure which followed; and I want to introduce Harry and Rebecca Timbres to its readers, as their history was told to me on that hot summer day under the shadow of the walls of the Kremlin.

Harry Garland Timbres was born in Missouri and brought up on a Canadian homestead in Alberta. He attended Leland Stanford University where he joined the Society of Friends, graduated from Haverford College in February, 1921, and sailed immediately to join the Friends' unit then operating in Poland.

Rebecca Janney was the daughter of a Quaker physician in Baltimore. She had attended Goucher College, Teachers' College (Columbia) and the Vassar Training Camp for Nurses (Philadelphia) in 1920. She, too, sailed for Poland early in 1921 to join the Friends' unit, and met Harry Timbres in Warsaw. The two young pioneers were married on March 24, 1922, by civil ceremony in the free city of Danzig, followed by a Quaker wedding in Warsaw.

After their marriage, the Timbres made their first visit to Russia, to work for some months in famine relief under the American Friends Service Committee. They returned for a time to America, where Harry studied medicine with the ever-growing desire to apply his knowledge to the health problems of Russia. He took his medical degree at Johns Hopkins in 1928 and finished his interne service in Chicago in 1929. Meanwhile, two daughters were born, Eleanor ("Nicky") in 1924 and Rebecca ("Nadya") in 1928.

In 1929 the family migrated to India, where Harry Timbres had been asked to organize medical services in Santiniketan, Bengal, the educational settlement of Rabindranath Tagore, the great mystic and literary genius of India. Harry's work consisted in inaugurating health co-operatives in the surrounding villages and in conducting a malaria survey of Bengal, which was one of the most complete of the similar studies of various districts published in the comprehensive *Malaria Survey of India* in 1935. Rebecca assisted in the local work, particularly among the Hindu and Mohammedan women in Purdah.

During the five years (1929–1934) when the Timbres family had their headquarters in India, Harry took a diploma at the London School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene (1930), studied the admirable health program of Yugo-Slavia as a Traveling Fellow of the Health Section of the League of Nations (1931), and received a diploma in Malaria Control from the Ross Field Experimental Station of India (1932).

On returning to the United States in 1934, he studied for one term at the School of Hygiene at Johns Hopkins. He left the school for eight months to serve as medical officer for a co-operative community administered by the

United States government at Arthurdale, West Virginia, with entire charge of the medical, surgical, and obstetrical work in a community of 600 persons. In 1935 he returned to Baltimore to teach medical statistics and to complete his work for the degree of Doctor of Public Health, which he received *in absentia* in 1936.

This was the background of the two young people who were planning in July, 1936, to match the resources of their sound scientific training and their gallant spirit against the hazards of disease and the discomforts and uncertainties of life in a strange land in the throes of industrial and social revolution.

The practical difficulties experienced by Harry Timbres in obtaining the opportunity he sought and in arranging for the admission of his family to Russia are told by him in his letters, and the subsequent experiences of the family in a new settlement established to make paper for the Soviet Union in a remote forest region of the Volga are pictured in Rebecca Timbres' diary. The tragic climax of the adventure came with the death of Harry from typhus in May, 1937.

The story of the twelve months between June, 1936, and June, 1937, as told in the pages of this book, seems to me of the first importance for two reasons.

In the first place, Harry and Rebecca Timbres have given us a picture of Russia in transition which is almost unique in its intimacy and vividness. We have had many books about Russia from diplomats, from journalists, from tourists; but this is something different. The authors never became party members; as Quakers, they could not be Communists. But they lived with the people and were accepted fully and completely in the brotherhood of a common task. Both Harry and Rebecca had unusual powers of

vivid and intimate description. We see with them the sunrise in the forest, the spring breakup of ice on the Volga. We face the difficulties of housekeeping on a worker's salary, we realize the problem of washing in a teacupful of water, we share the joy in the purchase of such rare luxuries as two jars of preserved cherries, a flat plate of iron to use as a frying pan, and a washboard, "slightly depressed in vital spots but still usable." We attend meetings of the Medical Workers' Union and take part in primitive masquerade parties at the Workers' Club. We see the life of the tavern and the village street. We feel the old Russian shiftlessness and procrastination and the new Russian passion for achievement and efficiency in daily conflict. We catch the fervent idealism and the welling hope of the masses and we hear, too, even in a far-off village, menacing undertones of the war of the new regime against its interior and foreign foes. The book is a fundamental contribution to a real comprehension of the Russia of today and tomorrow.

In the second place, Harry and Rebecca Timbres have done something else in this book which was far from their own intent. In these intimate family letters and this personal diary, they have drawn for us a picture of themselves. This picture is of profound social significance, because it is the kind of people here made known to us who represent the hope of the world. They were not "enthusiasts" in the old and derogatory meaning of that term. They were students of science, well and soundly trained as technicians, critical, objective, rational. But they were the kind of people, who, by instinct and almost without conscious decision, seek out the difficult and the dangerous tasks, in the service of humanity. It is well to become intimate with a man and woman of this type.

In one of Harry Timbres' early letters, he speaks of conversation with Dr. F. G. Boudreau and myself in Moscow, and says "I think both . . . are envious of the opportunity I may have here. I guess they wish they were young again." With the end only ten months away, here is the authentic tragedy of gallant youth. Yet Harry Timbres' life was not wasted. His rendezvous with death was in a cause that was significant and real. He fell on one battleground of the war against disease and shoulder to shoulder with those who were fighting for the upbuilding of a new social order against the ignorance and chaos which are the common enemies of all mankind.

To know Harry and Rebecca Timbres is to gain a new hope in these dark days. It is men and women of their sort whose quiet and unnoted service will yet create for us a better world, in which the posturing of dictators and the compromises of statesmen may be forgotten.

Contents

PAGE

FOREWORD *by Walter Duranty* v

INTRODUCTION *by Charles-Edward A. Winslow, M.D.* vii

Part 1

HARRY'S LETTERS 3

Part 2

REBECCA'S JOURNAL 75

Part 3

CONCLUSION 287

Part 1

HARRY'S LETTERS

The Family

Harry Garland Timbres
Sometimes called "Hal"

Rebecca Janney Timbres
Sometimes called "Bocca"

Eleanor Carter Timbres—aged twelve
Called "Nicky"

Rebecca Sinclair Timbres—aged eight
Called "Nadya"

Harry's Letters

EVER SINCE HARRY AND I HAD WORKED TOGETHER IN FAMINE relief in Russia shortly after our marriage, we had hoped that someday we could return, preferably in medical service. With that end in view, Harry studied medicine and received his degree. But we were not able to carry out our plan until 1936, when we applied as "Intourists" and were granted our visas by the Soviet Government.

There were several reasons for our intense and undeviating feeling that we must return. We had learned to love and admire the Russian people themselves as individuals, and we wanted to work for them and among them. We had been interested in their economic system, and we wished to see what developments and changes had taken

place in the fourteen years since we had last lived in Russia. We hoped our children might benefit by the educational opportunities in the Soviet Union and could acquire an international point of view. Socialized medicine was just commencing to stir into life in the United States, and we were keenly interested in making an intensive study of the system in Russia, where it had been in practice over a number of years; we wanted to draw our own conclusions as to where it had succeeded and where it had failed according to the original conception, and which aspects might be applied to countries like England and the United States. There was also a very fine opportunity for further research in the control and prevention of malaria, in which Harry was specializing, and we hoped he could work under the "Narkomzdrav" (Department of Health). And, finally, we were stimulated by books and lectures that we felt were heavily weighted for or against the Soviet Union, and we wanted to draw our own conclusions at firsthand.

We had hoped to sail with the children in June, 1936, but were advised by Mr. Oumansky at the Soviet Embassy in Washington that it would be wiser for Harry to go alone, change his "Intourist" to a "Permanent" visa, secure a definite position, and then send for the children and me.

So he sailed alone. Very sadly we waved good-by and watched the water widen between us and the ship, Harry's figure growing smaller and smaller until it was a mere dot outlined against the white deck.

* * *

HELSINKI
JUNE 16, 1936

Dearest Girl,

Thy fourth letter reached me here. Thee [1] must keep a stiff upper lip—the distance between us doesn't mean much and will soon be shortened.

It seems strange to be going in alone when we had hoped for so many years to be together when we entered Russia. The instant I get my Intourist visa changed to a Permanent one in Moscow, and am secure in a job, I'll cable for the three of you to come.

Here at Helsinki for the first time I am really beginning to gasp in spirit, as the water gets deeper and deeper, and colder and colder. Tomorrow we get to Leningrad, and then I shall start swimming.

Thine,
Harry

NEW MOSCOW HOTEL, MOSCOW
JUNE 21ST

Dearest Bocca,

June 16th—We entered Russia at Belo-Ostrov. The Customs were not difficult, but I had to register all the money I had, my camera, binoculars, microscope, and medical instruments, and get receipts for them. We arrived in Leningrad in the late afternoon. On the train, just before getting into the station, I engaged three children in conversation. Said one, "What country do you come from?"

"America."

"Well, if you're an American, why aren't you riding first class instead of third?"

"I haven't enough money to ride first class."

[1] In Quaker phraseology, the second person singular is "thee."

"Whoever heard of an American not having money? What's your coat made of? It has nice leather buttons. That's a nice gold ring on your finger. Why do you have gold in your teeth?"

The train was slowing down by that time, and the little boys swung off the end of the coach, under the couplings like monkeys on a limb, and off the train on the other side.

Leningrad was shabby but showed evidences of repair work and new building. Crowds of people in the street made a marked contrast to Helsinki, where the streets seemed comparatively lonely. Hundreds of shops were open and all of them loaded with goods and crowded with buyers. There were dozens of little booths where confections and soft drinks and beer were being sold. Many persons, not foreigners, seemed quite well dressed. I sat in the park. A young woman sat beside me and watched her little boy play in the sand. (Every park has a large sand pile for the children.) She called him to her and put a blue wool overcoat on him, and then gave a few kopeks to an old bent beggar-lady who was making her rounds in the park.

I had a good supper in the hotel, and left Leningrad at 10:30 o'clock in the evening. A huge crowd milled around on the station platform. A woman was selling Eskimo Pie at 75 kopeks.[1] All sorts of people bought her wares. I was in a third class sleeping compartment with four berths. The other three were occupied by three men and a little girl. The child had a cold and kept coming to her father to have her nose blown on his handkerchief, which was shortly overworked. I gave her a clean one from my bag. That got us acquainted. Her father was an economist-

[1] There are 100 kopeks to the ruble. In 1936–1937, there were five rubles to the American dollar.

engineer in charge of a scientific research institute in Moscow. One of the other men was a professor of pathology at the graduate medical institute in Leningrad, and the third was an ear-nose-and-throat surgeon at the medical school. We talked until nearly 2 A.M. They told me of some very interesting work in the treatment of malaria they had been doing, and about the medical organization of the country. Every doctor has an opportunity to come back to a graduate institute every three years for review and specialization.

June 17th—Moscow. Much of it is the same as when I saw it in 1930, but whole sections are completely changed. There are many new automobiles and trucks—most of them made in Russia. There is not a great variety of design, but they do get over the ground. I saw the magnificent new metro [subway] stations, but haven't taken a ride yet. I did, however, get a glimpse of the new Moscow-Volga Canal (connecting the Moscow River and the Volga; that is, the Baltic Sea and the Black Sea) on the way in. A lot of building was going on. It was "free day," and crowds of people were in the streets. Free day comes every sixth day, instead of every seventh as with us.

I am stopping at the New Moscow Hotel, just across the river from the Kremlin. It is a comfortable hotel, and I have a room all to myself. The food is good, and is simple and clean, but the waiters are not so clean. I saw one of them spit on a knife in order to shine it up. Russia changes slowly. The service is quite prompt, however. From our dining room we look right over into the Kremlin.

I fared forth to find Alpatov,[1] whom I had liked so much when he was taking postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins

[1] Dr. Wladimir W. Alpatov was head of the Department of Experimental Biology at the University of Moscow.

some years ago, and whom I hoped to see while here in Moscow. He had just stepped out when I called, but both his brothers were at home—fine young men. One is an art teacher, and the other a teacher and research scholar in Russian literature. They served me tea, with strawberry jam and confections. We talked about everything, mostly Russian literature and the poetry of Pushkin, in which the younger brother specializes. He is married to an Armenian and has the loveliest child. While we sat there, the death of Maxim Gorki was announced over the radio. Genuine gloom. "Our great Russian writer is dead!"

Alpatov finally returned. He seemed quite optimistic about my prospects, and promised to try to arrange some interviews for the next day. As I returned to the tramway, red flags with black borders were already hanging from the windows of the houses.

June 18th—At breakfast this morning at the hotel, I was seated with a doctor and two nurses, all just in from central Russia for the conference on maternity and child welfare, the program for which calls for the building of hundreds of new institutions, and the training of at least fifty thousand new medical workers, chiefly children's nurses. This conference, the proposed new Constitution, Gorki's death, and the proposed decree making abortions much more difficult to obtain are the main topics of conversation in Moscow.

Arthur Watts [1] called after breakfast. He has been here nearly five years, working as an architectural engineer. He is very enthusiastic about the whole regime, and says even the prison labor on the Moscow-Volga Canal is a good socializing and reforming influence.

I went to see Hermann Habicht,[2] who told me that Siger-

[1] English engineer working for the USSR.
[2] Head of the "Open Road" travel bureau in Moscow.

ist [1] had gone to Kazan and would not return for two days.

I found Alpatov in his laboratory. It is small and overcrowded, but well equipped. Most of the scientific instruments are made in Russia. One of his students has formulated a new theory of competition reactions of protoplasm that is considerably in advance of Lotka's, which has held the field up to now. A new and greater Pavlov? Another of Alpatov's students is a young man working on the effect of physical agents, such as low blood pressures and temperatures on parasitical infections of the blood. He has published a great deal.

As I walked home through the Red Square, the streets were crowded with processions of people queueing up to see the body of Gorki lying in state in the House of Trade Unions. There will be a grand funeral in the Red Square tomorrow at 5 P.M. Stalin and all the rest will be there. So will I!

I went to the Park of Culture and Rest this evening, where there were large classes in folk dancing in the open places in the park, gymnastics, swimming, boating, circus, theaters, and music—most of it free, or at a nominal charge. Thousands of people laughed, played, and ate—all seemed happy. I returned by river boat to the hotel. I can't believe this is the gray Moscow I saw in 1922, or even in 1930. I am going to buy me a Russian shirt and a Tatar cap tomorrow and become a real Russian.

June 19th—My mistake—all the rest were there but I wasn't. You couldn't get within a mile of the Red Square and Gorki's funeral. It was all chained off, and only members of trade unions and factories, and that ilk, were allowed in,

[1] Dr. Henry E. Sigerist is the Wm. H. Welch Professor of History and Medicine, and Director of the Institute for the History of Medicine, The Johns Hopkins Medical School.

and they crowded the Square to overflowing. But I saw many of the processions march in.

Then I looked up Annushka. She is the very same girl we knew in Sorochinskoye when we worked together in Famine Relief in 1922, only much fatter. She was so glad to see me she nearly fainted. She and her husband still live in the room they occupied in 1930, but their furniture is much better, and they have a piano and a gramophone. Their little girl died two years ago of pneumonia. Mischa is an architect, and so busy he has not taken a vacation for three years. Annushka is studying architecture, too. She has been at it one year and has three more years to go. One of her drawings on the wall of their room shows talent. Imagine, our peasant girl a budding architect! She takes an interest in art and has some books of very good reproductions, which she brought out and explained to me. She and her husband are as enthusiastic as ever about the regime, and point to the many improvements in life to show that their faith of six years ago—when there were bread lines, and little food, and practically no clothing—was justified. Mischa gets 2,000 rubles a month on his job, and Annushka a small stipend as a student. She loves to dance American dances, which are quite the rage now in Moscow—and got out the gramophone and American and Russian records and danced with me. She dances well.

Later, we had supper and went to a park, where we took a small boat and rowed around the lagoon, and then watched the people dance in the pavilion. It was crowded with couples doing the fox trot, rhumba, and Boston waltz. I had to smile when a Red Army officer, in high black boots, and with the star of the Order of Lenin on his chest, swung past in a lively rhumba. In fact, I really laughed

out loud. Have we so completely conquered the world? *O tempora, O mores!*

As we returned through the park, Mischa remarked on the great number of loving couples on the park benches, disporting themselves in osculatory fashion quite *à la Paris.* He asked if people acted like that in America. Apparently neither he nor Annushka approved, and when I charged them with being conservative, Annushka laughed and said, "When Mischa courted me, I was a virtuous young girl." Evidently, according to her, kissing in a public park is a sign of lack of virtue. The peasants are strict. Then I added that in America nearly every person has his own automobile, which is very convenient for persons desiring privacy in their courtship.

"We must have an automobile, too, Mischa," she said, "and then we can kiss all we want to. And you'll see, Garry[1] Timbres, we *will* have an automobile within five years. Everybody in Russia will have one in five years."

"And then they may kiss all they want?"

"Konyechno [certainly]."

It was all right so long as you did it in private!

June 21st—I saw some examples of modern Soviet art in the Tretyakov Gallery today. There was a special exhibition of the paintings of Repin (mostly Russian historical scenes). I could not find the "Pool, quiet and deep," and was much disappointed, but there were other pictures in which the light effects were almost as good.

Thine,
Hal

[1] There is no letter "h" in the Russian alphabet. The hard sound of "g" is often substituted.

MOSCOW
JUNE 22ND

Dearest Bocca,

Sigerist has gone to a local medical conference of Tatar doctors and expected to return two days ago, but each day he announces postponement of his return by telegram. Alpatov tried to arrange for me to see Dr. Sergeev, chief of the Tropical Institute, but he was in conference for two days. Finally, Alpatov managed to get through to him, and I am to have an interview with him tomorrow at eleven.

Delegates of the League of Nations arrived today, Dr. Boudreau [1] among them, and I saw him for a few moments in the hotel this morning. I am to see him again at six. I am told that Rakovsky (former Ambassador to France and himself a practicing physician in France before the war) is the man to see. Says I to Boudreau: "So you think I am quite crazy, do you?"

"I think you are obstinate."

"Well, you don't know a thing about me."

"No, but I am learning. Come back at six and let me learn some more."

I have not wanted to write until there was something definite to report; but knowing thee must be nearly wild for news by now, I shall send this off today. It is as I feared it might be—postponement and indefiniteness. It may be difficult to get the visa changed from Intourist to Permanent without leaving the country. On the other hand, there are persons who have recently succeeded in doing so. It depends on who recommends you, I suppose.

Third class tourist is as good as anyone could desire.

[1] Dr. Frank G. Boudreau was Chief of the League of Nations Service of Epidemiological Intelligence and Public Health Statistics in 1936.

The food and rooms are the same as tourist class. So far I have not discovered any difference, and there are many Americans at this hotel who are traveling third, and have been in all parts of the country. So far no bugs have met me.

Well, I'll get this off air mail on the *Normandie*. I got thy letters of June 1st and June 7th. Thanks for both. It is very lonely here, and I miss thee so much, and thy counsel and support. But I know that I have thee all, even at this distance, and that is much comfort.

Thy own,
Harry

MOSCOW
JUNE 28TH

Dearest Bocca,

The delegates from the League of Nations are at the National Hotel, not far from the Grand Hotel, which is just opposite the Historical Museum at one end of the Red Square. I happened over there on purpose around ten o'clock one morning as the delegates were assembling in the vestibule of the hotel preparatory to going on a short trip to an institution, and Dr. Boudreau introduced me to Dr. Bronner, one of Dr. Sergeev's assistants. He is a stout man who looks something like King Boris of Bulgaria. He seemed pleased to see me and said he had received my letter —the one I had sent him the day previous, along with the letter from Oumansky [1]—and asked me if I would like to join the delegates on their trip. They were going to the All-Russian Institute of Experimental Medicine, which is in the suburbs of Moscow.

[1] Constantine A. Oumansky was legal counsel of the Soviet Embassy, 1936; Chargé d'Affaires, 1938–1939.

"Sure I would."

And so I hopped into a car along with the rest and away we went.

We were shown around a fine new Institute that is going to be one of the largest of its kind in the world when it is finished about three years from now. I met Rajchman, Head of the Health Section of the League of Nations, and several other men in the Section, including Dr. Madsen from Denmark (the President), and Dr. Parisot from France.

In the middle of the tour I had to return to the city to meet Dr. Gurevich, assistant to Kaminsky, the Commissar of Public Health. I had delivered a letter to him the day before, and he had telephoned me at the hotel to meet him at twelve. He is hard-jawed, cross-eyed, and efficient. I was with him not more than three minutes. He said he had talked with Bronner and Sergeev about me and knew what I wanted, and that they would be pleased to have a worker like myself with them. The next thing was to arrange about the proper visa, and that could not be done at once because of the presence of the delegates of the Health Section of the League, but he thought that after July 1st it could be put through fairly quickly. In the meantime, he would turn me over to Dr. Donskoy, who was in charge of foreign relations of the "Narkomzdrav" [Department of Health]. Dr. Donskoy came in immediately and he said he thought the matter could be arranged with the Foreign Office in about two days, after we got started on it, but before that, Dr. Sergeev would have to write some sort of an application for me.

I returned to the Institute. The delegates were all at dinner and I joined them—wine, cocktails, vodka, and champagne—I had to be careful. I was introduced to a professor

of pathology, A. D. Speransky, who has recently published a notable volume containing a new theory of the pathology of the nervous system. It has been called mystical in some circles, and the equal of Claude Bernard and Virchow in others. He presented me with a copy of it, in English. There were many speeches, and Dr. McCollum [1] got kissed on both cheeks by Speransky and Lena Stern. She is quite a character. Short, fat, good natured, and motherly, she is one of the most eminent physiologists in Europe. She used to work in Geneva, but about ten years ago told the Soviet Government they could have her if they wanted. So they gave her a laboratory. She fought them for more —she stood right up to them and told them what they must do, and eventually they did it. Now she is the head of two institutions, teaches physiology and certain branches of veterinary science, gets 5,000 rubles a month, has a car and chauffeur, and lives in two simple rooms. Well, she was there and kissed Daddy McCollum on both cheeks. When I was introduced to her she did not kiss me, but she invited me to come to tea and to be her guest at the meeting that night at the House of the Scientists.

Sigerist and I had tea with her about seven in the evening. Sigerist knows her very well. The meeting that night was interesting in many ways. I met many scientists, of course, and also Dr. Rakovsky, who is now head of one section of medical research. He presided at the meeting. The main topic was social medicine in Europe. Dr. Parisot talked in French all around the subject, but never came to the point that social medicine properly carried out meant a new social system. Dr. Rajchman followed with an account of the general work of the Health Section. Dr. Ra-

[1] Dr. Elmer V. McCollum is Professor of Biochemistry, School of Hygiene and Public Health, The Johns Hopkins University.

kovsky ended up with a strong speech, laying stress on the fact that social medicine was possible only under Communism. He was cheered many times, but not by the League of Nations delegates. After the meeting there was a big supper waiting for us in a side room—plenty of wine and several nice ladies, wives of the scientists. I met Dr. Sergeev again. I should have said I had talked with him already at the Institute for Tropical Diseases two days before, and he had been very sympathetic.

On the way home I rode in a car with Dr. Rakovsky and another man whom I did not know. Sigerist was there too, and Lena Stern. I told Dr. Rakovsky how much I had enjoyed his speech. The unknown man joined in, and we had quite a talk on Communist theory. Later, in the hotel, Sigerist told me the man is the member of the Central Executive Committee who has charge of all health matters. Then I was glad I had been quite frank about my own plans in the conversation. He had been much interested. Bronner invited me to accompany the delegates the next day.

At ten A.M. we were all there—and I met the great Stampar.[1] We rode in the same car with Rajchman, a reporter from *Pravda*[2] by the name of Vera Golubeva, and a Dr. Chang, woman doctor from Nanking on a League of Nations fellowship to study medical organizations in Europe. She has just come across Siberia, with Stampar. He has been studying social and medical problems in China, and says many people there wonder if the only solution may not be Communism. Rajchman maintained diplomatic silence. I did not. Stampar and I had much in common. He speaks fairly good English.

[1] Dr. A. Stampar had inaugurated and directed the public health program of Yugo-Slavia.

[2] *Pravda* (Truth) and *Trud* (Labor) are two of the leading newspapers published in Moscow.

First, we went to the Kremlin and saw the big bell, and the big cannon and the churches. It took about an hour. Then out we sped into the country. Beautiful road, and beautiful country. We visited three day nurseries for workers' children, and two district hospitals, just the kind I should like to work in. The equipment was simple but complete, even to sun lamps and X-ray. We were told the running expenses were about 3,500 rubles ($700) per bed per year. It took us all day, and about five o'clock at the point farthest from Moscow, about 95 miles, we had a scrumptious dinner, ending with ice cream better than I ever tasted at home. It was made out of real cream, and had real strawberries in it. So don't tell me that only the Americans can make ice cream. When we left, the people loaded us down with bags of fresh strawberries and bunches of roses and chrysanthemums.

We came back just at sunset. Vera Golubeva sang most of the way back. Such a beautiful voice. During and after the famine she was a homeless waif. Now she is thirty-one, and is married to the editor of *Trud*. She has two children, eleven and two. One died in between. Her voice has never been trained, but she sings opera and folk songs and Russian jazz with equal facility. She says she sings when her daughter plays the piano. I got myself invited to her home, and will go just as soon as I can. She said she would teach me Russian dances. I didn't say anything about knowing a few, so she will think I am an apt pupil. As I said, she is thirty-one, but she looks twenty-five. (Did I hear thee say, "Now, Harry, *do* be careful?")

That evening I called on Hermann Habicht. He is married to a Russian professor at the Moscow University, and has one child. I did not meet his wife or baby, as they are in the country. But Louis Fischer, correspondent of The

Nation, was there. Also Genevieve Taggart, poet and wife of Kenneth Durant, chief of the Russian news agency, Tass, in New York.

This morning I visited the Museum of Modern Western Art, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Lenin Museum. In the afternoon I called on Dr. Stampar again. We talked a long time. Just now he is returning to Yugo-Slavia to look after his five children, ranging from twelve to twenty years of age. His wife died of sarcoma three years ago. "She was a wonderful woman," he said. He had me help him get some of his films together and then took me over with him to the House of Soviets (where you get in only by a pass unless you go with some big shot) where he was to show his films on China to the delegates of the League in a closed session. He took me along as his mechanic! We walked right in past two fixed bayonets, b'gosh, and up the elevator to the ninth floor. We were there early, and got everything ready. Fine films they were. He had taken scenes from the real life of the Chinese people (he was there three years as adviser from the League of Nations to the Nanking Government), showing the contrasts between princely wealth and abject poverty, and the primitiveness of their economy. The delegates were a little bored, I think. The Russians were intensely interested. After the second reel, the delegates decided it was time to hold the rest of the business session, and went into another room, but Kaminsky, the Commissar for Health, stayed to see two more reels. I met him afterwards. He is a fine-looking man, powerful, and with vision and great ideas. He looks you straight in the eye. Kaminsky says he wants to see some more of Stampar's films when the delegates return from Leningrad on July 3rd, and Stampar says he will take me along as mechanic.

I delivered a letter from Stampar, came to the hotel, and here I sit and write and wonder what is going to happen. Taken at its face value, everything looks fine, couldn't be better. But I'm not going to get too excited. There is still a heap to do.

I should have said that last Sunday I met Walter Duranty, the writer, too. He has a most unique personality, and is extremely fascinating.

And now, Darling, I am going to tell thee something else —I love thee, and miss thee like the very dickens. I think we would have been able to put it across if thee and the infants had come too; but you didn't, and so we may as well make the best of it. Besides, things are not settled yet.

Annushka has just called on the phone and asked me out into the country day after tomorrow (free day)—swimming and dancing with friends. She is full of the devil. Mischa says she is very jealous of him. She teases him all the time about other women, and then puts her arms around him and tweaks him by the nose. She assures me that Russia is as bad as Spain when it comes to jealousy, and then adds that I must be careful. She wants to know if thee is jealous of me, and says she is going to write thee and tell thee I am going out with attractive little ladies (khoroshenkie malenkie devochki) and dancing with them in the park—will I please give her thy address? She is going to write thee how sly (khitri) I am. "You have to watch these men." When I protest I am innocent of all such allegations, she counters with:

> "I will believe every animal, and a badger,
> But as for you, I'll wait and see!"

which is the Russian equivalent of "Oh Yeah?"

When it comes to her man, she fears she is a bourgeoise —and then the next minute she says she is going to get herself another man unless he gives her a child. "The truth is, Garry, that Mischa doesn't want a child, and that is why we haven't had any more. He says I am not in good enough health, but look at me, how fat and strong I am."

The law abolishing abortions except in case of absolute danger to health and inherited disease has been issued. Russia is now like most other countries in that respect. The discussion that preceded that law was very instructive. There is little doubt that the majority of people were in favor of it. The Russians are essentially puritanical.

I *think* this business is going to go through. But I may still have to telegraph for an extension of Intourist for another month—maybe even longer. In this case I'll extend it only one month at a time. In the meantime I wish thee would write stating exactly what our resources are at the time of writing, and what it is costing thee to live, so I will know just how long we can hang on.

"And now to bed."

Love,
Harry

MOSCOW
JULY 6TH

Dear Nicky and Nadya,

Thank you for your lovely letters. They came just when I was feeling quite low-spirited, and of course they cheered me up a lot. Please try it again. Your pictures all dressed up in costume are darling. My friend Annushka went quite wild about them. She is the girl Mother and I knew in the famine days. She has become quite plump—not like a person threatened with famine—and is very jolly.

You must be prepared for a storm of kisses when she sees you, and probably for a long time thereafter, because she is very demonstrative. She has not kissed me—not yet—but she will make up for her frustration in that respect by kissing you. Besides, she lost her own little girl two years ago, and hasn't had any children since then.

Remember, Nicky, about what thee said of Japan, that one would think that one would see cherry trees and Fujiyamas and all that sort of thing first; but not at all—one sees the crowds of people. Well, here in Russia, thee will say that instead of Kremlins and new factories, what one sees most of all are the bald-headed men. Many men shave their heads entirely, same as if it belonged to their face, every day. And then they rub oil on it, and then they shine it up with a silk shiner until it gleams like a silver mirror. When these men walk under an arc light they look like shooting stars, or even comets. 'Struth! And in the day, under the blazing sun, the effect is dazzling. The other day in the Red Square there was a whole battalion of such men, marching. And the officer in command lined them all up in a circle and told them to tilt their heads so as to reflect the sun's rays on one point, and that lit off a rocket which went sizzling into the air. 'Struth!

I think you will like it here, but you must be prepared for the fact that the Russians are not as clean as they hope to be some day. And Moscow is very crowded. I hope we can live somewhere else, out in the country. But I think life will be so interesting that you won't have much time to regret your past life in luxury. At first, the language will sound quite impossible. But after a couple of months you will begin to catch on, and then things will be much easier. You will learn faster than Mother or I. And then you can help teach us.

It does look at last as if I were going to get work here, but I won't send for you all until I'm quite sure. In the meantime I'm very lonely for my darlings. So I wish these Russians would hurry up and make up their minds.

Your loving
Daddy

MOSCOW
JULY 6TH

Dearest Girl,

Firstly, I love thee very much, and I get so lonesome for thee I hardly know what to do. I even dream of thee, and that is hardest of all when I wake up. But what to do? Thee seems to be feeling the same way, judging from the two letters I have just received.

Now about our affair here. So far there is no reason to be discouraged, except that things are not happening rapidly; but again, maybe they are—for Russia. Dr. Sergeev told Dr. Stampar that he had every intention of putting me to work. He said he was going to send me out into some malarious district for three months, and if I proved satisfactory, then he would probably make me a member of the staff of the Tropical Institute.

Only this afternoon Dr. Donskoy told me he was quite sure he could put everything through by July 10th. When I reminded him that my visa expired July 17th, he said I need not worry—there would be plenty of time. And just this minute I got a telephone call from his office saying I was to come there at ten o'clock tomorrow, and would be given some papers to sign, and instructions regarding something or other. So thee sees, one waits long and nothing happens, and then suddenly anything may happen. It is

like a Punch and Judy show. I may even get thrown out on my ear.

In the meantime, "I too have not been idle." I study Russian and go to the library of the Tropical Institute and read Russian articles. They go slowly. I realize how much of the language I still have to learn.

Boudreau and I had a long talk, all one evening. He gave me some of his impressions—some very favorable—others not so favorable. But then they are only impressions. Like most people, he makes the mistake of using old standards by which to judge new conditions. He is very much worried that I may go Russian and never return to the States. I have told him I won't commit myself either way! Besides, the Russians might not want me. Dr. Winslow [1] is also worried on that score, and advised me that it would be impossible to change worlds. I like Winslow immensely. I think both he and Boudreau are envious of the opportunity I may have here. I guess they wish they were young again.

Yesterday was the great Physical Culture parade in the Red Square. Dr. Donskoy secured a ticket for me. It is quite impossible to describe the affair. I stood about twenty yards from the entire Politburo—Stalin,[2] Molotov,[3] Kalinin,[4] and all the rest, except Voroshilov, the Commissar for Defense. Through the opera glasses I could see them closely. They stood on a tribune about halfway up on

[1] Dr. Charles-Edward A. Winslow is Lauder Professor of Public Health, School of Medicine, Yale University.

[2] Joseph V. Stalin is General Secretary of the All-Union Communist Party and member of the Presidium of the Supreme Council of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR).

[3] V. M. Molotov is Chairman of the Council of People's Executive Committee.

[4] M. I. Kalinin is a chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the USSR and the Central Executive Committee of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic (RSFSR), largest of the Union Republics.

Lenin's tomb. I sat beside Walter Duranty and met three other correspondents—Reuter's, Hearst's, and *News Chronicle's* (London). Most of the Narkomzdrav were near, and all the Committee of the League.

I got into the Square at eleven-thirty. Almost everybody was there by twelve. Stalin and the rest arrived at one and the parade started. It went on until seven-thirty. The Politburo were the last to go, and they stood every minute of the time and not a single one of them made a speech. Can you imagine such endurance and restraint on the part of Hitler, or Mussolini, or even F.D.R.? I can't. Stalin is not the least pretentious or pompous; he wears no medals, and only a very plain light tan uniform. He strikes one as being thoroughly sane and courageous. I don't wonder that people love him.

The parade took six and a half hours. The variety and originality of the designs of the floats were amazing. There were pyramids of gymnasts, tennis teams playing games while keeping on the move past the tribune, boxers, volleyball players, and even swimmers in a full tank of water. Gigantic roses opened up and discharged good-looking girls. Gardens of flowers drifted by, with a child in the center of each flower. And all kinds of designs represented the new technique and tempo of Russian industry. Later there were mass drills and dances; and at the end a "futball" [soccer] match. The Square was prepared by rolling out on it a carpet 60 x 600 meters, which was soft and green and marked with all the lines. The organization was excellent. Apparently there was not a hitch in the entire affair. —I forgot to say that there were even several men and women on skis (mounted on roller skates)—and also people ice-skating on a float carrying an artificial ice platform. The skiers shot right across the Red Square as if

they were on snow. Thee and the children would have enjoyed it, if you could have stood six and a half hours in the blazing sun. I was dead tired when I reached the hotel.

On the Square I met a young Communist aviator who offered to teach me the gentle art of parachute jumping in forty-five hours. I think I may take him up (and be taken up and let down). He told me about a big fat doctor who was so enormous he needed a specially large parachute. He had told his wife he was going out to meetings and clinics, until one day she saw his picture in the paper as having received a medal for parachute jumping. Then he had to 'fess up. So if thee sees my picture in the paper thee will know what's happened. He pointed out a girl in the crowd who had received the Order of Lenin for delayed opening of her parachute, *i.e.*, a leap to within 1,000 feet of the earth, and then opening the parachute. She is only a youngster.

Moscow is the place for Nicky if she wants to learn physical culture. Every year the training becomes better. The young people are perfect when they graduate. Then they are sent out as instructors. How about it, Nicky, old girl? And Nadya, too. Why not?

If plans work out as they seem to be doing, I can probably send for thee to come before July 17th. Fingers crossed, now, Darling—expect the worst and get the best. I wish I could be more definite, but that may happen almost any day now. Courage (and patience).

Thy
Hal

MOSCOW
JULY 7TH

Dearest Girl,

This is a stirring country. We are told at home that what visitors see over here is put on for purposes of foreign propaganda. This is not true. Big events are taking place, and it does not make a particle of difference what outsiders think of them, for they are going on happening just the same.

A personal history which came to my attention will give thee some idea of what is being done for young people. I met a young man in the hotel the other day. He is from Saratov. Three years ago he was a peasant and joined a collective farm. An opera scout scouring the country looking for talent heard him sing in the chorus of the collective. He is now attending the famous school of voice culture in Saratov, and hopes to be a great singer in a few years. He and several other young men and women had been sent to Moscow to take part in the all-Russian singing contest. I wish some of the doubters about the sincerity of the Russians' enthusiasm for their government could have heard that young man talk on the subject. He says that in this country they try to develop their youth to the fullest possible extent. In many other places in the world, youth is merely tolerated, even suppressed and destroyed, or allowed to go to waste—which is the same thing.

But they still have a big job ahead of them. The people have much to learn about organization, objective thinking, sanitation, and so on. The hopeful part is that they are keenly conscious of their defects and are trying their best to remedy them. It's a great country and I like it.

With much love,
Harry

MOSCOW
JULY 8TH

Dearest,

Well, I *think* the trick has been turned. This morning I went to the Narkomzdrav, was given a letter from Commissar Kaminsky to the Moscow District Executive Committee recommending me for a permanent visa. The letter says:

> Recently, Dr. Timbres finds himself in Moscow, having come from America as Intourist. He has expressed a desire to remain in the RSFSR to work as a doctor in the struggle against malaria. Dr. Timbres appears to be well prepared as a specialist; he has several letters of recommendation from professors of Hygiene, and will be very useful to us. Comrade Troyanovsky [1] has written to the Narkomzdrav about him and his desire to work in the USSR. He also has a letter from the Soviet Legal Counsel in America, Comrade Oumansky, recommending him as being a person very close to us in his convictions. The Narkomzdrav requests you to give Dr. Timbres permission to remain in RSFSR. On its part, the Narkomzdrav will give him work in the anti-malaria organization of Marbumstroy in the Mariiski district.
>
> Dr. Timbres speaks Russian satisfactorily.
>
> People's Commissar of Public Health
> (Signed) G. Kaminsky

I took this letter to the proper office, and was asked to fill in a form very much like the one I had filled in in America. I paid ten and a half rubles and received a receipt which also serves as passport until my regular visa is granted. I

[1] Plenipotentiary Representative of the USSR in the United States.

applied for a visa for one year. I was told to return on July 28th, when the decision would finally be given.

Now the question arises as to what is to happen to me between July 17th when my Intourist visa expires, and July 28th when I am to get the other one. Here at the hotel the Intourist people tell me that all is O.K. and I needn't worry. But of course I must pay my own room and board. Dr. Donskoy says, however, that the Tropical Institute will pay me in some fashion. I am to see Dr. Sergeev day after tomorrow, and shall try to get things settled.

About thee and the children: Dr. Donskoy tells me that nothing can be done until after July 28th.

Marbumstroy [1] is, I take it, a pulp mill, or a series of mills, in the Mariiski Oblast, which is an autonomous district, north and east of the bend in the Volga River east of Nizhni-Novgorod (now Gorki), and directly north of the autonomous Chuvash Republic. So I imagine that the Mariiski Oblast is made up largely of Mordvas. If it is pulp mills, it is in pine and fir lowlands, and, I have no doubt, sufficiently malarious to satisfy our tastes.

Hence, and therefore, it is quite essential that thee bring mosquito netting. Please try to get the real stuff, such as we had in India, and enough to cover four beds. When it is made up into canopies, these should have a strip about one foot wide at the bottom, of heavy duck, or something that a mosquito cannot bite through to a bare arm lying against the net. In addition to this, thee should also bring forty yards of ordinary green mosquito netting for use in doors and windows. It seems very difficult to get such things here. Also bring a couple of dozen tubes of insect-

[1] The word "Marbumstroy" is a combination of syllables: "Mar" for "Mariiski"; "bum" for "paper mill"; and "stroy" for "in the process of construction."

repellent ointment (not oil) and a *spray gun.* If thee can get about a kilogram of pyrethrin powder, I can make all the spray we shall need. And this will do for bedbugs as well. We need 1,000 tablets of quinine hydrochloride, 5 grain. Not necessarily sugar-coated. Quinine is not easily obtained here.

I can't think of anything else just now except extra toothbrushes and nailbrushes; such things can be got here, but they are expensive. Ink of good quality is hard to buy, and I need two extra watch crystals. I find it is still cheaper to bring things in, if one can get past the Customs.

Well, Darling, it does look as if things were breaking in our favor, but we can't be sure. When the visa is in my hands, I'll be happier.

I wish thee were here. I daren't think of it, or I'll just give up and come home.

Thy own
Hal

P.S. Further letters and cables had better be sent to me c/o American Embassy, Moscow, USSR, until I know where I'll be. I'll keep them informed.

MOSCOW
JULY 13TH

Dearest Girl,

Well, I have some more information about our ultimate fate. Two days ago I talked to Dr. Rashina, who is assistant to Dr. Sergeev. She said she and Dr. Sergeev had talked over my case, and *had* decided to send me out to Marbumstroy in Mariiski Oblast (as I wrote thee), where I would join the staff of anti-malaria workers engaged there at present. The place is on the Volga—paper mills—and is in a heavily timbered region, full of wolves and bears. During

the winter the staff is much reduced, but they are planning to have us stay there for the winter. So it is a good thing we have plenty of warm clothing.

There is a population of about 18,000 persons. Besides the three anti-malaria doctors, there are other doctors also, and a hospital. So maybe thee could work there. Dr. Rashina says she will write to the doctor in charge, and tell him quarters must be provided for me and family. So far she has not said what the salary is to be. I gather that she does not want to commit herself. She says as soon as my visa is granted, I can go. But that probably means a delay of a few days, because tickets here have to be reserved at least two days in advance.

I am still in some doubt as to what to do about my expenses in the interim between July 17th and the time I leave here for work. I can stay on at the hotel at 16 rubles per day for my room only. I have Intourist food tickets for fifteen extra days, since I have saved that many from my book of tickets by being invited out. My total expenses may not amount to more than about $60, and I still have $180 left from what I brought with me. So if there is not any delay beyond July 28th when I hope to get my visa, everything will be Jake. But there is no assurance that I will get my visa on July 28th. I have only been told to come back on that day.

Anyway, I won't suffer from want. I'll get along somehow. Always have, always will. (Knock on wood.)

Mischa and I went to the Carnival night before last. Annushka had just come home from a tonsillectomy and was not feeling very well, so did not go. We had a fine time. It was nice to see the Russians enjoying themselves so freely. Fully three quarters of the crowd were in masks

or costumes, and it is estimated there were at least 100,000 persons in the Park of Culture and Rest. At midnight we went to the Green Theater (open-air theater in the Park) and saw a show of Caucasian, Ukrainian, and Argentine dancing, and listened to modern Russian jazz music. It is really full of pep. It has Cossack motifs, and that gives it zest. Also heard some thrilling revolutionary and martial music. We got back at six A.M. And I missed thee terribly. Well, it can't be long now—two months at the most.

Thy
Hal

MOSCOW
JULY 19TH

Dearest Girl,

Nothing of importance has happened since I last wrote. I went to the militia headquarters today to see if anything could be hurried up, and it could not. The twenty-eighth is the deadline. After that, "chort sam nye znayet" [the devil himself doesn't know]. I called on Louis Fischer the other day to see if he could do anything, and his reply was: "Do nothing, or you might spoil it." So I sit tight and "ain't sayin' nuthin'." I read at the Tropical Institute, call on Annushka, visit museums and galleries, and meet Americans and others in the dining room. There are dozens of tourists these days. Two preachers who knew Mother arrived from Edmonton.

Dr. Sigerist is gone. I had supper with him the evening before he left. So did the Dumbroffs—chemist and wife (Americans) from the University of Kazan, who may be our neighbors next summer on the Volga. Nice people. They came here two years ago and had pretty tough sled-

ding at first, but are now settled in. He does not speak Russian well yet, and she has had to learn it.

Dr. Alpatov has gone to the Crimea for the summer. Mischa left for the Caucasus several days ago, and today Annushka is going to Sorochinskoye. She invited me to occupy her room in her absence, which would have been very good for me, but the house management would not allow it. There is some police regulation or other. She has asked me to tell her if I run short of money. She has just had two dresses made, and wanted to know what I thought of them (she had to make a dressing room of the space behind the piano!). They are really quite good-looking. "Garry, don't you think I look interesting, now?" They use that word "interesting" as we would say "attractive." And she is, even though she is a bit stout. Hat to match, white gloves, and a silk cape. As Stalin says: "Living is getting better, and happier." Incidentally, she loves to eat; then she complains: "Oh, how my tummy aches," but keeps right on eating!

When thee comes, please bring her a nice present, and some fine needles and pins. Mischa needs some water colors for his architectural work. They can be purchased at any dealer in draughtsman's supplies. It is difficult to get good colors in Russia. One can buy electrical supplies here quite cheaply. An electric iron costs about $5.00, but would not be as good as thine, probably. Thee had better bring the toaster and waffle iron. Coffee is very expensive, about $7.00 a pound, but an electric coffee percolator makes a good kettle for tea. An ordinary electric water heater would be cheaper—the kind with a tube you plunge into water and let heat up.

I enjoyed thy letter very much and repeated Nicky's dream to Annushka. She was delighted. The part she

liked best was where Nicky enjoyed seeing all her lovers fall into the well and drown, after she had married a billionaire. Not a very good Soviet dream, I must say.

Tchicherin [1] and Karpinsky (Chief of All-Russian Academy of Sciences) have died, and had "grand" funerals. I did not attend.

"Bolshye nichevo" [nothing more]. I get *so* lonesome for thee, but after all what's to be done about it?

Thine,

Hal

P.S. Annushka corrects my Russian, and roars with delight when I make a mistake. Today I wanted to tell her I would come to the station to see her off, and would weep many little tears. So I said, "I will weep many little 'selezyonkami.'" She nearly exploded. Then I realized what I had said. The word for "tear" is "slyoza," and for "little tear" is "slyozok," of which the instrumental plural is "slyezkami," which is what I wanted to say. But instead, I said "selezyonkami," which is instrumental plural for "spleen." So I said, "I will weep with many spleens." She said, between gasps, "Only a malariologist could weep that way!"

P.P.S. Bring envelopes and writing paper—hard to get decent stuff here.

Hal

MOSCOW

JULY 25TH

Dearest Girl,

I saw Anna Louise Strong [2] the other day. She has been back about a week. Her hair is almost entirely gray, her

[1] People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, 1918 to 1930.

[2] Author of *I Change Worlds; the Remaking of an American* and other books.

face is quite thin, and she is very nervous. She has not been well for over a year. Arthritis in the shoulder is her main trouble, and it is very much of a handicap, because she has to use the typewriter all the time. She has just been in the States for several months. She said if my visa didn't go through, she thought her husband, who would return about August 6th from Samara, might be able to help me.

I went swimming yesterday at a place two hours out of Moscow. The water was not very deep, but cool. The weather here is terribly hot, and there's been no rain. The crops seem to be quite dry and are in danger. Practically all of my friends have left Moscow, and I'll be glad to get away too. Annushka sewed up my net for me before she left for Sorochinskoye, so I have protection against mosquitoes.

It is now so hot that I drip all over the page, just as we did in Bengal. So I had better close.

Thine,
Harry

MOSCOW
JULY 28TH

Dearest Girl,

Well, I went to the Foreign Office today for my visa, and was told to return for it on August 2nd. No assurance that I shall get it, either. Just wait.

That is the first lesson one has to learn in this still semi-Oriental country—wait, wait, wait. The second lesson is to walk. Please tell the children, so they will be prepared. Want to call it all off? Not too late yet.

Until I get my visa, nothing can be done about thine and the children's. It is working out just about as I thought. Given the best possible conditions—good letters, including

one from the Chief Commissar himself—and the result remains indeterminate for a long time. I hope thee is not becoming impatient, because it won't do any good.

In the meantime nothing has happened. I went to a circus and saw some good acrobats; I went swimming again and was able to get into water which was almost over my knees; and I saw a bunch of Mongolians making a moving picture on the river bank. The hot weather continues unbroken—worse than Bengal, day and night, with high humidity. The weatherman says it is the hottest summer in Moscow since 1880.

Oh, yes; I went to see the Palace of the Pioneers. Just opened. It will accommodate about 2,000 day pupils, the best students from Moscow public schools. It is a beautiful place. And it has all sorts of educational facilities, especially for training young engineers.

Well, I'll get this off now, as I know thee is anxious for news. No letter from thee for over ten days, but that is probably not surprising, since I am no longer with Intourist, and there may be confusion somewhere about delivering my mail.

Thy own
Hal

MOSCOW
JULY 31ST

Dearest Bocca,

A letter from thee after seventeen days. I was really a bit worried, but no need to be, except that if anything should happen to thee, I'd go nuts. Please drive carefully and all that.

No further news. In a few days there is coming from Mariiski Oblast a doctor from the malaria staff there who

will tell me more about the work and conditions of living. But of course if my visa goes through I ought to be out there in a few days myself. I keep reading at the Tropical Institute.

The heat has broken a bit, with rain last night. But the humidity is still high, so when there is no breeze, one stews. I never heard of such a thing in this latitude.

Yesterday was a free day, and the Chinese Dr. Chang and I went out to visit Dr. Stern at Bolshevo at the Rest Home for Scientists. Dr. Chang is very nice and mends my socks. Her father is a well-known radical, and has been in jail several times, sent there by Chiang Kai-shek. We had a nice time. The Rest Home is a quiet place out in the forest, and is used only by professors. Originally it was a rich man's country estate. Some friends of Dr. Stern brought us back to Moscow in a car.

Love,
Harry

MOSCOW
AUGUST 3RD

Dearest,

Melting with the heat, lonesome for thee, and still unconscious of what our ultimate fate is to be—that's me. Those fellows in the Foreign Office postponed my case again—until August 7th. Everyone says it's a good sign, because if they were going to turn me down, they would not let me stay on. But it can't be delayed much longer than August 7th.

I went around to the Tropical Institute and told Dr. Rashina that my money was giving out, and she straightway put me on the pay roll. Today I received 271 rubles

for the past two weeks. Dr. Bronner thinks your visa will come through rapidly once mine has been given. Now, Darling, I am sorry that things have not gone faster, but it is Russia, and everyone says that more rapid action could not be expected. I know how hard it is to wait, but perhaps it is as hard here, where all I have had so far has been an answer from a minor clerk, out of a half-closed opaque window. I cannot get to anyone higher, and am advised strongly not to try. Don't be under any illusions. Russia is no Paradise—but it is certainly thrilling. I think there is much work here for us both, and for the children, too.

I heard Paul Robeson speak last night to a group of teachers from Columbia. He is collecting folk songs here, and is educating his son in Russia. It is the only first class country where his race will not be an obstacle.

Well, cheer up, Darling. It will all come out all right. We'll soon be together again, and a new life will start.

Thine,
Harry

MOSCOW
AUGUST 7TH

Dearest Girl,

A good deal has happened since August 3rd. The next day I met Dr. Butyagina, who has come to Moscow from Marbumstroy, where she is Director of the malaria campaign. She is nice, and fat, and jolly, with very blue eyes and a merry smile. She told me about the work. Three years ago the incidence of malaria was around 50 per cent, but now it is not more than 10 per cent. She explained the mosquito-breeding situation also. She spoke of putting me in charge of the permanent malaria station. I shall have

one doctor under me, and a staff of six to seven persons for distribution of drugs, contacting patients, and so on. She wants me to remain throughout the winter.

She was careful to explain that living conditions were quite difficult. So far, all the men of the staff live in one barracks and the women in another. But she thinks arrangements for a family can be made. In any case, I think we ought to take the position, because I don't want to start in by bargaining. And this country is nice and wild. There is a school and a children's home. No doubt thee can find something to do. And Dr. Butyagina said she was ready to go out with me as soon as my visa was granted.

In the evening I received a message telephoned to the hotel to report to the Foreign Office for my passport. The girl at the desk in the hotel was in smiles, and said it was my Soviet passport. I was pleased—this was two days before I had expected it. I was on the point of cabling thee, but thought I had better wait until I had the document in my hand.

So the next morning I fared forth and got to the Foreign Office at 10 A.M., when they open. A glass window was pulled open and a hand received my receipt (as usual). I was asked to wait (as usual), and I did (as usual). One hour; two hours. Finally my name was called. "Your visa has been refused. Please sign for your passport. You must leave today and be across the border by tomorrow." That was all. I signed and got my American passport, stamped as per above statements. I knocked on the window.

"Can you tell me why?"

"We give no reasons, only that you must go."

"If I should go across the border, would you give me the visa in Helsinki?"

"That is the customary way to get such visas. You came

as a tourist, and we do not give visas to tourists. But we cannot promise you anything. You can try."

I was stunned. The window closed. It was then 1 P.M. The train for Leningrad would leave around 8 P.M.

I went to the Narkomzdrav and told Bronner. He wouldn't believe it at first.

"But," he said, "they wouldn't refuse Kaminsky! He requested it."

"But they *did* refuse Kaminsky."

Bronner went into his private office and telephoned for half an hour. He was tired and his face was drawn and troubled when he came out. They would give him no more satisfaction than they did me. I asked him if we could go and see Kaminsky on the floor below. He was not in his office. Bronner had other things to do. But at the Foreign Office they had told him they would grant me a stay until August 8th, meaning I would have to leave Moscow on the 7th. The 6th (next day) was a free day and nothing could be done then, so I ran around to the Foreign Office immediately. Within ten minutes I had received a reprieve. Back to the Narkomzdrav—Bronner was not in. I hung around Kaminsky's private door. Finally, he came in from the street, at a run, as he usually moves, and I could not see him. But Bronner came in a few minutes later, and I told him Kaminsky was in, and asked if he wouldn't try to see him. He took my dossier down to Kaminsky, and when he came out he shook my hand and said he thought everything would come out all right. But I could tell by his expression that he was not overly sure. It was then 5:30, and I felt like a rag. Had not eaten since 9 A.M.

Nothing to do all that evening and all the next day. I called Anna Louise. She was astounded, but said, cor-

rectly, that surely if Kaminsky could not help me, no one else could—except Stalin, perhaps. Her husband would not return until the 7th, and then for only a few hours. She was very sympathetic, but could do nothing. No one else on whom I had counted to help me in a pinch was in town. Duranty and Fischer were both in Europe or South Russia. So I packed. Decided to leave my trunk in Moscow so if I had only to go out to Helsinki, I would not have the expense of lugging it with me.

This morning I was at the Narkomzdrav at 10 A.M. Neither Bronner nor Donskoy were there. Secretary could tell me nothing, but said they would be back in two hours. So I went out to the Embassy and got thy letter of July 28th, and then called at the Tropical Institute to tell Dr. Rashina all that had happened and that I didn't know yet whether I would be traveling east or west. I told her I would hand her back my salary if I went west. Then I came back to the Narkomzdrav. Dr. Donskoy was there.

"Dr. Timbres, I greet you and congratulate you. Go around to the Foreign Office and receive your visa."

After the necessary thanks, I asked him about your passport. "That will go through automatically, once your passport is given."

So here I am at the Foreign Office, waiting. I have been here one and a half hours, and have seen no one yet.

Just now (3:30 P.M.) I have been in the sanctum sanctorum, and have been promised a visa for six *months*—it is now being prepared. So may I anticipate just a little bit and say I have been granted a visa?

I asked about thine. That is to be arranged through another office, where I am to go tomorrow.

Why was mine refused? Who knows? It may have been merely on the technicality of having come as Intourist, and nothing more. It shows how hard it is to break through a regulation, and that Oumansky was right—it would have meant failure had we all come as tourists. On the other hand, if we had waited in America, nothing at all would have happened. The Narkomzdrav would not have been interested. So it looks, so far, as if we have done exactly what ought to have been done. Does thee agree?

I shall certainly try to get to Leningrad to meet you. Now that I know the Tropical Institute people better, I think it will not be difficult to arrange. Previously I was not sure. I hope that Donskoy's "automatically" will go through as quickly as he seems to think. I am beginning to believe that about the only thing automatic in these here United Republics is delay.

And now we must realize that this course that we have chosen is going to take *all* the strength of *all* of us. Let's not turn back.

4:30 P.M. The Soviet passport is now in my hands, Number 007198—for six months. I would advise thee to go at once to Washington and see Gokhman [1] and ask if he will cable to Narkomindel [2] for action. In the meantime, I will try to find out about it here.

No use to send this letter air mail—no fast boat out of Europe until August 12th, and ordinary post will get that.

Thine,

Hal

[1] G. I. Gokhman was Chief of the Consular Division and Second Secretary at the Embassy of the USSR, Washington, D. C.

[2] People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, USSR.

MOSCOW
AUGUST 9TH

Dearest Girl,

The Tropical Institute is definitely sending me to Marbumstroy as part of the permanent anti-malaria staff—that is, I shall be there for a year, if I wish. But I have the choice of returning to Moscow and working in the Tropical Institute. Marbumstroy, however, has the ring of pioneers about it, so I think I shall stay. And the country is wild—forests, bears, wolves, wallaboos, and unicorns. Hotcha!

Russia is forging ahead in great strides, but of course there is much to do. The amount and complexity of the organization which the new social system requires is far greater than could have been anticipated in advance. It is not surprising that the Russians can't make everything run perfectly from the beginning.

All kinds of things are now being manufactured in Russia that formerly had to be shipped from abroad, such as automobiles, tractors, combines, streetcars, locomotives, railroad stock, surgical instruments, and factory machinery, to say nothing of the produce of light industries. The shops are all open, and money seems to be circulating freely. The government encourages savings accounts and subscriptions to government loans.

The proposed Constitution has been published. Did the papers copy it in America? It declares as three of the fundamental rights of man, the right to work, to rest, and to receive an education. And as it is written, it provides sanctuary for all political refugees, enfranchises all persons in the country, whether they are citizens or not, provides for secret ballot, direct representation, and freedom of

speech and publication. It also guarantees security in old age. These are some of the high spots.

Midnight, and I must turn in.

Harry

MOSCOW
AUGUST 12TH

Dearest Bocca,

Today at 2 P.M. I leave Moscow for Marbumstroy, the great unknown. As I write, an accordion in the court below my window is playing "The Song of Happy Children," the last verse of which says "We shall never fail." Does that apply to us, too? How I wish thee were here to make this new adventure with me—but thee is, anyway, Darling.

My lady Doctor Boss, Butyagina, is going with me to introduce me to my job.

The Narkomzdrav has taken up the question of thy visa with the Foreign Office, and they are a bit impatient with my impatience on the matter. The Russians are Oriental and cannot be hurried. Remember Kipling's verse about the man who tried to hurry the East? Well, the East begins about 300 miles west of Moscow. When I tell people that I put through a change of an Intourist visa to a Permanent visa in one day less than one month, they say that is the speediest they ever heard of, and I was lucky it didn't take three months. The Commissar was what did it, but little do they know how close even that came to failing.

I just noticed the other day that it was Yagoda, Commissar for Internal Affairs, who signed the first refusal on my passport. So it was one Commissar against another. I would certainly like to know what was said, but I never shall.

The great flyers Chkalov and his two pals got back to Moscow yesterday from their famous flight in the No–25 and were given a reception in Red Square. Their trip broke the record for nonstop flights by about 300 miles, and was done mostly in the sub-Arctic latitudes. It was a great performance, especially as it was made in an airplane constructed entirely in Russia, and a single-motored machine at that. Perhaps Japan will think a little more seriously now about kicking up a ruckus in Siberia and Mongolia.

Well, I'll run along now. My next letter will be from the Styx. Kiss the children on their respective snoots for me, and tell them I miss them like anything. It won't be long now before I can kiss those very snoots myself!

Thine,
Hal

ZIELONI DOL
AUGUST 13TH

Dearest Girl,

I'm nearly there! We crossed the Volga five minutes ago and now we are at the R.R. station, Zieloni Dol, thirty miles northwest of Kazan, on the Volga. It was a long, dirty journey, but I had a swell time getting introduced to Russia as she is. Moscow is as different as if it were in a foreign country. The dust here is as bad as in the Punjab. Well, here's to flux. I hope thee and the kids won't simply pass out when you arrive. We wanted to work in Russia, and here she is, all ready to be worked in. I'll write in a couple of days, after I get to Marbumstroy, which is still 8 miles distant. In the meantime, love and courage.

Thine,
Hal

MARBUMSTROY
AUGUST 15TH

Dearest Bocca,

Am I lonely? I gasp when I think of it, and sometimes feel almost ready to cave in and pass out, in spite of the fact that this is a most interesting place. However, I shan't weaken.

Dr. Butyagina and I traveled third class from Moscow, but she was in another wagon, the one reserved for women and children. She invited me to a supper of cheese, bread, tomatoes, and tea on the evening of the 12th, and breakfast on the 13th. The trip was very dusty. My companions de voyage consisted of a newly married couple with a ten-day-old baby—and an elderly man who spoke Russian but looked like a Tatar. He had been in Turkey, Germany, Austria, and England during the war, and seemed to be an enthusiastic supporter of the present Russian government. Speaking of opportunities here, he said, "In what country is it possible for a young village man to become the most famous flyer in the world overnight? Such is Chkalov." I didn't want to take the wind out of his sails, so I didn't mention Lindbergh. He took quite a liking to me, and said, "You have done right to come here—this is the only country in the world where a man can work honestly!" He wanted to know how long we had thought about taking this step, and how my family felt about it, and all the rest. I find that the Russians are acquiring a national pride at last.

When we got to Zieloni Dol, a Tatar was waiting for us in a tarantass [1] drawn by one horse. He loaded my baggage (all but my trunk, which he brought next day) on

[1] This is a low, springless open carriage with a seat for two directly behind a small seat for the driver.

the back and the front, and then—after I sent thee the note telling of our arrival—we set out on the dusty road.

Zieloni Dol is on an upland plain, which just now is very dry and dusty; dust lies twelve inches deep on the roads and blows everywhere. The town itself is typically Tatar, which is dirtier and more ramshackle than Russian. We drove through several villages, and near a couple of brick and shingle factories, and came to the edge of the forest. From there on, the road was cleaner. The forest is mostly spruce, with a little poplar and hard wood. It is really lovely. In the spring it must be very beautiful. Finally, we emerged into a series of recent clearings where Marbumstroy is being constructed. Formerly there was nothing here but forests, open highlands, and a scattered village.

We arrived around 3 P.M., had a wash, and ate at the restaurant of the guesthouse. Then I was introduced to my co-workers. All seven are women but one, and he is a student. Several of the women are students also, working here just during the summer. They return to school in the autumn (mid-September). They have finished a regular malaria survey, such as I did in Sriniketan,[1] and are now doing the work of control. The work in the laboratory consists of examining slides, keeping the records of patients, and examining mosquitoes, which is just what I would have done in Sriniketan had I remained, and had there been money for the work.

The houses of the workers are of two types, the permanent and the temporary. The permanent are large two-story affairs of logs (stripped clean of bark) built as apartment houses facing the streets. There are generally three main entrances to each house, and for each entrance there

[1] Agricultural and village department of Tagore's educational settlement in Bengal, India.

are two apartments (up and downstairs) on each floor, making four apartments for each entrance. Each apartment consists of a large living and bedroom, a smaller bedroom, a kitchen, and a storeroom. Sanitary arrangements are still very crude, consisting almost entirely of outside toilets, which at this time of the year keep the hospital supplied with cases of dysentery. I don't know what the plans for the future in this respect are, but I hope they exist. The Russians are still not as toilet conscious as they might be. There is a large brick public bathhouse, and an imposing looking steam laundry. Evidently the women of Marbumstroy intend sending their wash out. Some apartments, but not all, have running water inside.

There are two villages and about ten streets of these buildings. In between, there are playgrounds, and flower gardens—but nothing is very neat. The other buildings are the barracks, one-story, and hastily put together. It is said that they will be taken away. The buildings are not as picturesque as they might be, being all constructed according to one plan, probably to satisfy the Russian's thirst for standardization as well as for economy. Roads and streets are being built of stone, a very wise provision in this low-lying area. There is a large clubhouse, provided with a theater. An amusement park is being laid out. In its center stands a very high tower, built of beams, from the top of which two steel yardarms extend. They will be used for the practice of parachute jumping. There is also to be an athletic field and stadium.

The Volga is about half a mile distant, through a spruce grove and across a recent clearing and down a high bank. A large island lies just opposite. It is about five miles long. The main part of the Volga lies on the other side of this island, so that in front of us is a comparatively narrow

channel, which is completely filled at this time with rafts of logs floated down from the forests for the paper mill.

This mill is just now being built. It is said to be one of the largest mills in the world, the largest being somewhere in Washington State. Besides this mill, there is another for the manufacture of plywood, standard houses, and furniture. The paper mill is on the mainland just opposite the middle of the island; the plywood mill is opposite the upper western end. Behind them both and across several open fields is a brick factory, which has been working for many years. Besides the new buildings there are two large villages at quite a distance, a mile or two from the new part. Across the river from us and on high bare uplands lies the Chuvash Republic.

A large new school of brick and lime has just been finished, and will open on September 1st. It is two-story, and seems to have about twelve rooms. There is also the guesthouse where I am staying, as is the rest of the malaria brigade. This is a large two-story log building, somewhat Alpine in style. I have a room to myself. I don't know yet what I am paying for it.

Today I worked in the dispensary—received patients, took down their data, examined their spleens, and took their blood. An Armenian lady supervised my work and corrected my mistakes in Russian, and helped me very patiently over the hard points. Many of the patients, being Mariis, Chuvashes, or Tatars, do not speak Russian very well themselves. I also examined slides. Within a day or two I am going with the airplane brigade, and will fly over most of the territory to see where the collections of water are, and how they are being treated. I would have done that today, but the Paris green did not come. Apparently they don't keep a very large supply on hand. Yesterday

Dr. Butyagina and I walked over much of the territory. She is quite indefatigable, as most Russian women seem to be. We saw the main landmarks. The forest is really lovely, but in the course of a few years much of it is going to be destroyed for the mills. Perhaps it will be replanted.

And now about our affairs. Everyone, from Dr. Sergeev and Dr. Butyagina to the people here, has been extraordinarily nice, and most co-operative. They have taken me quite at my word, that I want to work here as the Russians work, and they are trying to make all the necessary arrangements. I told Dr. Sergeev that I wanted field work. He has placed me where field work is much needed, and in a new undertaking—one of the most important in the country. I have the following items pretty definite:

(1) My salary is to be about 450 rubles a month. That is what all doctors receive in Russia who have been out of school eight years, as I have been. Dr. Butyagina herself gets 400. She has been out only six years. (The Russians consider an older doctor more valuable than a recent graduate!)

(2) My employer will probably be Marbumstroy. If not, then the Tropical Institute. But in any case I shall be working here.

(3) Quarters (two rooms and a kitchen) will be supplied. This will have four single beds with mattresses but no bedding. It will probably be better to bring knives and forks and spoons, but we can buy what we need of dishes and utensils here. They will be more expensive here than in the States, but there is transportation to consider. Better also bring any good blankets and quilts we have, even though it means another piece of baggage.

(4) There will probably be work for thee in the hospital, or with me in the laboratory. Thee will get not more than 200 rubles per month.

Thee will notice that I speak in terms of probabilities. By necessity—because nothing is certain in this country until you have it. I had a taste of this yesterday. Dr. Butyagina tried to get me a single room somewhere, as she thought the one I have in the guesthouse is too noisy. She had one promised, and then discovered that the same man who had promised it—after she had spent a half-day and a whole evening getting it—had given it to another party *before* he had promised it to her. I wouldn't say that such is the Russian character, because she was just as shocked as I was, but it only goes to show that you never can be sure. Then when something nice does happen, you appreciate it all the more. By the time you get here, I may be out of a job; but then, we always have our return tickets, and nothing is ever lost.

The seven doctors and I trooped off to a movie at the Club tonight. It was called "Party Ticket" and showed the eternal triangle. All were party members, and one was a spy and kulak who had murdered a Komsomolets,[1] and then tried to cover up his past. It was a regular Dare-Devil-Dick thriller, as naïve as can be imagined, and the Russians' reception of it was quite a revelation. They showed a childlike delight in it. Incidentally, the piece was very badly filmed, overacted, and the sound effects were just a shade more than excruciating. My ears nearly burst, and my eyes had a bad case of strabismus [the jumps] from having to look most of the time at the double visages of everything in the picture, and the splotches of

[1] A member of the Young Communist League.

light that kept running across the film. Our film industry graduated from those defects about fifteen years ago. On the other hand, there is the latest Russian film, "Nightingale, Little Nightingale," which is, I am told, a marvel of color production. So there y'are!

Thine,
Hal

MARBUMSTROY
AUGUST 18TH

Dearest Bocca,

Here I am and hard at work. A small city is being planned. There will probably be about 5,000 workers in the factories when they are finished.

We have full equipment and personnel for carrying on a complete investigation and control of malaria—just what I wanted in India and could not get. We are not limited in the amount of treatment we can give to the larvae or to the patients! After the brigade returns to Moscow in September, I am to be left here to carry on the treatment of the patients, and to plan for the spring campaign. I have run the dispensary two days now without assistance, and have been here less than a week, so thee sees I am being introduced to my job in big bites. I may be left in complete charge, or another doctor may be placed over me.

This place is being built for the benefit of the workers who will run it. Not a kopek for clippers of coupons. I could not have been put in a more interesting place. It embodies all that Russia is doing. Don't let anyone tell thee that Communism won't work. It certainly is working here, and, as thee may imagine, I am thrilled to the marrow to be working with it and in it. My colleagues have a fine spirit, and a clear conception of the meaning of

their work in its relation to the rest of the country. I wouldn't be anywhere else.

With love to everyone,

Harry

P.S. I see thee asks for "homely details." I haven't had a bath for three weeks—too cold for a cold bath, and I haven't had time to go to the public bath. But I solemnly resolve to go tomorrow. So by the time thee gets this letter thy Harry will have bathed. Feel better? Some of my socks need mending, but I'll get around to that too, after a while. Other things are more important. I shave once in three days. It's a good old Russian custom that's stood the test of time. During the winter, I expect to grow a beard. I have always wanted to grow a beard. It has been my secret ambition to own a beard. And now, by heck, I'm going to have one. And in the wintertime here I'll really need one. Already I have a new fur hat to match it—a ruddy brown muskrat, with great big earflaps that tie over the head or under the chin.

Hal

MARBUMSTROY
AUGUST 28TH

Dearest Bocca,

Our survey is going steadily on. I have been out for two days now, on a spleen and blood survey—moving from house to house, catching whomever we can, children and adults, questioning them, taking blood and examining spleens. One thing I know, the old people and the children are dirty. The old people come out of a generation that knew nothing of cleanliness, and the children run wild. But the young men and women are clean. Also the poverty is very great.

I had my first experience with a Russian bath the other day, as I promised thee. It makes one wilt. Perspiration just rolls off. But one does get clean and warm. It must be quite a favorite sport in winter.

No, I am not chattering Russian yet, but I manage to labor along. Not much chance for systematic study just now.

I was just interviewed by the local representative of the OGPU [secret police] today. A nice young man. I think he approved of me.

I think thee had better buy a half pound of Danish Itch Ointment. I have a suspicion we may need it, and I'm not sure the Russians know anything about it. And if thee has $500 extra to bring to Russia, I would advise thee to leave $300 outside. We can get it later if we need it.

Many times I am half tempted to give it all up and come back to thee. It would be easy enough to do so. But that would be defeat, and I hope I won't do it. Anyway, it can't be long now until thee is on thy way, and those eighteen days on the sea will go quickly for thee. I certainly will do my best to get to Leningrad to meet thee. It has been so long.

Thy own,
Hal

P.S. I'm enclosing a copy of a letter I have just mailed to Dr. Boudreau. I hope thee approves of it.

MARBUMSTROY
AUGUST 26TH

Dear Dr. Boudreau,

The Tropical Institute has had an expedition here for two summers. Last summer they confined their work to making a survey and treating active cases. This summer

they have undertaken control on a much larger scale.

The total territory to be protected is about five miles long by three wide. It is bounded along the southern border by the Volga, in which a large island stretches the full length of the territory. This island is not inhabited, and is quite low, containing many swamps, which are of some economic importance, as they provide hay for the cattle of the peasants. On the east and west, the territory is bounded by small tributaries of the Volga which flow through a chain of small lakes and swamps and water holes, some of which are in open land and some of which are in the forest. On the north the territory is bounded by high land and forests.

Part of the area can be placed under permanent drainage at a moderate cost (about 400,000 rubles), but the most dangerous part from the point of view of malaria, the island, could be drained only with the expenditure of a very large sum, several millions. This is also true of the western boundary, where there is an extensive low delta plain which is partly covered during the spring floods, but is very swampy the rest of the summer. Eventually, Marbumstroy may become rich enough to place all of this area under permanent drainage, or to fill in the places that cannot be drained, but just now and for the next several years, temporary methods of control will be more economical. At the same time, such permanent drainage as can be afforded is being installed.

The brigade consists of twelve scientific workers and a minor staff of about twenty-five persons. Six members of the staff are senior students either of medicine or biology, who are working here during the summer to get the field experience which granting their diplomas next

year requires. The work of the brigade consists of entomological survey, treatment, providing cases under treatment with nets, oiling by hand, and airplane dusting with Paris green and oleoarsenite. The standard course of treatment is acrichine every day for seven days, and plasmocide every second day for the same period. Quinine is used in special cases.

The entomological survey has biological objectives as well as those of control. Precipitin tests are done on the blood taken from every mosquito, and the state of the ovaries and Malpighian tubules is recorded. Treatment of cases is carried on from a dispensary, which is of course free to all. A close check is kept on the cases, and persons who fail to report for even a single treatment (two treatments per day is the regime) are visited the same day by a clinical clerk and treated at home. Patients too ill to come for treatment are treated at home. Persons missing as many as three treatments are given an entirely new course.

Dusting with Paris green and oleoarsenite is done over the larger inaccessible swamps, chiefly those of the island and the delta, by an airplane from Kazan. As there is a great deal of the same kind of work being done in other parts of the Tatar Republic, this plane is kept busy on the work all the time. Dusting is done about every two weeks, depending on the stage of growth of the larvae which are collected daily.

There has been a marked fall in the incidence of malaria this year as compared with last year, in spite of the fact that the recent importation of large numbers of laborers from areas known to be heavily malarious should have made the incidence even larger. Every new worker on the project is examined for malaria and

treated if parasites are found. I can't give you the final figures since they are not all in yet, but in certain parts of the area when the figures for successive months of the two years have been tabulated up to July, 1936, the parasite indices in the general population, taking all ages together, stand around 15 per cent this year as compared with 40 per cent to 50 per cent last year. The figures for the mosquito catches in the catching stations also show marked differences for the two years.

I have made several inspection tours, including an airplane tour, over the territory. Most of the time, however, I work in the dispensary and laboratory, along with the Assistant Director, an Armenian woman. The dispensary work consists of the questioning and examining of patients, and ordering their treatments. The laboratory work consists of examining slides taken from the dispensary patients and the general population. We expect to get samples of blood from about 80 per cent of the population this year. We use thick films, Giemsa stain, and examine each slide four minutes.

All my co-workers are women except the young agricultural specialist who looks after the oiling and dusting and collections of larvae. I am very favorably impressed by the broad knowledge and objective attitude of all the brigade. And they work very hard. They have scarcely had a free day since they came in the spring. Treatment goes on without a break. After the dispensary work is finished, the clinical clerks must visit the patients who did not turn up or who are being treated at home. The doctors spend the evening making up records and assembling the material and examining blood slides. They all live in a single large room of the guesthouse of the project, a room which also serves as office

and dining room for the two meals a day which they prepare for themselves. The midday meal is taken in the general dining room. More than this cannot be afforded on the salaries they get. Their other two meals consist mostly of bread, milk, eggs, and tea. They seem to thrive on it, and none of them seems tired, by which I judge that they are indefatigable, because each one does the work of at least two persons. They have a fine team spirit, too. They all love the Director, and would do anything for her.

Such chance as I have had to see of the rest of the medical work of the project convinces me that the seven doctors who work in it are kept very busy. There is a hospital of seventy beds. The doctors consist of a surgeon, an obstetrician and gynecologist, pediatrician, hygienist, and three medical men. I do not know whether there is a dentist or not. A motor ambulance brings patients to the hospital from all over the project. Telephone communications for this purpose are good.

To give an idea of the spirit in which the anti-malaria work is carried on, let me relate one experience. During August there has been a rather sharp rise in the number of fresh cases from one of the peripheral sections of the area. The Director noticed this at once and set to work with us to find out how it happened. We spent several evenings going through a large number of records, and sorting them out according to date and species of infection, and fixed the peak of the epidemic between August 7th and 15th. We made two house-to-house inspection tours through the area to determine if all the new cases were being reported. We assembled the data on the catches of mosquitoes, and found there had been a rise in the catch beginning around July 28th. There had

been a delay of four days in the dusting of the swamps adjacent to this area owing to the supply of oleoarsenite being exhausted. This was due to a mistake of the Supplies Division of Marbumstroy, and not of the Director of the brigade. The epidemic seems to be adequately explained and within two weeks of its occurrence we have a nice set of figures to take to the management of Marbumstroy to show them that their Supplies Division should have a better appreciation of biology, and should order arsenic in sufficient quantities in the future. It will be a good lesson to them. From which you can see that a very realistic attitude is being taken, and no one is trying to fool anybody, not even himself.

In connection with the treatment work, I should have said that the blood of every patient is examined at the end of each course of treatment, and one month later. If parasites are found, treatment is repeated. Spleens are also examined. Each patient has a separate record and strict account is kept of the relapses. In making up the records, the fresh cases are separated from the relapsing cases, of course. Persons arriving on the project within ten days of their first infection and persons giving a definite history of malaria within the past two years are not counted when determining the number of new infections contracted on the project. People from outside villages are treated, also, same as the residents of Marbumstroy, but of course are not counted in the incidence of malaria in the latter. It is a great satisfaction to feel that one can give the patients all the treatment they need, and follow them up afterwards. It is quite a contrast to working in India where quinine supplies, even in the Government dispensaries, have to be spread out very thin, patients are treated spasmodically, and of

course atebrine and plasmochin are far too expensive to give to poor people. Very little treatment can be given in the homes and prevention is practically out of the question. I imagine this could be said of a good many parts of America, too.

The surrounding district has always been among the most primitive in Russia. The inhabitants have lived at a very low level. As you probably know, the Chuvashes, Mordvas, and Mariis are aboriginal people who were here before the Slavs, and are related to the Finns. The Marii language has a most outlandish sound, guttural and harsh, and they have little, if any, literature. The Soviet Government has introduced the Latin alphabet.

The land is poor, and there seem to be definite limits to the agricultural development. I have heard of several collective farms around here, and saw one the other day on an inspection trip. But agriculture alone cannot raise the level very high. Since the district is rich in forests, industry offers a means of raising the economic and cultural standard, and that is partly the reason for Marbumstroy and its subsidiary industries. This aspect of industry is one which we almost never think of in America.

I am reminded in this connection of the study that was made within the past few years of the Monongahela Valley, where I worked, as you know, and which has many points in common with the Mariiski Oblast—underprivileged people, poor land, great industrial possibilities which have been only partly exploited. A very impressive committee set to work to study the resources of the valley, both economic and cultural; and they brought forth a fine report with many recommendations. And then I guess they thought they had done something pretty fine. But what has come of it or is

likely to come of it? If the committee ever got so far as to prevail upon the legislatures of West Virginia and Pennsylvania to consider concrete proposals on the basis of the study, you can imagine the political tornadoes that would ensue, and the result would be that the Monongahela Valley would remain (and is remaining) exactly where it was before.

Here in the Mariiski Oblast, the problem is seen in its broadest and most detailed aspects, and within a very short time a large group of intelligent people are at work on the solution of it. The large lumber industry in Marbumstroy is being made to fit into the economic system of the whole country as well as to raise the economic level of Mariiski Oblast. The only friction that exists arises through lack of training and experience, and that will be improved rapidly.

All of my fellow workers seem to have a keen appreciation of the relation of their work to the social and economic development of the country. They have an outlook far beyond their specialties. It shows the advantage of giving even scientific workers a thorough grounding in economics. They know very well what the Communist Party is doing and they approve of it wholeheartedly. That is an attitude which is extremely difficult for Americans to understand. They think that if the Russians do not criticize it is because they are afraid to do so. Nothing could be further from the truth. And besides, they do criticize, not the fundamentals, but the performance. That, they criticize mercilessly. This attitude of approval of the fundamentals of Communism is often interpreted as lip-service. Speaking out of my own experience thus far, I can say there

is no lip-service here. I wonder if our American emphasis upon personal liberty and upon the right to criticize even when we don't know what we are criticizing has caused us to be sceptical of a sincerity which is more interested in making social justice work than in caviling about who are going to be its agents. If this is true, we are certainly the losers. Wouldn't it be too bad if we weren't able to recognize sincere belief in a new social order when we saw it?

My family have not yet joined me, but I expect they will before long. The Foreign Office is delaying granting their visa, although mine was given nearly a month ago. The children will attend the large new brick school. Judging from the racial types I see in the dispensary I expect they will not be the only children who will have to learn Russian.

This has turned out to be a long letter. I hope you have not been bored. I am glad to be here, as Marbum contains one of the basic industries of the country and its problems are typical of those of a great many other enterprises. The Institute will keep me here all winter to help prepare for the spring campaign. I would be very glad if, after reading this letter, you would show it or send it to the persons whose names appear on the back of this sheet. You would, of course, not be held responsible for any wild ideas of mine! I should be very glad and grateful if each person who reads the letter would write me, and of course I shall answer. Letters here in the wilds are very, very welcome.

With best regards to you and your family,

Sincerely yours,
Harry G. Timbres

MARBUMSTROY
AUGUST 28TH

Dear Nicky and Nadya,

I received Nicky's lovely letter along with Mother's. They both came together from the American Embassy in Moscow today. I loved the drawings of the goats and spiders. There are plenty of both here, so thee won't lack for models from nature, if thee is particularly interested in goats and spiders. How does it feel to be without the car? You young aristocrats must feel quite bored now that you have to walk a bit. But you won't miss the car out here—there are only trucks and tractors. I believe the Director has a car, but no one else that I know of.

There is something here that you will like very much. I hope it is working by the time you come. That is—a parachute jump. It is a tall tower built of pine beams, and from the top two long arms of steel stretch out into space. One climbs up this tower, gets strapped into a kind of saddle, and then jumps. A parachute opens above you, and you descend gently to earth. It is the Russians' favorite sport. Everybody was doing it in Moscow. They will soon be doing it here too, I hope. I didn't try it in Moscow.

Now let me tell you about how I flew in an airplane. We use an airplane out here in order to kill mosquitoes. "Well, well," you say, "does one chase mosquitoes through the air, and shoot them with a rifle?" That would be some shootin', eh, what? "Or do you catch them in a net?" No, you don't do either. You spray them with dust. "How's that?" Well, I'll tell you.

You see, a mosquito does not always live as a flying insect, but part of its life, its babyhood, so to speak, it spends in the water, swimming around like a kind of little worm.

It is then called a larva. It breathes air, for all that it lives in the water. It breathes through a tiny tube in its tail. It eats everything it can swallow, and since its mouth is not very big, it has to take only fine particles of food that float on the surface. It never stops to examine what it is going to take into its mouth. It just swallows. Just like a baby, in fact.

Knowing its habits, we can arrange to kill it without much difficulty. (Ain't we the cruel baby killers?) Either we can spray oil on the surface of the water and so plug up his breathing tube, or we can sprinkle a poison in the form of a very fine dust on the water, so that when the larva feeds, it dies of the tummy-ache. Now, since these larvae live everywhere where there are collections of water, large or small, the only thing that prevents us from killing them all is that the water is too far across for us to reach all the surface from the shore. So we use an airplane which carries poisonous dust, and as it flies along close to the surface, it spits out a cloud of dust behind it that settles upon the surface. Two hours later you can't find a live larva anywhere. They have all turned up their dear little tails (they have no toes, or they would turn them up, too) and got died.

In order that the dust may settle on the surface and not be blown by the wind into the bushes, we must spray the dust when there is no wind, which is usually about 5 A.M. So we got up early the other morning and walked quite a distance through the forest, and finally came to a large field, in the middle of which sat a great big mosquito—the airplane. It had been telegraphed for from Kazan the day before. We send for it every two weeks during the summer. The men loaded the poisonous green dust into the fuselage (look this up in the dictionary) and then I climbed

into the back seat and was strapped in. The mechanic gave the propeller a couple of turns, and the engine roared.

The next minute we had started over the ground at a terrific pace, and were soon up in the air. But you have flown, and know the sensation. As we got up high, I could see for miles around. The mighty Volga stretched like a great silver snake among the forests and hills below. But soon we began to come down again, and there below us were the large swamps and pools that we were going to dust. They were very beautiful with the morning sun and clouds reflected in them. Little did the baby mosquitoes, who had probably just waked up and were hungry, suspect the kind of breakfast they were about to get from the great Mosquito God who was swooping down upon them. We went down steeply, until we were only about twenty feet above the surface. Then we straightened out to a level, and at the same time the aviator (in the front seat) turned on the dust. It blew out behind us in a dense green cloud. I looked back and could see it drifting easily down to the water, but I could not see the larvae stretching out their tongues for it. We flew up one side, then rose, and banked around the corner. That was a lot of fun. It seemed as if the earth were rushing up to meet us. After we turned, we went back down the other side, leaving another cloud of dust behind us. And so on for every swamp. We were up nearly a half hour, and then went back to the airfield for more dust.

I am sorry to say the plane won't be here when you come. The last dusting of the season is to be about September 1st. Then it gets too cold, and the larvae die anyway. The next dusting won't be until June, 1937. But you may be allowed to fly then, if we are still here.

I hope you have been able to read this. If not, Mother

can read it to you. Now I'll toddle off to bed. With much love from

Your lonesome Daddy

[The following letters arrived in the United States after we had sailed.]

MOSCOW
SEPTEMBER 7TH

Dearest Girl,

I came to Moscow yesterday to try to find out about your visas, and found the hotels crowded, as the Theater Festival is on. Several times I have been on the point of losing my nerve, and returning to thee. I certainly wish thee were here to see the situations for thyself and go through them with me. Sergeev, the Director, is rather noncommittal. It may be just his manner, or it may be that he is very busy, or does not want to accept responsibility for me too soon until he knows what I can do. I realize he has to take a great deal on faith, because I am still very much of a foreigner. "Foreign-ness" is a thing that won't be welcome here for a long time.

Then there is the question of a salary. A few people say that 450 rubles per month (which is reduced by taxes to 430) will be enough to live on. No luxuries, but enough. Most people tell me that it will not be enough, even on Russian standards. Milk and butter cost the same in Marbumstroy as in Moscow. Bread is less, and there is no telephone or electricity to pay for. Dr. Butyagina receives about the same salary that I receive, but she is married and her husband works. She has a small child nine years of age. I suppose the thing to do is to try it out, and if we can't live on my salary, and if thee cannot get work right away—we shall simply have to leave, although

that might be difficult if in the meantime I had a contract.

Now, Darling, thee realizes some of the difficulties. I had to come here to find them out; there was no other way. We have undertaken a *very* difficult task. The Russians do not particularly want us, although they are glad to have us. Any *indispensable* value which we can have for the Russians lies in the future. At present, and for some time to come, anything that we can do here can be done just as well, or better, by a Russian. We must understand this clearly. On the other hand, our being here may deepen the understanding of Russia among a large group of Americans, and by doing even what a Russian can do, we shall be assisting in building up Socialism—which, I believe, was one of the ideas that motivated us in the first place.

I do not want to bring undue influence to bear on the final decision. At the same time I don't want to bear the whole burden of making that decision myself. I have many apprehensions in telling thee and the children to come on. You may come into a very difficult situation, one that might easily be intolerable; and yet the reason for it could not be put as a matter for blame on anyone. This is the Russians' country, and they have their own ways. We knew this before we started, and now we know it even more clearly. I foresaw these apprehensions of mine months ago, and now that I am in the midst of them, the fact that I foresaw them does not assist in the least in dispersing them, or making their basis seem any the less real.

Thee might ask, what would be my decision if all the responsibility lay with me? I would say, give me more time to see how things go here. But I realize thee may not agree to such a solution, which in that case is not a solution.

Please don't interpret anything I have said here as indi-

cating any less sympathetic attitude toward Russia, or less faith in her ultimate future as a leader of the world. If things would only work out for us the way I want them to, Russia would be a marvelous place in which to rear our children. It is as I always thought—we shall get much more out of Russia than we shall be able to give. But the sum total of the difficulties of the transfer from one world to the other may be actually too great. We must be prepared to face this situation objectively and bow before it if eventually we see it arise.

Another reason I think of—and it may be a very good one—to explain Sergeev's reserve is the recent trial and execution of the Kamenev-Zinoviev crowd. They tell me that the leaders were caught red-handed, and apparently were working hand-in-glove with the Fascists in Germany —all for the sake of personal power. So both Kamenev [1] and Zinoviev [2] admitted at the trial. And they laid plans through foreign specialists, who came to the Union to do scientific work. One was an engineer, and the other a doctor (or at least a medical scientist) who had worked here two years only for the sake of laying his plans so that at the International Communist Congress in 1932 (I think) he could get close enough to Stalin to shoot him. That shot failed because the foreigner had not been able to get close enough. But later on the conspirators did succeed in killing Kirov,[3] and of course were laying plans for further terrorist acts when they were caught. After Kirov was shot, Zinoviev, who had been the leading spirit in laying

[1] L. B. Kamenev, brother-in-law of Trotsky, had been expelled from Russia earlier and readmitted.

[2] G. E. Zinoviev, prominent Communist leader, author of a biography of Lenin, had also been expelled from Russia as a follower of Trotsky.

[3] S. M. Kirov, prominent in revolutionary activity from 1905 and friend and disciple of Stalin, held many offices in the Soviet government and the Communist Party.

the plot to kill him, hastened to write a laudatory obituary about him in *Pravda*. All of which must put foreigners, especially those like myself, who openly declare their sympathy with the Soviet Union, under a good deal of suspicion, and must make stalwart Party members like Dr. Sergeev rather hesitant about accepting too much responsibility. You work against a pretty strong current, most of which is below the surface—and perhaps one can swim better than four under such conditions.

Darling, this letter has been hard to write, and as I read it over, I realize all the consequences that may flow from it, and I hesitate to send it. But I hesitate more not to send it. It explains the situation about as clearly as I can explain it, and thee ought to know. If thee decides I should come home, cable.

Thine,
Hal

P.S. Tell Nicky to write me another letter. I enjoyed the last one so much.

MARBUMSTROY
SEPTEMBER 11TH

Dearest Girl,

Thy visa was cabled to Washington the afternoon of September 7th; so I was informed by the Narkomindel in Moscow, the morning of the 8th. I wrote thee an air-mail letter on the 7th, in which I expressed considerable doubt as to the advisability of thy coming at once because of the uncertainty of my position, the low salary, and living conditions. After returning to Marbumstroy, I found that the District Committee which controls Marbumstroy has decided to employ me on the recommendation of the Tropical Institute. They have given us a two-room apartment

in one of the new houses. I am to take possession in about three days. I have seen the order, so that is definite. Dr. Adrianovsky called the other day, when I was away in Moscow, to talk over with me the possibility of my doing extra work in the general dispensary, for which, Dr. Butyagina tells me, I shall receive extra pay, possibly 150 rubles per month. The malaria work will not be very heavy during the winter. This extra work is not definite, but is being discussed.

At the present time my employer is Marbumstroy, not the Tropical Institute, and they have agreed to pay me what the Tropical Institute pays, *viz.*, 450 rubles. If more is given, I cannot see just where it is going to come from. Besides, it is what a lot of other doctors get, and the Tropical Institute could say with justice, "We thought these people came here to live as the Russians live." Of course there is this difference—in most Russian families more than one member works. If thee can find work, and I can get extra work, we shall be fixed all right. Dr. Stern assures me that she will see that I get translations to do. Those will help, if there are enough of them. Hermann Habicht tells me that it will cost close to 1,000 rubles per month to live. It will be close sledding, but I think we can manage, so I am sending thee a cable through Hermann in Moscow, since English cables are not possible out here, saying:

FINAL ADVICE SAIL OCTOBER SECOND.

I send this still with considerable trepidation, but since the balance is now about 50-50, the advantage of being together is the determining factor. We shall have our return tickets, and—I hope—a certain reserve. This will help us to work things out; and if at the end of six months or so we find we simply can't make it go, and there is little likeli-

hood of improvement, we shall have to state the case frankly to the Narkomzdrav, and leave.

As this is probably my last letter, I am trying to think of all that thee ought to bring. We shall need bed sheets and pillowcases. Pillows we can get here. They may be stuffed with straw, but they will serve the purpose. If thee ever wants biscuits, thee had better bring baking powder. I see no evidence of the article here. I already said in a previous letter that we shall need extra blankets. One each ought to do. The sleeping bags are very warm. And with overcoats, and sleeping together, and keeping the windows closed, we ought to get along. Those saris we brought from India would also come in handy. And a pound of Martha Washington chocolates would taste mighty good, but don't be extravagant. (!)

When I got back from Moscow, a whole stack of letters from thee was waiting for me. I loved them all. And read them several times. No need for thee to cable me $100 when thee sails. I think I can manage to get to Leningrad without assistance.

I guess that is all. I sort o' gasp as I send the final word, and hope for the best. Once you leave that dock, we are really launched on the adventure, aren't we? Up till then it will have been mostly preliminaries and play acting. But after that, it will be really serious business. I guess we can take it.

Love to thee, Darling, and to the children. Tell Nadya that her dream of the little girl whose Daddy was waiting for her on the dock will soon come true. You will all soon be with me, and then things will look very different.

Thine,
Harry

MARBUMSTROY
SEPTEMBER 16TH

Dearest,

There is just a chance thee'll get this before thee sails. The malaria brigade is leaving for Moscow today, and will mail the letter there.

I think they are going to let me set up a laboratory—they haven't any, and no one knows how to do it. They certainly need one for their 70-bed hospital and busy dispensary. There is no examination of urine or sputum, and the only blood examinations are those we do for malaria.

The question of quarters is settled. We shall have two quite large rooms connected by an arch, on the second floor of a spick-and-span new log apartment house, which is Alpine in style. It faces a large clearing in the forest, in which the stadium is to be erected. The main highway passes just in front. A few curtains at the windows, a couple of small rugs for the floor, something for the arch, a drape over the table, and our "bird tapestry" from Poland ought to make things quite homey. The walls are squared logs, whose yellow color makes the room bright and rustic. Besides these rooms, we have a kitchen in common with one other family. A few small pictures and a Japanese print or two would give a change from the customary pictures of Stalin, Lenin, Marx, and Engels that decorate the interiors of so many Russian homes. I am sure that thy artistic genius will be able to make our little apartment look like a penthouse in Greenwich Village.

The furniture we shall be given consists of the following: one (maybe two) single beds (Russians sleep close) with mattresses, four chairs, two tables, and a large wardrobe. But there is plenty of lumber, and with a tool or two I guess I can make a few things. Therefore, please

bring a half-inch chisel, medium-sized plane, and a small handsaw. Also a three-cornered file for sharpening same. I can manage the rest. I could get even these things here, but they are more expensive and not as good as ours.

Well, the brigade is about to leave, and I must give them this letter. I count the days until you come. I will be *on the dock* at Leningrad to meet you.

Love,
Harry

P.S. The brigade have just conscripted me to accompany them to Kazan for the day. It will be hard to say good-by to these people, and especially to Dr. Butyagina, to whom I have become very much attached. She is returning to her regular position on the staff of the Tropical Institute. The other member of the brigade chosen to conduct the malaria campaign and clinic with me is Elizavietta Denisov, who, I understand, will be in charge.

Darling, there are many memories of Kazan in 1922. Remember the long-legged horse? And the crafty old Tatar who drove him? Come to me soon and we'll go to Kazan again together.

Hal

Part 2

REBECCA'S JOURNAL

Rebecca's Journal

September 8th, 1936 MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A wire came from Mr. Gokhman today that my visa has been granted, and it will be necessary for the Embassy to know the name of the ship we intend to sail on, and receive the passport in order to affix the Soviet visa.

September 9th

I went to Washington to take my passport to the Soviet Embassy, and arranged a sailing on the *S.S. Cliffwood*, American Scantic Line, to Helsinki, for Friday. It does not stop at Leningrad. While I was waiting for the details of the sailing to be settled, I returned to Philadelphia and sent the trunks to the dock by express. They were off by four o'clock. On returning, completely exhausted, from

the express office, a cable was waiting for me at home from Hal that I must *not* sail until October 2nd, as an important letter was on the way that might affect my decision! What to do? Trunks on the way. Tickets bought and reservations made. Permits granted by the Soviet Embassy, and all necessary cables sent to Moscow.

I finally decided to go as planned, and sent this night letter:

DR. TIMBRES
AMERICAN EMBASSY, MOSCOW—
CABLE RECEIVED BUT IMPERATIVE SITUATION FORCES SAILING FRIDAY ELEVENTH AS ARRANGED SCANTIC CLIFFWOOD TO HELSINKI WIRE DOCK LOVE

REBECCA

September 10th

Received a letter from Gokhman today in which he says:

I am returning herewith your passport with Soviet visa affixed, which is valid for your entry to the Soviet Union up until October 9, 1936. The visa permits you to stay in Moscow for 30 days.

Upon your arrival in Moscow you should register your passport and at the same time have your visa extended.

The charge for the visa is $11.13.

With best wishes for a good trip, I am

Sincerely yours,
G. Gokhman
Chief, Consular Division

September 11th ON BOARD THE S.S. CLIFFWOOD

We watched and waved, until Nell's white dress blended into the dark background of the dock, and I felt as if I had

lost my sister. And now there lies ahead of us a breathing space. Then Gothenburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and the next parting in our lives—Helsinki. And that parting will be between system and system, and the whole of our lives will be affected and controlled by it.

September 22nd

A letter to the family at home from the children:

ON BOARD THE S.S. CLIFFWOOD
SEPTEMBER 22ND

Dear People,

Thanks for the presents and the cards. They certainly made us feel nice. We are having a grand time. We have seen four whales and the *Queen Mary*. We are allowed to go almost everywhere. The people are grand. The chief stuart (called Peter) is a special friend of ours. He takes us to see the crew. They have no pets on board ship except the chief engineer, who has a praying mantus. The captain had a dinner party and I [Nicky] dressed up in my Scotch costume and did the Highland Fling. After the first excitement had died down we found that we had nothing to do so we started learning the Russian alphabet. We have learned it all by now. Today we saw the north of Scotland and also Norway. Tomorrow we shall mail this from Gothenburg. This letter is a round robin for all the family.

Love,
Nicky and Nadya

September 28th ANCHORED IN STOCKHOLM

Maj Bosson [1] came to the ship early this morning and

[1] A Swedish friend with whom we climbed the Austrian Alps in 1931.

we spent the whole day seeing Stockholm. As I said good-by to her tonight and realized she was the last person I love whom I'll see before entering this new life which may hold us so we may never come to Europe or America again—it seemed as if I could not bear to let her go. We kept saying good-by, and then talking for minutes on end. Finally, I got her on her tram so that there would be one farewell with a period at the end. Now I cannot sleep.

September 30th BETWEEN STOCKHOLM AND HELSINKI ON THE BALTIC SEA

4 A.M. Went to bed at eleven, but got up at one, slipped on my dress, and went to the bridge, getting the calm of the Baltic into my spirit. Black night, subdued lights, the hissing as the prow cut through unseen waves—and peace, at last! Perhaps I can get some sleep now, before we dock. There is a million-to-one chance that Hal will meet us after all.

DOCK, HELSINKI, FINLAND

6:30 A.M. No Harry. I gazed and gazed through the mist as we approached the pier. The binoculars were no help. Finally, I could see every one of the seven men below us clearly, and I realized from my bitter disappointment how much, after all, I had been counting on his meeting us.

7:30 A.M. The ship's agent has just brought me this letter:

MOSCOW
SEPTEMBER 22ND

Dearest Girl,

I have been finding out things in Moscow today. It is impossible for me to get permission to get out to Helsinki

and it is very difficult if not impossible to receive permission to get to the border at Belo-Ostrov. Dr. Bronner advises me very strongly against it. He says in view of the irregularity which accompanied the granting of my visa, it would be highly inadvisable for me to go any further than Leningrad.

As the difficulties re baggage and hotels will be considerable, I would advise thee as follows: purchase a 7-day Intourist Tour in Helsinki. This will cost $35 each; that is, 2½ × $35 = $87.50. This will pay for hotel in Leningrad, hotel in Moscow, taxis to and from hotel, railway fare from Leningrad to Moscow, and transfer of a considerable amount of hand luggage. All of this will be done by Intourist agents. You will probably arrive in Helsinki at the dock about 11 A.M. of September 28th. Get into the city as soon as possible and go to the Intourist office and purchase the seven-days' Tour. You already have your visas, so there is no need to wait for them.

You leave Helsinki at 11 P.M. and arrive in Leningrad about 2 P.M. the following day. You pass the border in the forenoon. I am told there should be no difficulty about Customs if thee makes it clear that the purpose of thy journey is to join thy husband and live in Russia. Don't speak too much Russian to them, and refuse to pay anything. If there is trouble, tell them to forward the luggage in bond to Leningrad. If possible, don't let them know that thee has an Intourist Tour, or they may think thee is just a tourist in spite of all thee says. Enclosed is a stamped document from Marbumstroy which states that I work for Marbumstroy as a doctor at the malaria station. This is probably all the evidence thee needs.

Then I shall meet thee in Leningrad at the station. If, by any chance, I should not be able to get there, thee could telegraph the American Embassy to let me know where thee is staying and I could wire thee what to do. I am told that it is not always easy for foreigners in Moscow to get permission to go to Leningrad.

As for the heavy baggage, we are advised to send that by freight. It will take three to four weeks from Leningrad to Zieloni Dol, but it is cheaper. The excess on what we have would probably be around 500 rubles. Anyway, we can find out about that in Leningrad, and repack. I shall send thee a cable to Helsinki just in case thee does not receive this letter. I am waiting for thee and the children, and am counting the minutes.

Thine,
Hal

September 30th IN WAITING ROOM AT HELSINKI STATION

It has rained all day, and the glimpse I got of town showed a clean but not thrilling city. The people have high cheekbones, and here, at least, are very like Russians in appearance. We had supper on the boat, and then watched her sail out of our lives, with our new-found (and soon-lost) friends waving and shouting good-by to us. The voyage itself has been perfect.

The people at the Helsinki Intourist office refused to sell me a seven-day "Open Tour" in Russia, in spite of the fact that my visa is in order and that Harry purchased an "Open Tour" in New York this spring. So I shall have to go in without the help of Intourist. Let's hope Hal's affidavit is a powerful one.

Now we are waiting in the station at Helsinki for the

sleeper for Leningrad to come along, at 10 P.M. Hal wired he would meet us in Leningrad, so everything is promising, at least. We ought to see him tomorrow—Nicky's birthday—about 1 P.M.

The children have found a friend, a Finn who has lived in London and Liverpool. (Said Finn, I fear, has imbibed a little too freely of Finland's famous vintage, but he is merely extremely friendly.) He is drawing them a picture. My mistake—he is writing his name and address for the infants.

I feel as if I were about to dive into "a nicy void"—but the first plunge will be over in less than a day.

Postcards from Nicky, sent from the station:

Dear Aunt Nell and Uncle Walter,

How are all the folks. We are in Helsinki & are going on the 11 P.M. train to Leningrad. There we will meet father.

Love, Nicky

Mr. & Mrs. Johns
8th & Olive Streets
Media, Pa.
U. S. A.

Dear Florence,[1]

How I long for you and the refrigerator. They have two ice-boxes on board but they are forbidden to passengers.

Love, Nicky

Miss Florence Boss
8th & Olive Streets
Media, Pa.
U. S. A.

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[1] Cook for the Johns family.

October 4th MOSCOW

I'll begin at the station at Helsinki. The whole kit and boodle of trunks was sent to Leningrad by "bonding," which meant we would open them in Leningrad and not have any bother at the border, so we gaily pranced onto the train, where we had two compartments to ourselves, with running water, and fresh drinking water in each. Nadya slept on the upper and Nicky on the lower berth. We got a grand night's sleep, secure in the thought of no trouble at the border. We passed the Finnish border about 10 A.M., crossed over a small river, and entered Russia through a triple set of barbed-wire entanglements. "But," says Nicky, "all they have to do to cross is hop from top to top of the poles!" And the train slowed down.

I handed Hal's affidavit out when I—with all the other passengers—was marched into the Customs House. After my valises, foodbag, Victrola, and guitar were thoroughly inspected and marked "O.K." in Russian—to my horror, I saw all seven of my trunks being toted in on the backs of porters, one trunk per porter. I hastened up to an official with Harry's precious affidavit and my "bonding" receipts. No good—everything had to be opened, inspected, and passed. They were keenly interested in my photos and Webb's *Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation?* which were taken to the office of the Chief Customs Officer, and then returned. Nicky and I repacked as fast as we could, knowing all the while we had held the train up half an hour already, and everyone was "rarin' to go." One porter was "told off" to help us jam the lids down. We finally finished, and when I asked what the bill was: "Porters—rubles 21."

"And how much for Customs?"

"Nothing—you are the wife of a worker."

Everything of value had been registered, and I had been given a receipt. If I ever wish to take these things out of Russia, I must show by this receipt that I brought them in.

When I got on the train I realized my priceless affidavit was missing. Back I tore into the station: "Pismo [Letter]?"

"Nye mozhno [Not allowed]."

So I realized it was attached to the Customs certificate in order to explain why I had been allowed to take into Russia one Victrola, one camera, one guitar, American Express checks, and other articles that are expensive to buy in Russia at this time. No sooner had I rushed out of the station and put my foot on the lowest step, than the train glided out, slightly panting with peevishness that I had kept it waiting.

At least, the dirty work was all done, and without Hal's help, which goes to show that one can dread things too much. Somehow, one seems to live through emergencies.

The nearer we got to Moscow the more excited we became. "And to think it's my birthday," said Nicky, "when we first land in Russia and we first see Daddy!"

We began to chant to the clicking of the rails:

"at LAST we are LIVing in CIVilized RUSsia
at LAST we are LIVing in CIVilized RUSsia."

The first houses of Leningrad appeared. It takes a long time to get to the station from the edge of the city. The train started to slow down, and we rushed to the window. Only one could be opened and we hung out en masse. No Daddy. The train slid quietly up the long platform. There he was—looking anxiously up and down the length of the train.

"Daddy, Daddy," shrieked Nadya.

Hal looked around quickly, spotted us, gave a whoop, and came tearing up to our car.

The children tumbled down the high steps into his arms; but the trains in Russia glide out from under you so quickly that I did not dare leave the compartment until all eleven pieces of hand luggage had been gathered by the porters. Then down I came and Hal's arms were around me holding me almost desperately. At last he let me go, and I had a good chance to look at him. He was thin, haggard, and very pale. "And hairy," he added. He was distressed when he found we had not been able to come under Intourist and had had to struggle alone at the border. We got a taxi with some difficulty and soon were in the lobby of the Hotel Europa.

Little quivers of joy and unbelief shot through me as we were driving through Leningrad, the four of us together. Nadya kept touching Hal's knees as if to assure herself he was real, and Nicky's eyes never left his face.

The children told him the song of "civilized Russia" we had sung in the train. He threw back his head and shouted as only Harry can. That second swept away hours of anxiety and distress I had felt about him. Perhaps everything is going to be all right.

When we arrived at the Hotel Europa, we purchased an Intourist Third Class Tour for all four of us for seven days, and when we were shown our room (a two-room suite with private bath), the first thing Hal did was strip, and steam in the tub for half an hour. He said it was the first real bath he had had in weeks. After a shave, he had regained his usual good looks. We dined, and slept from eight to eight.

Nicky's birthday had been celebrated on the *Cliffwood* the night of the 29th, and she had already received the

Scotch costume as her "big present," so we took no special notice of October First except "love and kisses." She said, "Seeing Daddy is the nicest present I could have."

October 2nd LENINGRAD

We spent all morning getting our trunks repacked so all but one could go by "fast freight" to Marbumstroy, transferring the trunks from the Finland Station to the Moscow Station. When everything was in order for the transfer, I was left with two suitcases to take on a crowded trolley, Hal having to ride with the trunks on a truck to the other station. The driver said, "Why that? We can go right past Hotel Europa, and she can ride in the 'cabin' with me." So we drove up in state to the hotel and nobody seemed to think it strange for a guest at the swanky Europa to hop off a baggage truck.

Hal got back by three. We had dinner, and took a walk through the streets of Leningrad to the Kazan Cathedral, where the coronations of the Tzars took place. It has been turned into an anti-religious museum, and includes a showing of the Adam and Eve story versus Evolution. The most telling argument was the visual one of the riches of the church and the tributes to priests by the poor, forced by fear or actual cruelty to give far more than they could afford. Another forceful exhibition was that showing the superstitious customs fostered by various religious cults over the world. (We had seen much of that, ourselves, in India.)

After drinking all this in, we wandered through sleet to a Russian cinema, where we bought reserved seat tickets (the only kind they have) at an office halfway up the staircase. At the top of the stairs a restaurant counter faced us, and to the right was a reading room furnished with the

daily papers, and tables for checkers or chess. Half an hour before the show was scheduled to begin, we went to the room at the left of the top of the steps, and were given the treat of hearing an orchestra of fifteen men play an all-Spanish program of classical and jazz music. The room was crowded and the audience took the music very seriously, even the jazz. But one poignant pause in the music was broken by a voice near us whispering in Russian, "And where can one get such galoshes?" We looked around, and people near us were staring at the children's arctics. The music stopped at 5:59 P.M.—or, as they say here, 17:59 (no A.M. or P.M. necessary)—a bell rang, and we all filed into the theater and found our reserved seats.

The picture, "Captain Grant's Children," filmed in Russia and based on one of Jules Verne's tales, had beautiful shots, but was abrupt, and the sound was not as good as ours. There were flickers on the screen at times, and the acting seemed naïve, in general. With the exception of artistic photography, the Russians have a long way to go to catch up to the American standard. They are among the best actors in the world, but seem to become stilted when photographed. The comedian in "Captain Grant's Children" was an exception; he was anything but stiff. After this I developed a terrific headache and went to bed immediately.

The rest of the family are having dinner in the restaurant on the top floor of the Europa. I feel a little better now and am writing this entry in the journal while I wait for them to come downstairs.

Later—Hal has just come in waving a sheaf of papers at me, telling me he has finished a masterpiece to be tucked into the family journal:

Zieloni Dol to Leningrad

I made a trip to Leningrad to meet the family coming from Helsinki. The point of departure was Zieloni Dol, the first stop on the Kazan-Moscow express. The train arrived in a drizzling rain shortly before midnight and stopped only three minutes. The passengers rushed up and down the dark platform seeking their places. A stern "provodnitsa," or porter, stood at the steps of each carriage, with an oil lantern hung round her neck, and inspected the reservations of the passengers claiming entrance to the domain where she was dictator. Mistaken claimants were directed correctly. One such claimant was just ahead of me. He was a Tatar peasant in ragged linen clothes, spiral burlap leggings, and bast (willow-strip) shoes. He was arguing in broken Russian with the provodnitsa. His wife, holding a baby on her shoulder, and another small child by the hand, waited in the midst of a pile of lumpy bags. When the provodnitsa made him understand that his ticket was for a place in the unreserved carriage near the front, he and his wife and his tiny tot all seized their shapeless baggage and rushed off into the darkness. I was admitted, but I had paid five rubles extra for the privilege of riding in a reserved carriage. The Tatar family must have boarded the train, however, for when it pulled out about a minute later, I did not see them standing on the platform.

The carriage was dark. The provodnitsa brought her lantern to help me find my place. I unrolled my sleeping bag on the wide, wooden shelf that serves as a seat by day and a bed by night. The double tier of these shelves on either side of the corridor appeared in the flickering light of the lantern like coffins in an undertaker's warehouse. Rumpled blankets and a booted foot or two protruding

over the edge indicated that most of the coffins were occupied by sleepers. For another five rubles I could have had clean sheets, a blanket, and a pillow with a clean slip, all steam-sterilized in Kazan before departure. The train lumbered along slumberously and soon rocked me to sleep. I was half aroused by the stops at infrequent intervals, which made audible the lonely station noises and the snores, in various keys, of my fellow passengers.

I slept until long after daylight. When I awoke and sat up, a pleasant sight greeted me. A young lady on the bench opposite mine had also just sat up sleepily, and her long, flaxen hair fell in gleaming cascades around her shoulders and over the edge of the bench and almost down to the floor. It was like a flood of sunlight. I stared. She evidently did not mind my attention, because she smiled and bade me a pleasant "Good Morning," and the next minute she flung back the covers, sprang on to the floor, and ran down the corridor in the direction of the common washroom at the end. She was fully clothed. When she returned, her hair was braided in two plaits down her back. She proceeded to poke into wakefulness two young men who were still asleep on the shelves above us. They slowly awoke and at last crawled down and sat on our benches and put on their shoes. One young man was long and thin and had a girlish complexion and bright blue eyes. The other was short and stocky and red in the face. I think he was in love with the girl, but I should have preferred it had been the other one.

The provodnitsa brought tea in glasses. We got out our bread and sausage and apples and were soon engaged in breakfast and lively conversation. All three were students who had spent the summer holidays with relatives in Kazan and were returning to their Institutes in Leningrad to start

the autumn sessions. The young men were third-year students of electrical engineering and had two years to go. The young lady had one more year in which to complete her training as an engineer of aviation construction. She already had her pilot's license, had flown solo about 300 hours, and was a reserve officer in the Red Air Fleet. She had made several delayed-opening parachute jumps.

I wanted to talk about the five year plan and life in the University. My friends wanted to talk about American politics and divorce. They bore with me for a while and answered my questions, even quoting a few statistics, like an article out of *Pravda* or the *Evening Moscow.* When they finally shifted the conversation to America, they proved to have a good knowledge of our national affairs. They knew who the candidates were in the coming election, and the difference between our major political parties. They knew a great deal about Browder, and made intelligent comment on his leadership of the Communist Party of America. They were very favorable to the idea of developing a united front of radicals and left-wing liberals, as had been done in Spain, and were quite emphatic in including the middle classes in their analysis of the forces that must combat Fascism abroad.

Our discrimination against the Negroes puzzled them. The young lady asked: "What is it about a Negro that makes an American hate him and want to—what do you call it?—'lynch' him?" She used the verb, "lynchevat." "They say it is because he smells badly. Is that true? Imagine, mobbing a man because you don't like his smell!"

When I tried to explain the background of the anti-racial feeling in America, and how it arose out of the days of slavery and the Civil War, her only comment was, "I think it is barbarous." I had to agree.

"And is it true," the tall young man asked, "that your railways sell return tickets to a city called Reno which include the price of a divorce and a farewell dinner for both parties? How lovely and sentimental."

We were launched on the subject that held us the longest of any. He said he got his information from *Za Rubezhom*, a weekly foreign review published in Moscow. Snappy and right up-to-date, too.

"And why do people have to go to Reno to get a divorce?" he went on. "Can you get a divorce in only one city?"

That led to an explanation of the difference in our laws arising out of States' Rights—laws on divorce, education, commerce, sanitation, requiring many adjustments where interstate relations are involved. It struck him as a hopeless jumble. His country is a veritable League of Nations as regards races of people, differences in background, and cultural and economic and social development, but fundamental laws are uniform throughout the entire Federation.

"It's fairly easy to get a divorce in Russia, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes, very easy," he replied. "The first one costs 50 rubles, the second 150, and the third 300. After the third, they all cost 300."

"Three hundred and fifty," the young lady corrected.

"What did your last one cost you?" asked the red-faced man of the girl. She laughed along with the rest of us, but her laughter gave no indication whether his random shot had struck home.

"You don't go before a court," the tall young man continued. "You just go to the 'Zags,' the bureau of vital and civil statistics, and you say you want a divorce, and you get it when you pay your money. Up to now either party

can go alone to the bureau and get a divorce, and the notification will be sent to the absent member. But when the new Constitution goes into effect, both parties will have to appear together."

"Who applies more often for divorces, men or women?" I asked.

"Why, men, of course. Fully three times as often, and maybe more. Men break off an intimate relation much more readily than women. It's human nature. . . ."—this from the tall young man.

"But if the relation is disagreeable to either party," the young lady made haste to add, "it is better to break it off than to continue it." There was nothing in her tone to betray whether she spoke from theory or experience, but the red-faced man stood up very suddenly and moved around nervously and sat down again.

"Then have you solved the problem of jealousy?" I asked.

"Oh, no," they all shouted at once and laughed. Passengers from other parts of the car joined our group. "No, we haven't," the red-faced man continued with emphasis. "Jealousy is too deep-rooted in the past. We have terrible cases of it. Knives and shooting and murder, as in Spain, or maybe even America. It's a terrible problem, but we will conquer it," he ended with conviction.

We slept and ate and talked the long day through. My friends planned how they would spend the evening in Moscow. Dinner and theater might both be got in before the midnight train left for Leningrad. Once our train stopped very suddenly, nearly flinging us out of our seats, and remained motionless for almost half an hour. The provodnitsa and several passengers went out. After the train started again, they told us what had caused the delay. A

peasant woman had tried to drive her cow across the track and had not seen the engine approaching. The cow escaped, but the woman was killed.

This brought up the subject of accidents and automobiles, and I took the opportunity to express my opinion of Russian chauffeurs. A Russian chauffeur is proof of the existence of God, for if God wasn't good to him, he'd be dead. And so would hundreds of other people. He goes through a crowded city street at thirty or forty miles an hour and depends on the irritating toot of his horn to clear the path. He never signals for stops or turns. Having no rear-view mirror, he has no idea of what is behind him, but he doesn't care. In execrable Russian, I waxed eloquent, and even gesticulated. My listeners solemnly agreed to all I said. Violating of traffic rules was a serious problem and would have to be liquidated, along with jealousy and the rest.

Owing to the accident the train was late, so my companions probably went to the theater only. I stayed with a friend overnight, and completed my business in Moscow the next day.

I got to the station just as the Leningrad train was slipping out almost noiselessly. I dodged among the crowd and sprang for the step. It was occupied by a sailor who was waving a large bunch of chrysanthemums in an excited farewell to an even more excited young lady who was running down the platform and waving back. He took no notice of me. I could not get a foothold on the step. The end of the platform was rapidly approaching. I poked him in the ribs to make him pay attention, and when he saw my predicament he seized me under the arm and heaved me up past him to safety on the top step with no more effort than if I had been a child. He did not stop waving to the

girl until she was out of sight. He followed me into the car and laid the flowers tenderly on his suitcase and looked very sentimental and depressed for almost five minutes.

This time I had an upper berth, and, having left my sleeping bag behind, I ordered bedclothes from the provodnitsa. She wore a dark-blue denim uniform with tarnished brass buttons and bulging side pockets that gave her figure the shape of a potato. From beneath her red beret, worn at an attractive slant, her bobbed brown hair displayed a recent "permanent." Her lips were rouged and her nails were dyed the color of red ink, a color seen so commonly on lips and nails in the land of the Soviets that one wonders if the cosmetic trust and the ink trust haven't got mixed up somewhere in the five year plan. She had to get mattresses, blankets, sheets, and pillows for all thirty passengers in the car, and make up their beds, so she did not get to me till nearly midnight. As I climbed to my bunk I heard a sharp yelp of pain from the floor, and, turning round, discovered that I had stepped on the tail of a white lap dog belonging to a dear old grandmother who occupied the lower berth. She scolded the dog for getting in my way, although he had only had his tail out, and, dragging him up into the berth with her, tucked him under her pillow. All was quiet for the rest of the night. The sailor slept in the upper berth opposite mine.

I was awakened by his morning exercises. These consisted of seizing hold of the baggage racks above the upper berths on either side of the narrow corridor separating them, and pulling himself up from the floor until his hips were level with his hands, and his head was nearly touching the ceiling of the carriage. I recalled the grip on my arm that had lifted me to the upper step the evening before. After doing his stunt about fifteen times in rapid succession

he seemed satisfied and settled down to a breakfast of tea and bread and cheese at the bracket by the window. The grandmother returned from the washroom with her dog, both looking very serious. A young doctor in charge of a group of disinfectors, all of whom were middle-aged women, was explaining to them the use of pyrethrum in the fight against cockroaches. I gathered from his talk that they were on their way from Moscow to Leningrad for some special disinfecting job requiring experienced personnel, but why such personnel had to be brought from Moscow I could not figure out. The train moved slowly and made many stops and arrived in Leningrad an hour and a half late.

On leaving the October Station the first thing I saw was the equestrian statue of Tzar Alexander III. The sculptor must have made it ridiculous purposely. Alexander sits with the grace of a forked turnip astride a bowlegged, square horse, which, except for its head, could easily be taken for an English bulldog. If ridicule were the sculptor's motive, Alexander was too dull-witted to get the point, and was probably quite flattered. But the Russians of the Revolution got the point, and changing the inscription on the pedestal from whatever flattery it may previously have contained, they made it read:

SCARECROW

Having sent my father and son to their death, I stick up here as a disgrace to the past, and as a cast-iron scarecrow and warning to the country that has eternally thrown off the yoke of autocracy

While I was translating the inscription, two men approached and stood near me. They were poorly dressed, indifferently shod, and many days unshaven. They moved closer. Beggars, I thought. There are more of them as winter approaches. But I was mistaken. The men were reading the inscription. When they had finished, one of them turned to me.

"It reads here," he said in a puzzled tone, " 'having sent my father and son to their death,' but the last Nicholas was Alexander's son and was Tzar after him. Then how could Alexander condemn him to death? Can you tell us that, Citizen?"

I could not. Maybe it was another son he condemned to death.

"Maybe," he added doubtfully. "But doesn't your book tell you? I see you reading in it."

"No, Comrade," I replied, "this is my dictionary. You see I am a foreigner and I don't understand your language very well. There are some words on the writing underneath the statue that I had to look up in the dictionary so as to know what they mean in my language."

Without asking, he took the book from my hands, but there was nothing rude in his action. It was only the eager curiosity of a child.

"Is every word of our Russian mother language translated here into German?" he asked incredulously.

"No, not German—English. I am an American, and in my country we speak English."

"Not German? But the letters in the translation are German. Look, here's a German 't' and an 's.' Isn't that so?" He pointed to an "l" and an "f."

"We call them Latin letters," I explained.

"But they're German just the same, aren't they? I

studied German once in school, but that was a long time ago, and I don't remember a word. So you Americans can't speak your own language. You speak, what did you say—English? Won't the English let you speak your own language?"

I refrained from telling him that quite the reverse is true; it is we who won't let the English speak theirs. He wouldn't have understood. So I explained there was practically no difference at all, only a difference in manners of speech, such as between the speech of Moscow and that of Odessa, places which he knew. He listened closely and added to my explanation several illustrations of dialectic differences between Odessa and Moscow.

"Are you going far?" he then asked.

"I have just arrived in Leningrad and am returning to Moscow soon. And you?"

"We are going to Moscow to work. They say that workers are scarce in Moscow, and we have just come from a building job in Karelia and are being sent to Moscow. Here is the address we have to go to. Maybe you could tell us where it is."

He pulled from his pocket a rough piece of paper on which a Moscow address had been scribbled in pencil. It had some kind of a stamp on it, which made it official. Since I couldn't help him with the address, he and his chum bid me a pleasant "See you again," and walked off in the direction of the station.

The day went rapidly. I wanted to inquire about how to send the family baggage by freight from Moscow to Zieloni Dol. I finally got to the right window in the right office and stood my turn in the queue of persons one seldom escapes in Russia if he wants to find out anything worth finding out, or buy anything worth buying. When my

turn came, the elderly woman clerk behind the window handed me a bill of lading and helped me to fill it out, and told me I must take it to the chief dispatcher on the floor below.

He was seated at a long table and was surrounded by a mob of supplicants holding out bills of lading and asking him to write on these bills the something or other essential to the dispatching of freight. Some he was refusing; others he was obliging. I didn't get the clue to his distinctions, but when I got close enough to him to get his attention and told him I wanted my freight sent within two days, when it was expected from Helsinki, he took my bill from me, signed it and stamped it and said:

"Take this to Window No. 7 and get it stamped. You won't have to stand in line. Then all you have to do when the freight comes is to have it transferred from the Finland Station to the warehouse and pay the freight, presenting this bill at the same time. All will be in order, and your freight ought to arrive in about seven days."

Window No. 7 was close at hand. At least fifty people were lined up in front of it. There were several muttered objections as I walked up to the window at the head of the line, and as I tried to put my paper through the aperture, the third man from the front made his protest audible:

"We stand in line here, Citizen," he said. "Why shouldn't you do as the rest of us?"

"But," I protested weakly, "the dispatcher said I didn't have to stand in line for this."

"Did he indeed!" the man replied sarcastically. "Anybody could say that. Comrade Molotov told me I didn't have to stand in line either, but here I am along with the rest." Molotov was the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, the Soviet equivalent of Prime Minister.

The dispatcher heard the commotion. Perhaps he was expecting it. Anyway, he stood up and shouted over the heads of the mob:

"Citizens, please let that man in without turn. He is a foreigner and doesn't understand this business very well. Besides, it will only take a minute."

"Oh, he's a foreigner, is he?" the objector replied. "Well, that's a different matter entirely. Why do you stand there, Comrade?" he continued, addressing me and changing his tone to one of warmest friendship. "Why don't you go right in through the door and get your business done at the desk?" And he opened a place in the line for me to pass and showed me where the door was.

The next problem was to look for a room. I went to several hotels but there were no rooms for less than 40 rubles a day, a price which I had no intention of paying. I found myself again in front of Alexander III. He had no suggestions to make. I wandered across the large open square in front of the station and was hailed by a policeman.

"One ruble fine, Citizen, for crossing the open square," he announced. "You should cross at the place indicated for crossing and not just ramble around where you might get killed by a tramcar or a bus."

I understood him, but pretended I had not. He repeated his order with variations.

"I am a foreigner," I replied.

"Let me see your documents," he countered. I pulled out my passport. "That's all right," he said, after he had looked at it. "Run along now, but please don't cross the open square again." As I departed, we both saluted solemnly.

I walked toward the station, but after a few steps it sud-

denly occurred to me that the policeman might be the very person to help me about a room. Going back to him and forgetting that I was not supposed to understand his language, I asked him what people did in Leningrad who had no place to spend the night.

"And why not in the station itself?" he asked, not letting on that he had caught me in a lie.

"Do they have rooms in the station?"

"Of course they do—for transients. Main entrance, first door to the right, and upstairs. But wait a little moment. I forgot they are making repairs there. That door is closed. Come with me, I'll show you." And he walked nearly a hundred yards with me to a side entrance to the station and showed me where I should go. I felt forgiven and my conscience hurt; I was half tempted to run after him and pay the fine.

A very clean, efficient-looking elderly lady received me at a desk, registered my name, took my passport, and collected seven rubles in advance, the price of a night's lodging. She then turned me over to another lady who showed me to a clean dormitory of sixteen beds, each with an inviting white coverlet and red blanket turned back to welcome the tired traveler. She then preceded me into the bath and made sure that the shower was working and that there was plenty of hot water in the large tank overhead. When I came out of the shower, she did not ask me for a tip, but told me I should be expected to be in by ten o'clock that night. She did not add "and sober," but I judged from her tone it would be better for me if I were.

I spent the evening in the reading room, where a large table, overhung with a green-shaded lamp, was spread with a generous supply of magazines and papers. I examined some of the titles. *The Railway Engineer* had a leading

article full of diagrams and charts. *The Working Woman* described the part played by women revolutionaries in the struggle in Spain, and some of the plans for improving the health of the women and children in the Soviet Union. A children's magazine, *The Pioneer*, was running a serial of the story "The Son of Mongolia," which had been a feature of the moving pictures for several weeks and centered around a boy who had taken part in setting up a Soviet Republic in Mongolia. There was also a copy of the *Crocodile*, a humorous journal with a good deal of satirical comment on foreign news and Soviet life. I remember one cartoon. It showed two carpenters on a scaffolding on the side of a house. Said one to the other, "Here we are repairing this building already. No sooner a building is finished than they have to start repairing it." "Humph," said the other, "that's nothing. There was a house on Gorki Street which they started building and repairing on the same day." Several of my fellow lodgers read assiduously till after midnight.

The steamer bringing the family was delayed by a storm in the Baltic. So I had to wait in Leningrad another night. No one is allowed to spend a second night in the station rooms, which are only for transients needing one night's lodging. There still being no rooms at a reasonable price in any of the hotels, I decided to try my luck on the streets as dozens of arrivals in Leningrad must surely have to do who cannot find a place to stop.

Two hours from seven to nine were spent comfortably at supper in the station dining room. Two more were passed standing in line to buy a ticket for a newsreel entitled "Events in Spain," which took a half hour to show and was mostly about meetings in various cities of the Soviet Union expressing sympathy with the People's Front in

Spain. Another hour of promenading on the Nevski Prospect, a principal street which even at midnight was quite crowded, and the possibilities of inexpensive entertainment were exhausted. I retreated to a "buffet," where drinks and sandwiches could be had.

The entrance was four steps below the street level, and led into a small room connected by an arch with another room further inside. The air was thick with smoke. A blast of music from a three-piece orchestra on a platform at one side of the arch nearly split my ears. Around the walls there were tables occupied by customers. There was an unoccupied table beneath the center of the arch. I started for this table, but found my way blocked by a huge waiter who was shouting something at me. His fierce, waxed mustaches, his large, square, mirthless smile, equine teeth, and overhanging black brows gave him a striking resemblance to the villain of a late Victorian melodrama, and fascinated me so much that I only stared at him and paid no attention to what he was yelling at me. His head was shaved clean, and it gleamed under the strong light like a heliograph. His white coat was recently starched and spotlessly clean, and fitted him like a uniform. He kept on yelling, and at last I understood that he was ordering me to leave my hat and overcoat with the cloak attendant at the door. Looking around, I noticed that most of the other patrons had their overcoats on.

"Why should I take off my overcoat," I objected, "when you permit other people to keep theirs on?"

"It isn't allowed to keep on your coat," he yelled back.

"But I am cold."

"Don't make any difference," he replied, and came closer. "Take off your coat and leave it at the door."

I stood my ground. "Excuse me, Citizen," I said, "but

I will keep it on until you make everyone else take theirs off, too." And I prepared to sit down at the table in the center.

"Don't sit there," he shouted, "not if you are going to keep on your coat. Sit over there in the corner where no one will see you." He looked fierce enough to eat me. I complied with his request and sat at a table in a corner where there were two other men. I had no sooner sat down than the waiter approached, towel over his arm, smiling his broadest to show that he bore me no grudge, and asking for my order. When I gave it, he bowed from the waist and rushed away through a rear door. He was back again in an instant with a bottle of beer and sandwiches, which he placed in front of me with a flourish that comes only with years of practice.

"If you please, Comrade," he said, "call me when you want more. I am always at your service." Then he rushed off again and, finding no one to wait upon or to bawl out at that particular moment, pounced upon some glasses at the center table and polished them till they shone like the top of his head.

I looked around the room. He and I seemed to be the only sober persons in it. Even the musicians were tee-ed up a bit. My two table companions were alternately kissing each other and pledging everlasting brotherhood on swigs from a bottle of vodka which they shared. There were several empty bottles on the table in front of them. A man at the next table was hiccoughing violently and trying to flirt with the cigarette girl. When she avoided him and made off between the tables, he began to sing and to slap his thighs loudly in time to the "Turkish March" which the orchestra was playing. His partner was slumped down, tightly wedged between the back of his chair and the edge

of the table, and was blowing bubbles from between his thick, red lips. At another table a man staggered to his feet and started to make a speech, but the waiter cut him short by seizing him by the collar and giving him the bum's rush toward the door. He was not ejected, however, and after sulking around the door a bit he blundered back to his place and shouted for more vodka, which the waiter promptly brought him and set down before him with a smile and a flourish.

So it went on until the "very wee sma' hours." There was never a moment when entertainment was lacking or spirits were dull. Who would pay 40 rubles for a room in a hotel when he could have all this for the price of a bottle of beer and a few sandwiches?

About two-thirty a party of seven or eight men came in. They were all singing drunk. One of them had a wooden leg and carried a black box slung by a strap over his shoulder. Keeping on both hats and coats, they flopped into the empty chairs around the table beneath the arch. The waiter swooped down on them like a typhoon.

"Comrades, Comrades," he screamed, "where do you think you are? At home or in a pig pen? Take off your coats and hats and leave them at the door."

"He says we gotta take off our coats and hats, children," the man with the wooden leg roared back, "but we say, go to the devil and we keeps our coats *and* our hats on." He came down hard on the "and."

"But, Comrades, it isn't allowed. We must think of the reputation of the place. Take off your things, you swine, or I'll call the police and have you all thrown out on the street," the waiter shouted.

"Call the cursed police, then," the wooden-legged man replied. "Look at all the other people in the room.

They've got their coats on. Why should we be singled out by a blundering bully like you and made to take off ours? It isn't fair, I tell you, it isn't fair. We've got our rights as Soviet citizens."

By this time the two were so close together that their breath blew back each other's whiskers. There ensued a violent dispute lasting for several minutes, in which such expressions as "swine" and "swindler" were bandied about like hand grenades across no man's land. I thought the two must surely come to blows, but they did not.

Finally the waiter shrieked: "Well, if you haven't got the decency to take off your coats, at least take off your hats."

"Our hats?" asked the man with the wooden leg in a tone of injured surprise. "Why didn't you say so before? Why, certainly we'll take off our hats, with pleasure. Children, take off your hats," and off all the hats came with an almost simultaneous swish and were slapped down on the table.

"Now, Citizens," said the waiter, immediately becoming calm and resuming his smile, "what may it be your pleasure to have?" His tone was almost caressing.

After a lot more talking and arguing among themselves, they gave their order for several bottles of various kinds of expensive liqueurs and, of course, vodka. The orchestra had already packed up and left for the night. The man with the wooden leg opened his black box and pulled out a large accordion and struck up a lively tune. The thigh-slapper at the table next to mine jumped up and started to do a tap dance, in which the waiter, having just finished getting the bottles on the table, joined with fierce energy, never once relaxing or altering his tigerish grin. The two of them kept up this violent exercise to the end of the piece

and received loud applause from all present. The blood brothers at my table had slipped to the floor and were fast asleep in each other's arms, but during the next number of the accordion one of them sat up suddenly and began to weep. The waiter rushed at him and told him to keep quiet or he might give the place a bad name; whereupon he stopped crying, blew his nose noisily on the overcoat tails of one of the men at the center table, and lay down to sleep again. At four o'clock the waiter roused him and his buddy and dragged them up by their collars to a standing position, where they stood unsteadily leaning on each other. He then collected all our bills and herded us into the street.

The man with the wooden leg went off in one direction playing his accordion at full blast, while most of the others followed singing. I went off in the opposite direction, leaving the everlasting brothers tottering in front of the closed door. I boarded an early street car and rode down to the docks and back to the October Station where I slunk into the waiting room, which had just been opened, and slept bolt upright on a seat until eight o'clock. Later in the day I went to the Finland Station and met the family, whom I saw hanging out of the car windows as the train came around the curve. I had a very hard time explaining my worn, dissipated appearance to Rebecca, however.

* * *

October 3rd

Hal had to transfer the sole remaining trunk to the Kazan Station, so the children and I took advantage of the tour offered by Intourist to see Leningrad. It is a city of wide streets and large squares, some of which Peter I

used for shipbuilding yards in the first days of St. Petersburg. I never imagined there could be so many palaces gathered in one community. But the whole time I kept thinking of the "hundred a day" that died during the building of the town on the marsh. Canals run through some of the streets, as parkways do with us. And sections of the city are islands. We saw the Winter Palace before which a priest, Father Gapon, had led a crowd of peasants who wanted food. The Tzar was away at the time, and the officer in charge ordered the praying crowd to be fired on—and this started much trouble for the Tzar. In 1917, this was the scene of more trouble, and is now the Leningrad equivalent of the Red Square in Moscow and is used for parades, reviews, and demonstrations. The tour took us to the new living quarters for workers. By the way, the word "toiler" seems to have been substituted for "worker," as "toiler" includes both factory worker and agricultural worker.

We got back to the hotel in time for lunch, and then our guide took all four of us to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The cathedral holds royal tombs, and I believe wedding ceremonies took place here also. The Government keeps it intact, as a historical museum. The inner pillars were denuded of gold leaf up to the cornices, during the famine of 1921–22, to help feed the people of the Volga grain district. Otherwise, the cathedral is the same as in the reign of Nicholas. It was built by Peter.

Then we went to the fortress prison, the most famous in Russian political history. It is in the cathedral enclosure. The first royal prisoners were kept (and died) in the cathedral itself. Later, and until even the first few years of the Communist regime, the prison was used for political offenders. It is a ghastly place, cold, dreary, dark, with

thick stone walls built right up the bank of the river.

We came out into the light again and were wafted from the horrors of the prison to the beauties of the "Hermitage," an ugly building on the exterior, and marvelous within. The gallery itself does not compare with the Tretyakov in Moscow, but there are many Rubens, Van Dycks, Rembrandts, and other old masters. The scene I'll always keep in mind is the original "Hermitage"—a large room on the second floor, with a high gallery overhead. There is a real garden outside, with grass and statues, as wide as the room itself and running the length of the picture galleries that edge it like wings. The "Hermitage" was built by Catherine the Great as a retreat for herself and her selected friends. No one was allowed there without invitation, and no servant ever entered. A "lift" carried orders to servants below, who sent meals up on the same dumb-waiter. All this, presumably, was the result of Catherine's fear of assassination.

A statue-fountain used to sweeten the room by a constant play of perfume. The whole room is fabulous, a tiny palace in itself, unique, and both terrible and pitiful in its implications.

No taxis were available, and we walked back to the hotel through a drenching rain. The children got their shoes soaked and were thoroughly chilled. Nadya caught a cold she has not been able to throw off.

Dinner, and the train for Moscow. This time we traveled "hard" [third class]. But the train is a "crack" one, so we had a compartment all to ourselves. The beds were benches which a "provodnik" [porter] covered with mattresses and sheets; one blanket, one towel, pillow, and pillowcase were provided for the sum of five rubles for each person, and Intourist paid the bill. The children and

Hal slept beautifully, and I fairly well, but the window had been hermetically sealed for the winter, and the heat was almost intolerable. At 3 A.M. I crawled out of bed to ask the provodnik if a window might be opened. "Nye mozhno [Not allowed]" was the reply. When I realized that the heat was produced by the labor of the provodniks themselves over the stoves, I understood their reluctance to chill the atmosphere.

October 4th MOSCOW

We arrived at the station in Moscow at 10:30 A.M., but it was Sunday, and the American Embassy was closed. Hal says it is hard to conduct business in Moscow. The American Embassy closes for Saturday afternoons and Sundays; the Russian offices are closed for the five free days of the month, and rarely do free days and Sundays coincide. We went to the Russian Passport office, but they also said, "Come back tomorrow at nine."

Then came the second "big moment" (the first was the sight of Hal's face at the station)—our call on Annushka and Mischa. We entered a large house, wound around and up a circular staircase, and knocked at the door of a large apartment. A neighbor opened the door and led us to Annushka's room. Hal knocked at the door, and a catapult came out. Annushka is larger than ever, but better looking and overflowing with kindness and affection. I thought of the silkies I had bought at Wanamaker's as a present for her, and I realized size forty was not nearly large enough. Mischa gives the impression of being small and wiry, but actually he may be as tall as Annushka.

After the first round of greetings, and the gong had rung for a breathing space, I presented Mischa with the water colors. He opened the box, gave one gasp, and

said solemnly, "Rebecca, I must kiss you." Whereupon he flung solemnities to the winds and his arms around me! Annushka stood stunned for a minute, and then said, "Garry, we can't let them get away with that!" and she planted a luscious kiss right on his mouth. The children were entranced.

We danced a little, as Mischa is a connoisseur of records and has any number of American jazz pieces. But the room is small for dancing and we soon settled down to eating cake, candy, bread, and marmalade, and drinking tea. It is so wonderful to really know people in Russia; and these folk are such wholesome and sincere people, with a naïve gaiety that is refreshing to the spirit. We looked at photos, which are Annushka's hobby, sang, and listened to classical music. Nicky was persuaded to dance the Highland Fling, and Annushka and Mischa went into raptures, saying she should enter the "Olympiad," a contest for school children. Amidst loud lamentations from the hosts and the children, we dragged ourselves away at ten o'clock, feeling we had had a wonderfully warm welcome to Moscow.

October 5th

We left my American passport (like leaving my soul) with the Soviet passport people, who said, "Come back Wednesday at eleven," and went to the American Embassy, where Hal registered his passport. The friend at the desk took all of our data so that he need only fill in the passport numbers when my "Vid na Zhitelstvo" [Permit for permanent residence] came through. Hal went across the hall to meet the medical officer of the American Embassy, Dr. Rumreich, and then called me over, too, as Dr. Rumreich wanted to meet me and to register me as an

"Emergency Nurse." After a short absence, he invited us to meet his wife and six-weeks-old infant, and to partake of waffles! Did we hesitate—waiting children or not? We did not! The Rumreichs have a beautifully furnished apartment (furniture belonging to the Consulate), and the meal was delicious: waffles, coleslaw, syrup, cocoa, and baked apples. They told us their life is so circumscribed that they meet no Russians, just float around the diplomatic circle. I can't imagine a more deadly existence, to be continued year after year. The wife of a member of the Embassy staff was telling Hal on the steamer that people who never drank previously are almost compelled by boredom and social custom to give cocktail parties and go to them *ad nauseam.*

Think of being in Soviet Russia, and not knowing the fine people who live here. I understand, however, that part of this situation arises from the feeling of the Americans that Russians are afraid to be seen with Embassy personnel. So they are loathe to place any Russian friends in any embarrassing position.

We saw some very interesting Russian newspapers this morning. They told of the speech of Litvinov in the League Assembly, pleading for the firm application of the principles of the League covenant against aggressor states. Russia was the first nation to propose world disarmament before the League, and feels (according to the editorials we read) that it is leading the way in peace. I asked Hal about this, as he's been here some months. He thinks that the Soviet Union is arming itself intensively and training intensively so as to be prepared for any eventuality, such as Germany invading the Ukraine from the east, or Japan attacking from the west. The USSR feels it is surrounded by real and potential enemies, and it must be prepared to

defend itself. On the other hand, it tells the people of the Union that the USSR will not be an aggressor state. It only wishes to be left alone, to bind itself up into a union of states that can be independent of the rest of the world if necessary. Hal showed me a statement in the Webbs' *Soviet Communism*[1] that Litvinov had given to the French press in 1935; it included the three basic principles on which Soviet foreign policy concerning war is based:

> "First, the Soviet Government does not need land or property belonging to other countries and it therefore has no intention of making war upon anyone. Secondly, under the conditions of modern imperialism, any war must be converted into a universal bloody clash and slaughter; for under present-day conditions no war can be localised and no country is able to maintain neutrality, no matter how hard it may try. Thirdly, any war causes privations and sufferings primarily to the great masses, and the Government of the Soviet Union, which is a government of the toilers, is opposed to and hates war."

After talking to the Rumreichs for a while, we returned to the hotel, picked up the children, and went on an Intourist "tour" around Moscow, seeing the Chinese Wall, among other things. This is misnamed, we were told. The real derivation is from "khitai," which does not mean "Chinese" but "whale-back"—the shape of the wall. Another illusion gone is the story of Ivan the Terrible putting out the eyes of the architect of the Basil Cathedral so that he never could build another cathedral more beautiful than

[1] Webb, Sidney and Beatrice, *Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation?* Vol. II, p. 1106. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936.

the "glory of the Red Square." The true story runs something like this: Ivan prayed to God, and promised that if he won the war against the Tatars in Kazan, he would build nine cathedrals to the glory of the Lord. He did win, but on sober consideration he decided that, instead of nine separate cathedrals, he'd compromise by building one cathedral with nine separate spires, or domes. So that is why each turret is unique in design. And the cathedral was called the "Kazan Cathedral." Then came the popularity of idiot saints, and a tenth tower was erected over the tomb of the idiot "St. Basil." The cathedral has borne his name ever since.

Another item: The "Red Square" was known for years before the Revolution. The grandest adjective in the Russian language is "red." Every "izba," or cottage, used to have a "red" corner where the ikon and lighted candles were placed. So the grandest square in Moscow has long been known as the "Red Square." It is mere coincidence, I suppose, that bloody history took place here ages ago, and that the walls around the Kremlin happen to be of red stone (now painted white along the Red Square front, so as to emphasize the beauty of the red and blue-black marble of Lenin's tomb).

After seeing Moscow in a fleeting way, our guide (who had plucked eyebrows, mascaraed lashes, and an extremely chic cloth coat with cape shoulders) took us to the "Kiosk," Lenin's tomb. There must have been one thousand people in the street on that cold, bleak day, waiting in a snakelike, curving queue, in couples. I believe Russians are not supposed to carry anything in their hands, but as we were foreigners we were allowed to go in with our purses. The word "Intourist" seems to be an "Open sesame," for we didn't have to wait in line. We walked slowly up some flat

steps in the front of a square, low building that is architecturally simple and, at first, disappointing. Then the simplicity began to affect us, and we reveled in the sheer beauty of the marble brought from all parts of the Union to honor Lenin. The colors were deep red and a blue-black that flashed forth occasional sparks of brilliant blue. We wound around to the back, inside the tomb, going downstairs. Then we began to climb, and we finally entered the room where Lenin lay asleep on a bier enclosed within a huge glass case, which at first was higher than our heads. In silence we mounted the steps until we could see him from one side. We went around the foot of the glass, and got the full view of one of the greatest men that ever lived. He lay there quietly. The features of the face, with high forehead and pointed reddish beard, showed unmistakable intelligence and spiritual power; his wisdom and strength of character we felt were still vital and alive. It was only his hand, slightly withered, that betrayed him as dead.

Meanwhile we had been walking down the other side. We couldn't take our eyes away from his face. Just as we started to descend the steps, we gave one last look, and realized that he was dressed simply, in khaki, and the lower part of his body was covered by a red flag. We walked out into the cold. One can never describe an emotional experience adequately, but I am not surprised that Russians come thousands of miles just for this five minutes' experience.

We had called on Hermann Habicht in the morning; and after dinner and a hot bath and putting the children to bed, I was just settling myself to read *Capital* (which has lasted me a long time!) when Hermann came to call. We talked Russia and European politics for an hour. He

seems to think we will have hard sledding at first in the provinces, but if I could teach American dances or have classes in English, and Hal could get translations, we then could worry through on the Russian doctor's salary. But when I challenged him and said, "You don't really think I can take it, do you?" he flushed and replied politely, "I'm sure you can." I still felt a doubt in his mind. He left at 10:30 to go back to the National Hotel, where he has a room and office combined. The housing shortage is so acute that you are very lucky, if a couple, to have one room alone; two rooms for one family is the accepted mode for good living in Moscow. Three rooms and kitchen are for the elite. Thousands of people are forced to commute into Moscow every day because no rooms are available.

October 6th

Our hotel in Moscow is the New Moscow, which takes care of third class Intourists. We have two double bedrooms (one quite tiny), and use the public toilet. The bath has to be arranged for at the desk, and there seems to be only one tub for the entire floor. The tub is huge, and near it is a bench covered with a sheet on which you are supposed to lie and let perspiration pour from you. (I use the sheet for a wrap-around towel.) The restaurant is on the ninth floor, and the windows are wide, so we have a marvelous view across the Moscow River of the Kremlin, the Chinese Wall, and old Moscow.

The people seem fairly happy, to look at them. Their clothes and general nourishment seem better than in 1922 —Hal says even better than in 1930, when he was here with Tagore. The streets have been widened, and asphalt pavements put down for the main business streets. The shop windows are most artistically arranged (trust the

Russian flair for that) and compare more than favorably with windows in America. But the quantity of articles is missing. In fact, many articles simply cannot be bought here. We tried for two hours to get a Primus stove—in vain. And some articles are from three to ten times the price at home. An evening dress costing $25 would be $125 here; shoes, $15 to $20. I admit it is good training for me to "do without," but I am very thankful for the clothes that I did bring over here. We ought, with care, to be able to run along for a couple of years with little extra clothing expense. I am sorry I did not buy a fur coat; they cost $200 to $400 here, and while I am going to need one very badly, I shall have to get along with my last year's American winter coat, which has fashionably tight sleeves that cannot be interlined. We may have to buy things in the States, but we shall have to try experiments in mailing, gradually, to see if things arrive, and how much Customs is charged.

I am going to ask the people at home to try these experiments now: (1) sending the October and November *Reader's Digest* to Marbumstroy, to see if they come through; (2) mailing two large-sized Hershey's chocolate nut bars in a foolproof box with a customs declaration; (3) mailing one large can of baking powder with a customs tag. You hear many conflicting stories of what can and cannot be done here, and this is the only way to find out. As far as money is concerned, we are told it is better to deposit it in the Chase National Bank, to be credited to us at the state bank in Kazan.

We are already avid for books in English and long for the Book-of-the-Month more than anything else I know.

At 10:30 this morning, we all went on an Intourist jaunt to the Ethnological Museum, which showed the vari-

ous peoples of the Soviet Union, such as Tatars, Cossacks, and Eskimos, under the old regime, and under the new. The exhibits were thrilling: lifelike models in huts and houses and caves, nomads and stationary people, with vivid backgrounds painted by a group of Russian artists. You live right there in the scenes. In the afternoon, we ran off by ourselves to the Tretyakov Gallery, and became reacquainted with our old friends among the pictures. It is my favorite art gallery in the world, and we were especially lucky to see an exhibition of Repin's works. In the evening, we sallied forth to the Children's Theater. Two realistic fairy tales from Hans Christian Andersen's stories were presented: "The Princess and the Swineherd," and "The King's New Clothes." The children's lack of knowledge of Russian did not keep them from enjoying every second. Hal roared the whole time. There was humor, beauty, music, and perfect acting for a vast audience of enthralled children.

As we were coming out, I saw a most interesting face: keen, subtle, cunning, idealistic; thin, with piercing brown eyes; a Van Dyke beard. The man was in uniform of some kind. You could imagine him gently, courteously, doing the most cold-blooded things. I've never seen so many contradictions in a face. I made Hal go back but the man had vanished. God and Devil.

I am receiving the strangest impression of Moscow as a medieval city that is being transformed into an ultramodern one. The people remind me of medieval people, waked up, reclothed, re-educated almost like automatons, inspired with the fervor of belief in their new destiny, and set free to work out a new mode of life. They feel that as individuals they matter little. The "idea" is the important factor in their lives. It gives one a "gone" feeling. This

impression probably will change. First impressions are notoriously unreliable.

October 7th

We called on one of the editors of the *Moscow Daily News,* a Mr. John Van Zant, to ask if he would like us to send some articles from the province, but he was rather indifferent to the suggestion. I received my O.K.'d "Vid na Zhitelstvo" from the opaque window Hal described so graphically, and this permit, although termed "Permanent," is good for residence in the USSR only until November 1st. We have to extend it at that time from Kazan. We had it registered at the American Embassy.

As we were walking toward the Red Square, we witnessed an amusing picture, which Hal decided to describe and put in the journal:

A Drunk in Moscow

I happened on this scene near the beginning, when a prim-looking, white-jacketed policeman blew his whistle. I joined a small but growing crowd of the curious and soon perceived that the cause of the policeman's action was a tousle-headed, red-faced, ragged man, slumped against a door and rather obviously "under the influence," and, therefore, under arrest. The policeman wanted to take him to the hoosegow, but Moscow has no Black Maria—at least none that is handy when wanted—and no pillar telephones for the police to communicate with headquarters. There are plenty of automobiles for the public business, but not for drunks. What could the cop do?

Hundreds of trucks thunder along Moscow streets all day, carrying stone and brick and coal and whatnot, mostly

for the great new building program. They all belong to the government, so the policeman called one out of a line that was passing at the moment.

The truck pulled alongside the curb. The policeman stepped to the chassis, drew out the pins holding the side of the bin, and let the side drop down. Then he went into the crowd, seized the drunk by the arm, and dragged him forth. The crowd offered a good deal of advice and a very little gentle help to the policeman in the performance of his duty of liquidating alcoholism off the streets of Moscow.

"Climb up there," he ordered the prisoner, and pointed to the open, empty chassis.

The drunk staggered to the side and gazed in. "I won't do it," he replied.

"Get in there," reiterated the cop.

"I won't do it." Very suddenly the drunk got livelier, and stood up almost straight but unsteadily. "You can shee fer yershelf the bottom ish covered with coal dusht, and drunk or no drunk, I won't get in there and be made all dirty shamesh-a pig."

"You're already a pig," returned the cop. "Get in there, like I tell you."

"I'm not a pig, and beshides, I have my rights. I won't get in. I've got my rights, I tell you, under the noo Conshtushion, and it don't shay I've gotta be taken to jail in a coal bin and be made dirty like a pig. You've gotta get a clean truck—hic!—or I won't get in."

"The new Constitution hasn't been voted on yet, but I'll get you a cleaner truck. Drive on," this last to the chauffeur, who sped away grinning.

The whistle blew again. Another truck stopped. The policeman peered over the side and then told the driver

to go on. This truck was no cleaner than the first. A third blast produced no better result. The cop looked sheepish. He was only a kid, anyway.

"Oh, well," he said, "go along! You're not as drunk as you were ten minutes ago, and I can't be bothered. Please, Comrades, don't stand here blocking traffic."

The crowd dispersed. The policeman walked away in one direction, the drunk staggered off in another. He didn't go far. He stopped in front of the wine shop where he had been arrested. He hesitated a moment, and then half fell through the door.

* * *

We spent the evening at the one-room apartment of Bob and Jennie Miller. He is the son of Dr. Robert Miller of Baltimore, and is doing newspaper work. Although Bob himself was out, the room was soon full of people who just "dropped in," including a Hungarian girl who dared not return to Hungary but expected to live in Vienna, a young American girl studying Soviet sculpture, and Marion and Bob Merriman. Bob has an Economics Fellowship, I believe.

We happened to pull out some Chesterfields to pass around, and a wild shout rose to the ceiling. The poor dears hadn't seen an American cigarette for weeks, and great was the joy! When Marion learned we were leaving tomorrow for the provinces, she insisted on giving us an electric plug and a Sterno can. People here share everything they have in true pioneer spirit.

About ten o'clock Bob Miller and a friend whose name I didn't get came rushing in with the news that the foreign correspondents had been told of Karl Radek's arrest. It will not be known "officially" until tomorrow or perhaps

later. Such excitement! No one could talk of anything else. It seems strange to think that this brilliant journalist, so long regarded as the Kremlin spokesman, has been silenced—temporarily at least. I understand that he has been the stormy petrel of the Party—in, out, recanting, being "forgiven," in again, and so on.

As Hal and I walked home, it was weird to realize that we, who were foreigners, knew that Radek had been arrested, while the very people we walked beside would know nothing of it for hours or for days.

October 8th ON THE MOSCOW-KAZAN TRAIN

The newspapers announced the arrest of Radek this morning.

We went to the Tropical Institute and met Dr. Butyagina, Hal's "boss," who was chief of the malaria brigade in Marbumstroy this summer. She is an attractive woman of about forty-five, very sympathetic, and popular with all the workers under her, men and women alike. We left Hal there, and the children and I got into an overcrowded tram (two cars hitched together); we got off four stops too soon, owing to a misunderstanding of my marvelous Russian; but we walked the eight blocks rather than have the clothes torn off us in the tram jam again (you get in the back and are required to push your way forward to get off the front).

We walked from the National Hotel past the Red Square and Basil Cathedral, down the hill to the river, across the bridge to the New Moscow, and I finished packing, had the bags downstairs and the bills paid by the time Hal came charging madly into the lobby, sure we were going to miss the train. But we didn't, by half an hour.

Annushka came to see us off, bless her loyal heart!

She brought train presents: two beautiful cups and saucers for Nicky and Nadya, and a huge open-top tart for Hal and me to eat on the train. The cups and saucers were of fine china, and probably cost $5 each set. At any rate, they represented a real sacrifice on her part.

This is our first real experience of traveling "hard," for the Leningrad-Moscow train was an exceptionally easy "hard." This train has no closed compartments. The benches are arranged in three tiers, the top being almost ten feet from the floor. Children are sometimes put up there. We were able to get only three of the benches reserved, but they were of the lower variety; so when night came we arranged suitcases on the floor between the two bottom benches, and spread blankets over these, and Nadya crept into a warm sleeping bag and was quite happy. She has more "give" under her than we have. Nicky is above me, and opposite her a soldier who has been drinking enough so that he has slept since three o'clock this afternoon. Once in a while we hear an occasional strange snort. Hal was given a different section, but a Red Navy boy changed with him so that we could be together. Our food for three meals has been put up by the Moscow Hotel (paid for by the Intourist meal tickets we had left over): fried chicken, cheese sandwiches, tea in thermos bottles (the children are acquiring the tea-drinking habit—I would have had a fit about this in America), hard-boiled eggs, tarts, bread, and apples. The hotel "did" us very well.

Everyone is asleep, so I've had time to finish *Capital.* I think I thoroughly digested one quarter of it. I suppose it was well worth struggling through even for that quarter. The train is jerky and the light atrocious, so I'll stop writing for the nonce.

October 9th MARBUMSTROY

We slept fairly comfortably, but as usual no windows could be opened. We nearly smothered with heat. A pretty little provodnitsa, who provided us with mattresses, blankets, and bed linen, guarded us all night, sitting on a little seat across the aisle and gazing at us unblinkingly. Every now and then she would bring us cold water to drink.

The train was one hour and three quarters late, and we pulled into Zieloni Dol at 11:45 A.M. For several hours the engineer had been cutting station stops of five to ten minutes down to two or three. As a result none of us could get the boiling water provided on each station platform for tea. The engineer was trying to "Stakhanovite" [1] the train at the last of its run, as every four minutes gained per station would count in reducing the original lateness of 105 minutes. To play safe we had piled the thirteen pieces of hand luggage at the end of the car all ready for the grand dash. The train stopped. Exactly one minute after we had lifted the children down, the train started to glide off and one by one our pieces of luggage were tossed out into the mud by two agitated and breathless provodnitsas.

We trailed into the station. Hal had sent a wire to the hospital to have the train met. No driver. He phoned. "Sichas [Right away]" was the answer, and from twelve to six-thirty we sat, finishing the Intourist food, and drinking hot sweet tea from tall glasses. The night was pitch black and clear when a tarantass came for the children and me. A "telyega" [springless cart without sides] ar-

[1] Stakhanov is a Donbas coal miner famous in the USSR for his speed and efficiency. As his methods are widely adopted, his name has passed into the vernacular in a number of idioms.

rived for the luggage and Hal. The roads were fearful, as the mud was ankle-deep. Once Hal got thrown clear from the top of the telyega, fortunately landing on his feet. We came about eight miles, part of the way through the beautiful forest, with stars shining down from between interlacing branches overhead. If we had not been so cold, had not expected the tarantass to overturn any second, and had not been forced by overcrowding to sit on the cutting side-rails of the seat, it might also have been a wonderful emotional experience. It was, but not in the accepted sense. How the flesh hampers the spirit!

We arrived at Marbumstroy at 9:45 P.M., have had a good supper, and are now dropping, one by one, into bed in a room at the guesthouse, called "Home for Transients," as our apartment is not yet ready.

October 10th

Latest news: We are to have two rooms only, not three. Fair enough, but the two rooms are really one, with no door, but an archway between. However, we'll be thankful to get into a place of our own. We have engaged a "helper," which seems a necessity here, as Hal and I probably have to be at work by eight, and I have a mile and a half to walk before I reach the hospital—if I work there. Hal's clinic is only half a mile away. The children don't go to school until nine. But all this will have to be worked out. The helper will keep the fires going, do the cooking and cleaning, attend to the laundry, and keep an eye on the children. At least, I hope she'll do this. If not—why have her? She is a very nice woman, but I am wondering if the work won't be too hard for her.

This morning it began to snow, and the forest is beautiful. It is early for snow, and the golden leaves of the

birch hang like golden coins against the green of the firs. They are looking droopy today, but have not started to fall. People pass with bast shoes over thick woolen stockings; some have cloths wound around their feet inside their stockings. The materials for coats vary from quilted cloth to sheepskins and expensive furs.

One trunk, sent "fast," arrived this afternoon. The others will arrive "any day," which may mean any length of time. As long as we are not in our room(s), I'd prefer the trunks not to come. We took the children to the school, the finest building in the community. All the other houses are of logs with fancy carved window frames and eaves. But the school is of a solid material, gray-white. The principal is Tatar; the assistant, "Russian." They are going to put both children in the first grade until they learn Russian fairly well, and then they'll go skipping along merrily—I hope! The children in the seventh grade have started algebra, so Nicky will have to work up in that. Naturally, the children are dreading tomorrow. But the principal said, "I know how they feel—as if they had landed on Crusoe's island." As soon as we get settled, I'll start in at my work, whatever it may be. These past days we've been quietly "doma" [at home], studying Russian and writing letters (mostly copied from this Journal).

We tried to buy cups and saucers, saucepans, dustpan, mop, frying pan, teapot, and other utensils today at the three stores here. All three are "co-operatives," of course. Nothing in stock except a broken-spouted teapot reduced from 6½ rubles to 4½ because of the defect. So, early tomorrow, Hal is going to Kazan, getting up at 3:30 to make the six o'clock train at Paradsk, a station two miles this side of Zieloni Dol, to see what he can capture for our new home. So far we have a sugar "cutter" (sugar comes

in huge lumps, and has to be chipped off with special Russian scissors), a carving knife, six plates, five soup plates, two cups and saucers, two mugs, a coal shovel, and a small flick-broom like the one Cinderella uses. If the worst comes to worst, we can eat at the guesthouse for 5 rubles a day apiece, or 20 rubles total. But 20 x 30=600 rubles a month, and Hal's salary is 460. So what? Life is interesting, and we'll have to see what opens out from day to day.

The first letter from Home! One from Nell, arriving at six o'clock tonight. And was I thrilled to get it! It arrived in Moscow September 30th, but there was delay on account of her writing. Then it was held here in Marbumstroy, as the only man who can read Latin script is a Finnish interpreter for a "specialist" in paper pulp mills. This Finn met Hal on the steps of the guesthouse yesterday: "Tovarish, I have such an interesting letter—do come to my room and see. But the sad part is, I cannot seem to read a single word." And he showed Hal the open letter. "Why," gasped Hal, "that belongs to my wife!" Whereupon a thousand apologies from the Finn, who explained he thought it must be for him, as he was the only man in the Mariiski District who ever received letters in Latin script. Now, he and we are to divide the honors.

The letter was here to welcome us, only we didn't know it—right in a room down the hall!

October 11th

Our last bath was Wednesday, October 7th, at the New Moscow Hotel. "Came a day" when I could stand it no longer; in fact, the day was today. Now—our room is peculiar; it has a water pitcher filled with drinking water, and the idea of an all-over bath seems remote from the

minds of the leaders of this hotel. I admit, there are two basins with cold running water in the public bathroom for women. A large tub is there, but it is boarded over. One might insist, but (1) water has to be heated laboriously on the stove; (2) the tub is in full view of the door when opened into the public hall, and also in full view of any who wish to wash their hands at the basins; and (3) for the past three days no running water has been available for hands, bath, or washing clothes. So we use the boiled drinking water in the pitcher for washing. And then again, no bowl or basin can be obtained anywhere in the hostel or village stores. So, after Hal had gone to the clinic at 8 A.M., I "got me out" one of our precious soup bowls, and proceeded to take an all-over bath from the soup plate, in sectional style. One square inch per plateful. I sympathize more fully with the poverty-stricken who remain dirty.

11:30 P.M. Hal has just come back from Kazan, unutterably weary. He was able to get a whole tea set of six cups and saucers, a teapot, sugar bowl, creamer, and extra bowl, Russian make, costing 45 rubles, and it's worth it to us. Also two large brass bowls large enough to take sponge baths from. Hurray and Hurrah! Now we can be clean! But not a sign of a pail, or saucepan, or electric plug, or boiler could he find in the whole city of Kazan. But I'm happy. I have my washbowls. Just as Hal was leaving the Kazan market for the station he saw a Tatar carrying a three-tiered enamel lunch set. He asked him where he bought it. "I'm from the South. I brought it with me. Want it? Twenty rubles." Hal paid on the spot. So we can now cook a few carrots or potatoes, at least. He brought back a chipped but charming small

green enamel tea kettle, and two tiny frying pans, just large enough for one poached egg in each. We are indeed rich.

October 12th

The children and I decided to explore the place, so we waited until Harry had gone to the clinic and we walked back to the little canal that seems to be the starting point for Marbumstroy, turned around and went straight through the community from beginning to end.

The first houses we saw were the small two-story apartment buildings holding four flats each. A little farther along, we saw the larger buildings with two entrances holding eight apartments. We passed two bathhouses, one old and one new. We walked along the main road, a broad, stone-paved, sand-covered street, and through the thinned forest we saw the magnificent schoolhouse on the right, between the main road and the railway line on which only freight cars pass so far, although passenger service is promised for the future.

Farther on, there was a space on the left that we were told would hold the stadium, and sandy earth was being poured into the swampy portions by groups of workers who emptied small cars pulled by a tiny engine. The tracks were moved from time to time by the workers, who chanted in unison as they heaved with crowbars.

On the far side of the stadium site was a thin strip of forest and beyond that a steep bank leading down to the Volga.

A road branching to the right led to the guesthouse for transients.

Straight ahead, half a mile, lay the Marbum factory surrounded by a high fence; the gate was guarded by two

workers. On ordinary days no one may pass through the factory without a special permit. The authorities are evidently taking no chances with sabotage. Just beside the entrance was a large board holding the names of the best ("Stakhanovite") workers. The road curved to the right past the office buildings and post office. There were huge garages for trucks and official cars at the next corner, and in going past these and turning again to the right we came to the dispensary buildings and the fire tower, where we were told a lookout is always on guard. One of his duties is to toll the hour on a huge bell.

Across the road was the station of the "Militsia" [Police], and beyond this the forest commenced again, and we found we had completed a triangle back to the main road leading to the factory.

Behind the clinic lay groups of large apartment houses, each unit bordered by an open fence. There was a well-designed garden for each unit. We'll see what grows there in the spring. The grounds were remarkably neat, and in several play spaces there were sand piles and swings.

We crossed the tracks and came to the open-air bazaar, which was crowded with producers from the near-by farms and consumers from Marbumstroy. We saw carrots, chickens, potatoes, milk, eggs, lace embroidery, cabbages, woolen cloth, "valenki" [felt knee boots], honey, leather boots, strings of onions, an old samovar too battered for use, squash, and meat. There was no middleman, the farmer selling directly to the consumer. Great was the haggling over prices. But everyone was wreathed in smiles when the deal was completed. The Russians seem to argue madly with their tongues in their cheeks and twinkles in their eyes.

Past the bazaar, we came to the laundry, where anyone has the privilege of getting pails of steaming hot water free,

and we saw men and women with buckets balanced on the ends of poles swung across their shoulders.

An archway led to the wide "street of barracks," and just inside the arch was the municipal wineshop. Looking ahead, we saw boardwalks on each side of a broad street, and leading to it steps from the ends of eight long barracks. The scene reminded me of a wide pier with four lengthy steamers nosing up to it on each side. Entering one of the barracks, we saw a long narrow hall into which eight or ten doors opened. We peeked inside one of the doors and saw a long, wide room with a large double-paned window at the end, beneath which a table was pushed against the wall. Four beds were placed end to end along each side wall. We were told that six to fourteen people sleep in one of these rooms, but that these are only temporary buildings for the "fluid" population of construction workers who will leave with the completion of the factory. When that happens the barracks will be torn down. I would like to know if these construction workers have to live in similar barracks during their next job. Each factory is autonomous, so I suppose living conditions vary according to the budget covering architectural and engineering plans.

At the far end of the road going past the barracks we saw the Club, which has a large auditorium, seating nearly one thousand people, and a side room for a lesser number, where we were told civil court is held at times. Upstairs was the library, which opened onto a veranda. Behind the Club was an enormous playground for sports. A loudspeaker blared a political speech, so that all the inhabitants of the barracks might hear it. Across from the Club was the community restaurant, where people may buy meals if they do not wish to cook them.

At the very end of the street was a large field divided into

plots so that anyone who wished to cultivate land could do so free of charge.

Half a mile away was the village of individual cottages around the old brick factory, and toward the river we saw the factory for plywood, for which apartment houses are being erected. It is there that our hospital has been placed. These three sections contain our total population of eighteen thousand people, but all of these sections are included in common conversation in the name Marbumstroy.

We visited the two co-operative stores placed between the barracks and the railroad tracks. There are constant lines of people queueing up for bread or flour or jam or butter. In each store there may be several of these lines standing at the same time. Sometimes they merge, and then it is difficult to find the end of the "butter" line, and it is against all etiquette to step in front of anyone who has been in the store before you. So you go about inquiring politely, "Are you the last for cheese?" And when you find the person who is the last, you plant yourself firmly behind him, refusing to be budged until you are crushed up against the counter by the press of bodies behind you. You don't mind, for you have reached your goal. You stagger out clasping cheese to your bosom—only to go through the same routine for bread. It takes hours to shop, and if both Hal and I are given full-time positions, a household helper will indeed be a necessity.

We found that the whole community lies between the Volga in front and a range of low hills at the back. Near the rise of the hill is the parachute jump, the most thrilling outdoor sport of the Russians with the exception of ski jumping. We climbed up to the top of the tower and got an excellent view of Marbumstroy and the surrounding country with the Volga winding through it. At the present

time, however, I much prefer the view to the jump. By next spring, when the sport recommences, I *may* have gained courage sufficiently to leap out into mid-air.

Elizavietta leaves today for a study course of a few weeks in Moscow, so Hal will be in charge temporarily.

October 13th

Nicky has seen Hal and me writing, so she curled up on her bed this afternoon and evening and asked not to be disturbed—that she was busy. This is the result:

My First Day in a Russian School

I got up at seven o'clock this morning, full of fear. This was to be my first day in a Russian school. I had dreamed of it ever since I had first come to Russia. I dressed slowly, thinking and wondering how the children would act. I imagined all sorts of happenings that were impossible. We had been to the school yesterday to see the Ass. Principal. He was a very nice man, rather good-looking. There had been other teachers in the room and I looked at them wondering which were going to be my teachers. The Ass. Principal said that both Nadya and I (she is eight and ready for the Third Grade, and I twelve and ready for the Seventh Grade) should go into the First Grade till we knew Russian. Then the Principal had come in. He was short and stout and stared at us a lot. He said we should bring a dictionary—Russian-English—and that he thought we would get along all right. I had gone home even more afraid than before, if that was possible.

We had trouble about Nadya's galoshes. Daddy was afraid they would disappear, and Mother had said "Non-

sense." Nadya's shoes wouldn't fit into the galoshes so she had to wear slippers. She had a pair of rubbers but they were too big and when she stepped in mud they fell off. So we decided to try keeping galoshes on all day. Then we had breakfast. I asked Mother and Daddy over and over again what the children were like. They didn't know but said they would probably be very friendly. But even that didn't help much. So far I hadn't liked Russia very much, and if the children didn't treat us well I knew (or so I thought) that I would hate it. At the table Daddy said that unfortunately we would be the best dressed children in the school, and for some strange reason that comforted me a little.

At last when I could find no more excuses to delay the time for going to school a little longer, we started. We had a bookbag which Daddy had gotten in Kazan, two pencils and four textbooks. Mother alone was to go with us. The mud was terrible, combined with melting snow. We plodded along, taking small steps to take a longer time. I was so scared I was nearly crying. The school came nearer and nearer, and so did my fears increase. Finally we were at the door. Going in we passed through the cloakroom and came to the office. The Ass. Principal greeted us and then took us to the First Grade room. As we entered the room all the children got up and hollered a greeting. At first I thought it was for us, but then I found it was for the Ass. Principal. While the teacher took us to our hooks in the cloakroom to take off our things, the Ass. Principal made a speech to the children. I caught the word "American," and that was about all. The teacher showed us our places and then Mother went out and the door closed upon her, our last tie with home and safety.

Oh, how those children stared! Poor Nadya stared at

the teacher and did not even look at me or the children. To cover my feelings I stared at them in turn, taking each row. As soon as I looked at them they dropped their eyes. But the minute I turned my eyes away they began staring again. In looking around I found out that the desks were double and since there were forty-six children and only twenty-one desks, some of the desks had three children. I was separated from Nadya, who sat at a desk with two other children, and was put with a Tatar boy about nine years old. In Russia the children start school at the age of eight. In some cases some of the children don't start till the age of twelve. There was only one girl my age in the class. I also noticed that most of the boys had shaved their heads, and all the girls with the exception of Nadya, a Tatar girl and myself, had boy bobs. I was the only one with long hair, let alone its being red! The children were all poorly dressed. Their shoes were not very dainty and came up over the ankle. The boys mostly wore boots which came up to the knee. Some of the children wore pieces of cloth wrapped around the leg and foot, and tied in place with rope, and queer straw-woven shoes. All the children were thin and small. They averaged about 8. Some of the faces were almost white with no color. Those were mostly the Russians. Others had brown skin with a good deal of color. Those were the Tatars. Some of them were good-looking and some almost ugly. There was one boy that looked like a monkey. He had big stick-out lips and big eyes and a flat nose with arched nostrils. There was one girl that looked like a rabbit, with eyes that rolled about. There were all different types. And they at once proved that they could all talk at once.

The teacher was a tall woman. Rather well dressed and with short hair. She was very dignified and had a striking

face. To Nadya and myself (simply because we didn't know the language), it sounded as though she was scolding all the time. In a little while she came and gave us some paper. We got out our pencils and started writing the Russian alphabet. This alphabet runs something like this in English, "A," "B," "V," "G," "D," and so on. We wrote for about ten minutes and then a bell rang and all the children trooped out for recess. The children were terribly curious. I started to talk with Nadya, and a huge crowd collected. One boy shouted "Amerikanski, Blah, Blah, Blah," and I shouted "Po-rooski, Blah, Blah, Blah!" We all laughed. Just then the bell rang and we went back. This time the teacher gave us 1-10 to write and learn the names in Russian. That took a long time. Just before the bell rang I saw a small boy suddenly dive under his seat. His deskmate didn't pay any attention to him. In a little while he came out from under the chair. I learned later that he did that only when he was embarrassed or when he missed a word. The bell rang and again we went out. This time I tried to play cat's cradle with Nadya but half the school suddenly collected, and we did not play it again. After a while I started racing Nadya and about eight children came tumbling after in their effort to catch me. I had almost lost my feeling of fear. I was just about to go outside when we were called back to the class room. The teacher gave us both numbers and writing to do. This period was short, so in about 15 minutes we were let out for long recess.

We joined a circle and went round and round, singing. Then some little boy took off his rubbers and did about three Russian dances. They were folk-dances, with the low dancing of squatting down and shooting out your legs. When we were called back for the last class, we were allowed to draw anything we wanted. It was in this period

that I got a shock. The Tatar boy that I had been sitting with got up and to my surprise I saw that he had skirts on and that he was a girl. I nearly fell over in astonishment. In a little while we were dismissed, and both Nadya and I were escorted home by about fifty children.

* * *

The children came home at 12:30, joyous, saying that they had made friends, and everyone was lovely. I am very glad, inasmuch as their going to school here is what we had definitely planned and hoped for.

October 14th

This has been a great day. I took my passport to be registered at the military and the civil offices; this is a regulation that has to be observed within a week by everyone moving to a new location. I bought some borax at the "apteka" [drugstore] to soften the water, and then washed the children's hair. Dug into my Russian hard the rest of the day.

The children continue to like the school.

October 15th

Hal started to train me in the "labolatory" (as one of our workers pronounces it). He introduced me to the mosquito, and the malarial cycle, and is teaching me to read blood slides; that is, to chase malaria "rings" and "schizonts" under the microscope, and I love it. You might really call this an indoor sport, and I hope I can work here instead of in the hospital, where I feel it would be a mistake to go until I can speak the language.

Harry is speaking Russian very well and I am not as dis-

couraged as I should be! I am beginning to pick out words from sentences, a little, and that's a first step.

Every sixth day is a holiday for most people, so you can count your "free" days as the 6th, 12th, 18th, 24th, and 30th of each month. When there are 31 days in a month, the working week between the 30th and the 6th is six days. From February 24th to March 6th there are two "short" working weeks of four days each. We are going to Kazan next free day to see what household utensils we can find. Things are terribly expensive. For example, a pair of rubbers for Nadya ($1 at home) costs $4.20. One candy like a piece of fudge, that would cost one penny at home, costs 7½ cents here. I shall work, in order to supplement the exchequer—for the enormous salary of 200 rubles a month ($40). And I want to. Hal has gotten some translating to do (medical Russian into English) that will help a little, so maybe we'll manage.

Tragedy! The children came home from school proudly suppressing sobs of disillusionment. A crowd of boys had thrown mud and stones at them.

> "They can't speak Russian, and they're in the first grade—
> They can't speak Russian, and they're in the first grade. . . ."

went the chant. Immediately, four teachers haled the boys before our girls and harangued them about Russian hospitality, and internationalism, until the boys (small lads—the older ones have more social consciousness) promised not to molest the girls again. But the girls couldn't understand either the deed or the promise, and came home greatly perturbed, until the principal, who takes his meals here at the

guesthouse, explained to them through Harry. He said there were three real bullies in school whom he might have to expel as "menaces to discipline," but he hoped to work their regeneration another way. In any case, the girls had nothing further to fear. Poor man! They work so hard to get the "international aspect" across to the children, and this was a wonderful opportunity, having two strangers in school. And then, to hurt their feelings this way! Every day one or two nice children wait to go with Nicky and Nadya to school. I thought it a politic move on the part of the teacher, but it is just because the children are friendly. So the first crisis is safely past, I hope.

October 16th

We are still living in the guesthouse, but are encouraged, as the floors of our quarters are being painted, and the double windows are in, all ready for winter. A book of Tagore's [1] melodies to his own songs arrived today from Arnold Bake,[2] who has compiled them and changed the scale from the Oriental to European. It made me homesick for India to read them. All we have to do is close our eyes, and we can imagine ourselves in Santiniketan, on the veranda of the poet's home, hearing him sing in Bengali:

Leading out of the village—this red road
    Lures my mind away—
    My mind is lured away—
Oh, snatching me away, it leads me,
Leads me on—to which unknown regions—
    It lures my mind away;

[1] Rabindranath Tagore: Indian poet, philosopher, social reformer, educator, composer, playwright, and novelist; winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1913.

[2] Professor of Music, Leipzig University.

At every bend, what treasures will it show?
Where will it keep me away from dangers?
And where will it come to its end?
My mind is lured away!

October 17th

Hal and I took the one-and-a-half-mile walk to the hospital, where I met the big chief, Dr. Adrianovsky. He thinks he wants me to be surgical nurse, but in the meantime, Hal is breaking me in for laboratory work. Which will be my fate only the future can tell. In the lab I shall probably get $30 per month; in the hospital I would get $40. It will help toward food. I would prefer the lab, because it will mean being trained to help Hal, and then I can be useful in malaria work wherever we may happen to be. Also it is one mile nearer home than the hospital. Moreover, I'm keenly interested in the work itself. But if I'm needed more in the hospital, I'll try it out.

October 18th

And then came our trip to Kazan. It was 3:30 when the alarm clock went off, waking us violently. We had filled the thermos bottles with tea the night before, and we had black bread and sardines, so we breakfasted and got off by 4:10 to catch the train at Paradsk. The roads are seas of mud and no wagons or horses are available except for community use, so we started hobolike down the railroad track, a bumpy but direct method of approach. Stars twinkled along the fir branches. The Russian morning in October was "black as a crow's eye" as we felt our way along the ties. Occasionally, we flashed our torches, but the darkness was impenetrable after the light was off.

The sky changed gradually from black to gray. Little by little the horizon ahead of us turned silver, then green, then subdued rose; the brilliant stars commenced to fade, and by five o'clock a crimson-gold sun was rising behind slender silhouettes of silver birches on the distant edge of the plain.

We passed several people carrying heavy loads on their backs. The men wore high boots or soft willow-strip shoes fastened to cloth-bound feet and legs by rope twisted in spirals up the leg and knotted below the knee. A woman clumped along in high felt "valenki," or knee boots, that thumped uncompromisingly against the ties at each step, the sound reminding us of a "baraban," or Russian drum. The men wore sheepskin coats, and the woman a padded cloth coat that was quilted, and bulged like a ball.

At the end of four miles I felt a bit weary, and by the time we saw the train two miles farther on I could hardly drag myself to it. We were very hot, and the train was very cold. Soon we were very cold too. The car had a musty smell of stale air, cigarettes, and black bread. The passengers were a mixed group of factory workers commuting to Kazan, students, office workers, peasants, and shoppers going to the bazaars and stores. Clothing was black, gray, brown, and earthy. The lack of color depressed me. Faces were thin, set, stern, unsmiling in repose.

Suddenly the engine gave a shrill, thin whistle, and we glided off. A boy began to sing a Cossack melody in a high tenor. Others joined in. A woman put her head on her husband's shoulder. The scene became animate, expressions vivacious. I heard a laugh, spied a gay blue scarf and a brilliant orange blouse. Perhaps it was I who was changed by the song.

The train pulled into the ancient Tatar capital, Kazan,

at 7:30; and as we approached, we saw the tower of Suyumbek, named for the very beautiful Tatar princess who threw herself from the top of the seven-tiered tower, rather than be captured by her enemy, Ivan the Terrible. Hal and I had seen the tower in 1922, when we drove up to Kazan from the steamship landing, on the Volga, the time we sailed from Samara to Nizhni-Novgorod, after leaving the famine field. But this time we were so busy the rest of the day that we could not get close to it.

When I got off the train, I found that the cold had affected my right leg the same way it had on the glacier in Austria—I could hardly move it without excruciating pain. Or, the other way is better, pain kept me from moving it. After a little while I could use it for ten minutes, and then I'd be stuck again. At last the cause of the trouble dawned on us. Nothing but good, old-fashioned sciatica! And with stops and starts I managed to get through the day without wasting too much of our precious time. Hal was sympathetic, and made me take his arm, until he was so loaded down with purchases he had no arm to offer, and then I hobbled alone.

Our first impression of Kazan was depressing. Plain square buildings seemed to be floating in mud. Cobblestoned streets were chinked with mud to the general level. Waiting on the corner for the tram, we saw it shoot by on the other side of the parkway and trail toward the city, leaving us behind. No warning had been posted for passengers as to a change of route, and we fumed over to the other corner, where we discovered the cause of the change —a car off the track. When the second tram arrived we climbed on board thankfully, for every minute counted during the shopping day, all the best articles being bought up quickly by first purchasers, the supply falling far short

of the demand. To our dismay, at the switch our single tram backed up to the disabled car, and five precious minutes were spent in efforts on the part of the motormen and conductors to couple the cars. All nine passengers except ourselves joined in a shrill fusillade of questions, protests, and vociferous advice, in spite of which the two cars soon jogged along.

We looked at our fellow passengers: one woman, very refined, in good but worn clothing, carried a heavy basket of apples, which we discovered later were to be sold at the bazaar; two Tatar workmen with straggly beards and sloe eyes sat opposite; a man, probably a student, unique in a clean shirt with clean collar, held a well-filled market basket; a dwarfed woman gazed at us unblinkingly with bright blue eyes; a little girl in good shoes and warm patched coat gave me a toothless grin every time our glances crossed; a gaunt peasant with Roman nose wore a fur cap with two long flaps that hung over his shoulders and down his chest like a woman's plaits (I learned later this was a woman's cap, and the flaps are worn wound around the neck).

We changed at the city square for a tram going up the hill to the famous Sorochy, or "Magpie," Bazaar. "Mud Turtle" would have been much more appropriate at this time of the year. The tram was more crowded than any subway I have ever been in, and we were packed so closely that some of us had difficulty in reaching our pockets in order to pay the fare, which was passed from person to person over our heads to the girl conductor. At the bazaar the car stopped, everyone took as long a breath as he could, and then we heaved out of the tram in a solid mass, all individuality and dignity lost for the moment. The mud received us hospitably. My galoshes were American and

buttoned on, so I was safe. But Hal wallowed wildly, slipping, sliding, losing a rubber here, retrieving it there, and using good, strong American language until I was weak with mirth.

We managed to plough past the booths that held fancy goods, second-hand articles of clothing, candy, and wines to the end of the bazaar proper. We were interested in the bazaar *im*proper, where anything and everything might be sold by individuals. A new edict had been issued that no article could be sold for more than the price in a government shop, and police moved in and out among the mass of humanity to see that the law was enforced. This was a move on the government's part to discourage speculators, who were in the habit of standing in line all night before a government shop where an article much in demand was in stock, and disposing of it next day in the bazaar for three times the original cost, which the buyer would prefer to pay rather than spend a half day in line himself.

Hundreds of people were milling around in eddies, the center of each a sale of some kind. We pushed through one crowd to discover two quaint bespectacled old ladies, who looked like sisters, selling herbs, one taking in the money as she sat on the ground on a mudproof mat, while the other bustled in a wide circle, swishing her voluminous skirts at the customers to keep their feet off the herbs and her sister. She cackled, "Comrades, have care, please. These plants are the very best. You wouldn't want to harm them. Only buy them to keep you well!"

We heard music, and followed the sound. I can't say "followed the crowd," for the crowd was everywhere. If the mud made you slip, you grabbed the arm or shoulder nearest you, murmured "Forgive me," and became upright

again. Very occasionally there might be an open space large enough to see where you could put your foot. You discovered a small mound rising out of the sea. You jumped for it, only to find a Russian or Tatar or Chuvash jumping at the same instant. In a case where feet meet feet, the largest win. And so we slid toward the music. A competition was on between two accordionists who were playing face to face. Each man claimed his "garmonichka" the loudest in tone and the easiest in fingering, and trial by error was the proof. The result would have been less harrowing had not both accordionists been playing in different keys.

A singsong voice charmed us away, and we peered through several layers of people and coats to watch the antics of an old Tatar who pranced around a heap of homemade lead pitchers—singing the virtues of his wares as he danced. Every little while he would single out an individual, and, snatching a pitcher from the heap, would wheedle enticingly, "Such a nice new pitcher for ten rubles?" If this aroused no response, he'd place his treasure tenderly on the pile and start his song and dance again.

A woman was whispering the price of something she had hidden in her apron. I lifted a corner and saw a pair of gray valenki. She glanced nervously around and nearly died of fright when I tried them on brazenly. They happened to be too small, or I would have helped to break the new law unwittingly, as we did not learn until later in the day of the new price ruling. The valenki were very little over store cost.

Twice we bought hot "pirogi," or meat pies, to keep up our strength. Fighting our way along, making varied purchases as we went, we discovered nails, pails, old and new samovars, pieces of cord, old books, including an

English-Russian dictionary, an antique sewing machine with the belt broken, brand-new shoes, a water-boiler on legs, and then (I made a dive!) a child's tin bathtub. It was ours from that instant.

Hal packed our several acquisitions in the tub, and slung the whole thing on his back with rope and straps. Down the street he staggered, a respectable Doctor of Public Health looking like a hobo. But what a happy hobo!

A peasant carrying an ancient but reasonably sound copper tea kettle came up to us. "Wouldn't you like this, too?" he said.

"How much?"

"Ten rubles."

"Too much. We'll give you eight."

"Comrades, you may have it or you need not have it; ten rubles is the price"—in a firm but patient tone.

"All right, we'll take it." And the huge copper kettle joined the tub and its contents.

We were marching gaily down the hill when we were hailed by the one man Hal knew in Kazan, Dr. Yenelayev, a Tatar physician who had studied under Dr. Wilmer of Johns Hopkins and had married an American girl who was taking a course in medical illustrating. He suggested that we call on his wife, and he would join us later, after his classes at the University were over. So we walked to the apartment and introduced ourselves to his wife, who spoke with a delightful American accent. She has become a Russian citizen.

She was greatly amused at the sight of the tub. "You couldn't get a Russian doctor to carry a thing like that!"

"I know," said Hal, "but when it is a question of no tub for the infants——!"

She treated us royally, giving us a breakfast of omelette,

tea, bread, butter, and marmalade. We left the treasures with her, and, burdenless, fought for a place in the tram, and won. It was a new Kazan we saw downtown. The streets were smooth and wide. Store windows were artistically arranged. Shops were crowded, but more than half the people seemed to be looking on, and not buying. Almost all articles were more expensive than they would be in America. Books were cheaper. This was due to the educational program of the government. Culture must be made easy. And we saw many persons with shabby clothing and thin bodies buying books for themselves and their children. The variety of books for children was amazing. We bought Hugh Lofting's *Doctor Doolittle* in Russian as another present for the children. This should make the learning of Russian a sheer pleasure for them!

I had to buy a winter coat, so we went to the largest government shop in town. The clothing department was on the second floor. There was no elevator, and up and down the one staircase fought a mob of cheerful but determined people. It must be good policy to sell clothing on the second floor—one's garments need renovation after the struggle. I had to try on several coats in front of eight or ten keenly interested spectators who gathered around us. After a "soviet" [council], carried on by heated arguments pro and con, it was decided by majority voice that the brown coat was heavier, of better quality, no more expensive, and more becoming than the others. The brown coat was bought.

We walked on down the street. Candy tempted us, but it was $3 a pound, so we resisted and compromised on two jars of preserved cherries for desserts—our first extravagance—a present to the children. We were able to get a flat plate of iron to use as a frying pan; a glass pitcher for

boiled water; and a washboard, slightly depressed in vital spots, but still usable. The nice things are bought up as they appear, the demand being greater than the supply, because the standard of living is higher each year, and the people want things they never dreamed of possessing before. After the supply is exhausted, there may be a wait of months before new stock can be sent again. Hence, the long lines of people waiting to buy coats and dresses and hats.

Passport pictures had to be taken, as it seems that a picture must be attached to every application for renewal of a "Permanent" visa, and to every trade union membership card. So the photographer's gallery is a flourishing institution.

Then we went back in triumph to the Yenelayevas. After dinner we had a treat: Ada Yenelayeva played Russian music for us on her American piano. She hesitated and then commenced Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" very softly. I was tired, I suppose, but as she played the tears rolled down my cheeks; a wave of homesickness swept over me; it was so beautiful. I don't think anyone saw me, and I pretended I had a very bad cold. They gave us tea, and arranged for the medical institute droshky (Dr. Y. is the chief of the eye clinic of the University of Kazan) to drive us to the station.

We arrived fifteen minutes before time for departure, and were told to go into an unlighted, pitch-black car, marked "Kazan-Mockba," allocated to the use of our train, which left the main line at Zieloni Dol and went up the side line two miles to Paradsk. Every compartment was locked, however. Suddenly, I saw a door half open and a head peer cautiously out. Instantly I had my foot in the crack, and found what we had expected—three adults and a

child in a compartment that should hold eight at the least. The man laughed and said, "All right, come in!"

When we reached Paradsk in inky blackness at 11:30, Hal shouldered the tremendous load he had to carry for six miles. We walked a short distance and came up to an engine attached to two freight cars filled with paving stones.

Hal called up to the engineer: "Comrade, where are those stones going?"

"Marbumstroy."

"When?"

"Who knows? Maybe today, maybe tomorrow. Only the nachalnik [station chief] knows."

"When will he know for sure?"

"He knows for sure now, only I don't know for sure. I am going to find out immediately; I have to go to Zieloni Dol and see him now."

A pause. . . . "Climb up on the stones, Comrades. If we take them, we take them. If we don't, we don't." The engine was uncoupled and in a second was out of sight.

We wondered what to do. If we waited an hour and then had to walk six miles, it would be more difficult, as we'd be chilled. If we started walking and then saw the freight car slip past us, our feelings would be indescribable. We stood there mute and motionless. Finally we compromised on a half-hour wait and clambered up the rocks to sit in stony grandeur on the tub, feeling very foolish, waiting for Fate to play. A peasant and his wife, carrying enormous bags of potatoes, climbed up beside us. We felt less lonely. We opened the package Ada had given us and shared buns and apples with our companions. Then there was nothing to do but watch the darkness from the solitude of our two deserted flatcars, alone in the mystery of

the Russian night. The trees creaked, and were silent. We waited. . . . The peasants whispered: "Why stay here for nothing when it is getting colder and colder?"

After twenty minutes—the thin thread of a whistle—a little puff of white steam over the tree tops, quickly fading into the midnight sky. Around the bend came the engine. Was it on our track or on another? Six miles of near-agony depended on the answer. Bump! Two brakemen climbed up waving lanterns, as we were to be backed home, and they had to be lookouts for the engineer. One flashed the light over us.

"What do you want?"

The peasant spoke volubly. The peasant's wife spoke volubly. And Hal said, "Listen, Comrade. . . ."

"You have no right to be here."

"Have a heart, Comrade."

Silence.

"And I can't take the responsibility of anything happening to you."

"Come now! Comrade. . . ."

Silence. Long silence.

"Well, nichevo [never mind]"—and off we rolled for home, in wind-blown luxury.

October 20th

By listening to Hal I have been able to gather a tentative picture of the economic-medical setup for us as workers. Workers receive their salaries once or twice a month, and must pay for clothing, food, rent (if charged), and fuel (if charged). The latter items are sometimes omitted, depending on the type of service rendered the community. I know that teachers and doctors receive their wood for burning at no cost. Expenses such as education, medical

care, and hospitalization are taken care of by the government, and do not have to be considered in the working man's budget.

The program for the individual extends from before his birth until after his death. A pregnant mother is allowed two months' freedom from work both before and after confinement, and she receives her wages during this interval. When she returns to the factory, farm, or office, she places the baby in a *crèche* with the understanding that she will be given time off to nurse it several times a day. When the baby is old enough, it is placed in a day nursery, then a kindergarten, and at the age of eight enters the regular public school (there are no private schools). The child continues through eight grades, and at the age of sixteen may become self-supporting in a factory, on a farm, or in special work; or he may receive a government scholarship for graduate study, going through a technical school or a complete course of training such as is required for medicine or engineering.

In the health field, any individual may consult any doctor in our dispensary, free of charge. We have one doctor in the venereal clinic, one in the surgical clinic, one in the medical clinic, and two in the malaria clinic. The clinic for women's diseases is held by one doctor in the hospital, as is the clinic for children's diseases. Besides these seven doctors, there is the physician in charge of the 70-bed hospital, the surgeon at the hospital, and the "sanitary doctor" (public health). This is the staff to take care of 18,000 people.

If a patient does not know what is the matter with him, he first has an interview with the medical chief, who advises him which clinic to attend. All treatment is free with the exception of the cost price of medicines, which

must be purchased from the apothecary. An exception to this rule is in the treatment of malaria, where we are allowed to give quinine to all patients at no cost to themselves. If a patient goes to the hospital, everything is free, including medicine. As the people say here: "If you are going to be ill, Rebecca Edwardovna,[1] it pays to be *very* ill!"

Any doctor may recommend a patient to the hospital (the patient may have to wait, as there are too few beds in the wards at present to take care of the number of cases needing attention). He may give a patient leave of absence for several days on medical grounds; he may give an affidavit that the patient needs treatment in a sanitarium, or examination by a specialist in another town. He may recommend that an individual be excused from work in order to nurse a member of his family who would otherwise suffer from lack of proper care at home. The union to which the patient belongs arranges all details regarding finances and traveling arrangements, with the understanding that the wages will continue until the patient is back at work, and the position will be held open for him. Hal feels that the peace of mind engendered by this assurance has a tremendous psychological effect on the patient, aiding physical recovery.

Every worker is, of course, entitled to a month's holiday with pay. The working day is generally seven hours, which makes real home life more possible now than ever before. On the other hand, I have seen many parents who leave their homes at night to attend classes, as great stress is being laid on the advantages of higher education.

There are several aspects of social security that have

[1] A Russian is called by his first name and his patronymic. Thus, "Rebecca Edwardovna" means "Rebecca, daughter of Edward"; "Garry Georgevitch"—"Harry, son of George."

already come to light. First, there is an unemployment insurance. (I asked what that meant, as I see no unemployment here, and was told that it covers the expenses of workers traveling from one job to another.) A pension is granted to children up to the age of sixteen whose father dies in the line of duty and whose mother is not in a position to support them. An old-age pension is given to women at the age of 55, and men at 60, after 20 to 25 years' service, varying according to the occupation. A burial pension, which provides the whole cost of interment, is granted when any member of a union or any dependent member of that family dies.

This first picture I have been able to gather in the few days I have been here. It will be interesting to see if it is verified by a study of various people and varying conditions around us.

October 26th

We are still in our tiny room in the guesthouse, paying far more for food than if we were in our own quarters. Our trunks have been at Zieloni Dol for five days. It is agonizing to think of all our clean underclothing, note paper, handkerchiefs, and other so-called necessities being "so near and yet so far." No wagons large enough can go through the mud, let alone a motor truck. The alternative is to have the trunks sent up by the freight car—all of eight miles, and drop them at the end of our particular road. Red tape, so far, has stood in the way of this. But there is hope. (There is always hope in Russia—if one does not get discouraged and give up too soon!)

The die has been cast, I believe. Dr. Adrianovsky says that as soon as I present my nursing credentials (diploma, and Pennsylvania state registration) I will be taken on as

a paid "laborantka" to work in the malaria clinic. At present, I am doing full-time work (8-12, 3-6) "reading" microscope slides to determine the number and kinds of malaria parasites in blood specimens taken from patients. It is fascinating work—with all the lure of the chase, as you may have to look three or four minutes before you are able to discover any lurking enemy. The malarial problem is very bad here, even in this "off season" for mosquitoes. A large number of people in the community are infected. Deaths caused directly by malaria have occurred during the year, and, at best, the infection lowers resistance toward other diseases. Some cases that come in are pitiful. We are doing what we can under difficult circumstances.

The doctors are so wrought up over the fact that we have not received our quarters yet that at a meeting the other night they sent a letter of protest against such a "scandal" to the editor of the district gazette. Now we'll see what will happen! It was a complete surprise to Hal; he came back bubbling with the irony and humor of the whole episode, and decided that the tale should be placed in the journal so that no single detail will be forgotten.

A Meeting of the Medical Sanitary Workers' Union

The meeting was due to start at 6:15 P.M., and was convened promptly by the chairman, a small, thin-faced man, with horn-rimmed spectacles, an appearance of intense energy, and a clear, commanding voice that drove his words into the ears of the audience with the emphasis of a hammer driving nails. Rebecca and I were the only Americans present and were fifteen minutes late. The reprimand due to us was transferred out of politeness to another doctor who followed us into the crowded room; he was reminded by the chairman that "we meet on time,

Comrade, same as in America." About forty persons were present: five doctors, a dentist, several nurses, disinfectors, clinical clerks, janitresses from hospital, dispensary, and drugstore, two apothecaries and a barber, and their assistants and cleaners. They all belonged to the one big union of medical and sanitary workers engaged in caring for the well-being of the people of this community. Russian, Tatar, Mariiski, Hebrew, and Anglo-Saxon were the nationalities represented. Russian was the common language. The secretary was a young Marii, a pre-Slavonic, aboriginal group of people related to the Finns and Hungarians. His blond hair was closely clipped, and he spoke Russian fluently but with an accent. He was a sanitary inspector. The chairman was chief of the 70-bed hospital, and had charge of all the medical and sanitary work in the community. (I was told that in union democracy any member *may* be chairman.)

The item on the agenda being discussed when we came in was the part which the members of the union should take in the celebration of the October Revolution on November 7th. While a lively argument was taking place between one of the doctors and the barber on the respective merits of having a separate celebration by the union or joining with the construction workers in theirs, I began to wonder why the October Revolution should be celebrated in November. It was like having a Fourth of July in August. In whispers I sought information from the girl sitting next to me; she helps me in the malaria dispensary by keeping records of the patients, taking samples of their blood for microscopic examination, giving them the two kinds of very bitter pills we use in treatment, seeing that the patients swallow these pills and do not slip them into a pocket or down the neck of their shirts, and diplomati-

cally reminding me of what I ought to be doing when I am not doing it. She said she did not know. The question had never occurred to her. She asked the person on the other side of her. There were whispers and looks of surprise and wonder, and a further relay of the question. The answer finally came back, being relayed in the same way. The Second Russian Revolution had taken place on October 25th according to the old, prerevolutionary calendar, or November 7th according to the new calendar. By the time we had got that question settled, the subject under discussion by the meeting had also been settled. There was no room in any of the medical buildings large enough to accommodate the 140 members of the union and so it was decided to meet with the construction workers in the auditorium of the Club. There would be a parade, speeches, entertainment, and refreshments lasting most of the afternoon and evening. The dentist, a doctor, and a dispensary clerk were appointed as a committee of three to arrange the details with the respresentatives of the other unions.

The next item was the admission of new members. There were six candidates, consisting of two janitresses, a barber's assistant, a dispensary clerk, Rebecca, and myself. The secretary read the applications and a résumé of the former employment and social background of the applicants, and then called for discussion. A disinfector raised the question, "Are they all present?" Three were absent.

A nurse spoke up, "Comrades, this is a bad beginning for people who want to become members of our union. Membership carries with it duties as well as privileges, and punctuality and attendance at meetings occupy first rank in the list of the former. These Comrades should be here so we could see them and ask them questions if we wish.

I move that a decision regarding the absent candidates be postponed until the next meeting."

When she spoke of punctuality, I shrank in my seat and wondered if our tardiness of fifteen minutes would be raised against us. The secretary did not wait for a seconder, but took the show of hands immediately, which was unanimously in favor of the motion. Then the barber arose and spoke for several minutes in favor of his recently employed assistant. She was voted on and accepted. The secretary spoke for me. He had helped me fill in my application a few days previously. He presented the following points in my favor: I had finished university and medical school, had special training in malaria, had come from a worker's family, and had been a member of a carpenters' union. No one spoke against me and I was accepted. Rebecca was accepted as a trained nurse. One point brought out was that she belonged to the "nurses union" (R. N.) in Pennsylvania!

The secretary then read a list of the duties and privileges of the members. Dues amount to approximately 1 per cent of salary, and benefits ranging from 50 per cent to 100 per cent of salary, depending on the degree of speciality and responsibility in work, are granted for all sickness which, on the certificate of a physician, prevents the member from working. I am classed as a "server" (literally translated) and shall receive 100 per cent sick benefit. The barber's assistant is also a "server" and will receive 75 per cent. I don't know yet what per cent Rebecca will get. If we were cleaners, we would be classed as "workers" and would receive 50 per cent.

Two requests from the factory committee were before the meeting. One of them asked that the union take steps in improving the organization of the dispensary so that

patients would not have to wait so long before being seen by the doctor, and the other proposed that the practice of regular health consultations for mothers and children be introduced. The first request was readily disposed of. The eight doctors assigned to the medical and surgical care of a population of 18,000 persons, who, besides suffering from the ordinary diseases, are also afflicted with malaria, trachoma, tuberculosis, and dysentery, are already working under great pressure and cannot get through their day's appointments more rapidly than they are already doing and still give good service. Besides, many patients come in from outlying villages where there are no doctors, and receive the same attention as the construction workers. The chairman suggested that the factory committee be reminded that there are funds in the factory treasury allocated for additional medical work, and that as soon as more doctors become available and quarters can be provided for them by the factory, the union will certainly raise no objection to receiving assistance in its labors. The need for consultation for mothers and children was considered, however, to be very pressing, and should, in the opinion of the chairman, receive special consideration.

"But we already have such consultations," one of the women doctors objected. "I tell several of the mothers in my clinic to come back and see me, and many of them do."

"How many and how often?" asked the chairman tersely.

"Oh, I have forgotten, but it happens frequently," she replied.

"Comrades," the chairman went on, addressing the whole meeting, "that is not sufficient. We must be more specific. If you had one consultation in a year, I suppose that could be called the practice of health consultation. But it would amount to nothing. We must add this work to the work

we are already doing, and we must be specific about how often each patient seen in the clinic for mothers and children is to return for consultation, and we must arrange the keeping of the records so that the patient may be followed up if she does not return at the appointed time."

New Russia, with its desire for exactness and clarity, was correcting and prodding old Russia, which was satisfied with generalities and approximations. There was a prolonged discussion, freely and intelligently participated in by the lower medical personnel as well as by the doctors, on the method of putting these consultations into practice. It was finally decided that mothers and children should report to the clinic every three months for a general check-up on their health.

"Now, Comrades," said the chairman, as he pursed his lips, and stood up for what was evidently going to be a long speech, not entirely pleasing to all present, "there are several matters relating to the performance of our work on which suggestions and corrections are urgently needed. The first concerns the granting of sick-leave to patients. The Reviser from the District Health Insurance Council in Gorki has visited us recently and has called our attention to the careless manner in which the sick-leave certificates are being filled in by some of our doctors. It is not necessary to remind you that a sick-leave certificate is exactly like a check on the government bank and should be filled in with the same care which you would exercise if you were drawing a sum of money from your savings account. It gives the patient the right to receive money for the days he has been absent from work due to illness. The law requires that the doctor state the diagnosis clearly on the certificate. It must be a medical diagnosis, a condition serious enough to justify the granting of leave from work.

"The Reviser has shown me two certificates issued to patients from our dispensary. On one of these is written the diagnosis, 'For a trip to Gorki,' and on the other 'For a trip to Kazan.' Both of these certificates were signed by you, Dr. Kasarova, and it hurts me to think that a worker as careful and painstaking as you are in making a diagnosis should be the means of bringing disgrace upon us all in the eyes of the District Health Insurance Council. You have already explained to me and the Reviser that the one patient was released by you to go to Gorki for a special eye examination, and the other went to Kazan for an X-ray of the stomach. But you did not say so on the certificate, and the members of the Council were given the impression that we are in the habit of using the sick-leave certificates as a means of giving vacations to our friends. Of course you were not entirely to blame. The Health Insurance Treasury had no right to honor these certificates with such diagnoses on them. But the initial fault was yours. I sincerely hope you will be more careful in the future.

"Another certificate was filled in by you, Dr. Larinsky. It states that the patient was to have leave of absence from September 1st to October 1st. In indicating the months, you used Roman numerals IX and X, and before presenting the certificate to the Treasury for payment, the patient supplied another 'I' to the last numeral in ink of the same color as you had used, and so obtained leave of absence and payment until the first of November instead of the first of October. Again the blame was not entirely ours. The Treasury had no right to pay the amount, because the law states that the maximum leave which the physician may grant on his own responsibility is ten days, after which a commission chosen from the patient's labor union and acting in consultation with two physicians must consider

the case. You, however, not only did not refer this patient to the commission, which meets frequently and is fair in its decisions, always giving the patient the benefit of the doubt wherever possible, but you made the mistake of carelessly filling in the certificate so that it was open to forgery. Your mistake cost the government 200 rubles. The date indicating the end of the period of leave should always be written out fully in words, so there can be no possibility of changing it.

"The second matter I wish to bring to your attention concerns the state of illiteracy among some of our lower hospital personnel. A year ago, before the school was built and we had only a few teachers, there was some excuse for this state of affairs, but now there is no excuse whatever. Night classes for illiterates are being offered at the school, and the Comrades in our union unable to read have only to enroll. In medical work, illiteracy may lead to very serious results. Just the other day in the hospital an order for a diet of curds and whey was written for a patient suffering from dysentery. And what appeared on his tray? Mashed potatoes and roast beef! Another patient, who should have had only milk, received fried eggs! You, Comrade Ivanova, were the orderly responsible for the mistake in both cases. You are only partially literate and you misread the names of the patients and got the diets mixed. It is too bad we have to put up with such service and expose the lives of the patients to the risk that it involves, but the time is soon coming when we shall no longer have to. The doctor cannot see to every detail. But, mind you, he is responsible for your mistakes, and would have to answer for the consequences of them, even the death of the patient. The next best thing is to improve yourselves, and this you must do without further delay.

I have given you my last warning. Partial or total illiterates on our staff who have not enrolled for a night class at the school and attended at least two sessions between now and the celebration of the October Revolution on November 7th will be relieved of their duties forthwith.

"Finally, I should like to speak of the inconvenience to which our recently enrolled member, the Comrade malariologist from America, has been put to in regard to quarters for himself and his family. In spite of repeated requests from both the director of the construction and myself, we have been unable to move the housing committee into finding quarters, although these have been available. Malaria is one of our worst afflictions, but I do not think it is any worse than bureaucracy, against which we must be constantly on our guard and which we must fight with the strongest measures whenever it begins to raise its head. In the matter of which I speak, there is only one recourse left open to us, and that is a letter of protest from our union to the editor of the district *Workers Gazette.* I have prepared such a letter and shall now read it:

" 'Honored Comrade Editor:

" 'An American specialist in malaria was recommended to us by the Tropical Institute in Moscow and has been working with us since the middle of August. When we employed him, the housing committee promised to provide him with quarters, and on the strength of this promise he sent for his family in America. They arrived nearly two weeks ago, but in spite of requests from the chief of the hospital and the director of the construction, the housing committee has as yet failed to live up to its agreement, and our Comrades from abroad are having to stop at the Inn, where their expenses are considerably

greater than they would be if the family had quarters of its own. In the name of 140 members of the Medical Sanitary Workers' Union, we, the undersigned, appeal to you to assist us in protesting against and rectifying this inexcusable scandal.'

"I now ask you to name six or seven other members of this meeting to join with me in signing this letter."

Several short speeches were made vigorously upholding the chairman's letter, and the signatures he requested were added with emphasis and enthusiasm. The meeting was adjourned at 9:15.

Three days later, the secretary of the District Union of Medical Sanitary Workers arrived from headquarters in the district capital, Ioshkar-Ola, and raised the issue with the housing committee, which promptly gave in and provided the Comrade malariologist with three furnished rooms—rent, heating, and light free. We had an example of how workers can protest with efficiency against bureaucracy. The voice of the union had not been raised in vain.

October 27th

Today the whole family came down with an attack of near-dysentery. After we get through with this attack, followed possibly by malaria and real dysentery, we'll be in a position to know whether we want to remain in Russia or not. Of course, one might judge America the same way, considering the scarlet fever, measles, infantile paralysis and other diseases there. But unsanitary toilet facilities and questionable drinking water (we boil both water and milk before drinking) are a handicap. The precautions are curiously similar to those we observed in the tropics. We

slipped, somehow, this past week—hence our "troubles." Fortunately for the rest, my attack is minor. We think we must have cleaned our teeth in water that was not boiled. What a "boge" [1] (to use our old Bengali word)!

October 28th

We have been hearing "You can move tomorrow" for so many days that it was getting a little too funny. So when a phone message came to the "Punkt" [point, or community dispensary] that a horse and cart were waiting at the guesthouse to move our things into our new quarters, we were inclined to say, "Sez who!" But before we said it we tore home in a spurt of hope—and there was the cart. The driver, who walked beside the horse when the telyega was loaded with trunks, guitar, pots, and pans, had been a prisoner in the German coal mines. He had learned a little English from fellow prisoners—Englishmen. They were not, I take it, of the upper ten, for when Hal got "home" after talking to the driver, he said the Russian had learned eight or ten "English" words.

"What were they?"

"Bocca, I refuse to repeat them. Let's change the subject. The driver himself said he knew they were awful, but the Britons wouldn't teach him anything else."

Time out! I've just been in to say good night to the girls, and to sing to them—of all the mixtures—"Only Me," "The Song of the Kangaroo," "Oh Borneo, My Native Land," and "Little Betty Brown, Where Goest Thou?"

So we moved in with our valises. The six trunks are still reposing at Zieloni Dol, eight miles away.

[1] "Bore" or "burden."

The apartment that had been promised us previously was given at the last minute to someone high up in the factory, but this one is exactly the same, except that it is on the first floor instead of the second. We have one double bedroom large enough for two single cots, a desk, and two trunks. There is a door which opens on to the corridor. From this same corridor a door leads into a long narrow room about 15 x 8. This is our dining room, as it is just big enough for a table and a china closet. An arched doorway half the length of the room leads into our living room, where the children will sleep, and where we have a large wardrobe (luxury!), two steamer trunks, a small chess table, and four chairs, which we move into the dining room at mealtimes. The distance is a matter of five steps.

A Russian stove of the new type is placed between the two larger rooms; its small door opens into the living room. We huddle around the open door of the stove when we sing to the children at night, trying to pretend it is an open fire. The inside of the stove is lined with bricks which take a couple of hours to heat up, and then we can let the fire die out, as the bricks remain hot for a whole day. Economical, what? Both rooms are well heated in this manner.

On one side of the living room there is a large window (double storm panes to give protection against cold), and a French door leading to a nice veranda, which makes an angle around the corner of the house, and is all ours. There is a ditch ten feet deep between the road and the house, and we call this our moat. Across it is our "drawbridge," a wooden trestle with railings. The house finishings, inside and out, remind me of Alpine cottages. The furniture is unpainted wood, very attractive, but weak in all joints. The kitchen adjoins our room, and we have to use it in common with a large family in the room adjoining our dining room.

A storage room will be turned into a bathroom soon, we hope.

Even here in the country the housing problem is terrific. We are extremely fortunate to have two and a half rooms all to ourselves. If Hal hadn't been promised the apartment before he sent for us, we should have been living in one room, like the family next to us. They are not so lucky as we. I don't know all the details yet, but there seems to be a father, who is an office worker in the factory; a mother, who teaches in the school; a small boy of six; a tiny girl of two; a grandmother who does the cooking and looks after the baby; and the wife's brother, who works all day and studies in the evening. Last night a friend visited the brother, and the house resounded with the thunder of their voices raised aloud in the rhythm of the poetry of Pushkin.

October 29th

We have just come back from a masquerade ball at the Club. As our trunks had not arrived, Nicky made us fancy masks out of paper, and put original designs on them. She shaped a gray moustache for Hal from bunny-fur a child in school had given her. And guess what happened? We got first prize for the best ballroom dancing! Hal's treasure is a notebook with Stalin's picture embossed on it—and a tablespoon (a valuable gift, indeed, in Marbumstroy!). My prize is a large bottle of Russian cologne (no rival to "My Sin") and another tablespoon. Only twenty people were in costume, but over one hundred were watching. The entrance price if you wore a costume was one ruble; without special costume, two rubles. This places value on co-operation. The solo dance contest was won by a girl doing a Chuvash dance. We were crazy to join in, but

didn't have our Russian costumes. The only things we did bring were Hal's boots. We had no idea we couldn't buy Russian costumes easily in Russia these days. Evidently everything has been sold long ago with the exception of the clothing the people wish to keep for themselves.

To our horror, Nicky has arrived with only one pair of common shoes to her name. I have had to give her my only other walking shoes. Which reminds me that I must ask Nell to mail immediately a 5-lb. box of chocolates by registered post. It may get here in time for Christmas. I have an idea that we can stand the Customs, and it's worth the trial. We haven't tasted chocolate since we reached Russia; it's here, but terribly expensive. And I want her to send two pounds of Baker's cooking chocolate and two cans of baking powder. If it gets to us in time, we'll have a very "sweet" Christmas.

October 30th

Hal was rummaging among his papers this morning and came across a poem he wrote on the voyage. I immediately decided it ought to go into the journal.

Wave-tones

We can wait,
We can wait,
We, the waves,
We, the slaves
Of the wind
And the tide,
In the end
Only we
Of the sea,
We abide.

Though we wane
And are torn
Twain and twain,
Evermore
Once again
We are born.

You who mourn,
You who die
Not as we
Of the sea,
But forever,
Evermore
You must come
To our bourne.

We can wait,
We can wait,
We—can—wait
To the end.

We left Hal's poems at home for safety, but I am writing this down from memory, I love it so much:

Fulfillment

If words of mine could match
A swallow in her flight,
Motionless but moving
With the speed of light—
If I could paint the piercing
Beauty of her swoop
Downward from the treetop,
Then the rising loop
Toward her disappearance
Beneath the gable dark,
Accurate as an arrow
Plunging to its mark—

If one of these impossibles
Should fall within my power,
I'd count my life completely lived
Within that selfsame hour.

October 31st

The trunks finally arrived at the warehouse, and then here via horse and wagon. We are having a terrible time fitting them into this tiny place. They're not entirely unpacked yet.

Polya, our new helper, has been with us since yesterday morning. A grandmother at fifty, she cooks our meals, washes the dishes, floors, and clothes. That is, she's supposed to do all this. It's a comfort, anyhow, to go to work knowing that the house will be straightened and cleaned, and meals will be ready for us.

I am being taken on as a full-time laboratory worker in the malaria clinic. The hours have been changed to 8-12, 2-5, which is more convenient. I am assisting Hal, and any writing I do has to be between working and unpacking. The work is very thrilling to me. But how precious and fleeting are the few free hours!

I have not been able to get any curtain material, so have sacrificed two candlewick spreads to the cause, and the curtains look lovely. Curtains are a necessity, as we are on the ground floor, and everyone looks in with friendly curiosity as they pass.

Food, I know, is going to be a problem. Even if we are very careful, it is going to cost about 500 rubles a month. Out of our combined salaries of about 660 rubles we have to pay Polya 40 rubles, plus all her meals. That leaves us 120 rubles for all other expenses. Hal is getting some medical translations to do, and that ought to bring in another 200 rubles. We may be able to run on that, because, theo-

retically at least, clothes and books are our only other expenses. In other words, we are self-supporting! But we must try it out at least a couple of months to see where we really land, financially. Of course, we can't afford to get sick at all, unless we get very sick, and then we can get sick leave and a month's vacation. Some of their ideas here are excellent, sez I as a "toiler."

So far we have not had a real bath since leaving Moscow. The bathhouse here is so popular that there is a queue always in front of it. Polya refuses to take us; says all kinds of diseased people rub up against you, and twenty women are taking baths in an open room at the same time. Well, I might try it once for the experience, but I really believe I prefer my copper basin. How I long for a tub soak! And for a Sunday dinner at home!

November 3rd

Clavdia, one of the aides in the malaria clinic, went with me to the school, and we took the blood slides of more than one hundred children. It was a beautiful fall day, clear and cool, with warmth in the sunshine. It might have been late October at home. One thing I have missed here has been the brilliant autumn color. We have the varied hues of dark greens of the different firs, pines, and spruces; and the brilliant gold of the birch-tree leaves. After the leaves fall, the tops of the birches form a purple mass against the dark green, beautiful in a subdued way.

November 4th

Life goes along! Someone asked the other day if criticism was allowed in Russia. I am interested to see that anyone can get up in the union meeting and criticize the chiefs, providing it is on the subject of the work, and nothing

about the personal life of the individual under fire, and anyone may give constructive ideas as to the running of the medical or sanitary work, or the morale of the union itself, without any thought that there might be danger of losing one's job, as would probably be the case in a capitalist country. The system is run by self-criticism (followed by dropping bad, and adopting better, methods of work) and by constructive outside criticism. No hard feelings are ever in evidence. The whole thing is undertaken objectively. There seems to be a complete lack of professional jealousy as we understand it. I suppose everyone is working for the same purpose—not personal aggrandizement, but the good of the whole country. So wherever you are, you simply work to the best of your ability.

Borrowing from our "Emergency Fund" we bought Nadya her padded winter coat, costing almost half my salary, 94 rubles.

We have unpacked everything, now; and our artistic *(sic)* window curtains help to keep our fellow man and woman from sharing our every thought and motion. (We must have some privacy, even in this country of brotherly love.) We are fortunate in having nice neighbors in the next room; they are spotlessly clean, and we feel very lucky in our "choice." The cracks in the walls are so wide that there would be no secrets hid from them if they were inquisitive. We find that the brother has a desk in the little room at the back, where the bathroom is promised "sichas" [right away], which means now, or any time during the coming year.

November 5th

Today we put our American inhibitions to sleep, and braved the Russian bathhouse. Polya, pleased in spite of

herself that we wanted to be real Russians, was our guide and mentor. We carried bags of clean clothing with us and took our own towels and soap. Up the stairs we marched and through the door marked "Women." Inside was a room, reeking with alcohol, and we discovered a small beer parlor to one side where men and women, evidently dehydrated, were imbibing fluids to restore their normal weight and courage.

After paying a few kopeks entrance fee, we entered the dressing room. The temperature was high enough for us to be able to strip without feeling uncomfortable. Every person had a locker for her clothes and a drawer for shoes. After the things were put away, a guard locked the compartment and kept the key. A huge basin was given to each of us, and we marched—demurely, but secretly embarrassed—through a vestibule into a large room thick with steam, where fifteen women and children, including boys up to the age of six, were stretched out on long tables, or were sitting or standing, scrubbing themselves with soap. A favorite instrument was a long strip of weed, reinforced with tape, that rapidly brought the blood to the surface of the skin when used with vigor on a neighbor's back. It seemed the courtesy of the bath to take turns in rendering this service.

I heard Nicky murmuring, "Mother, what a *wonderful* chance to learn anatomy."

We filled and refilled our bowls at the hot and cold water faucets, and then soaped and scrubbed every inch of our skin, including the scalp, three separate times, leaving us feeling weak but virtuous.

Nadya was splashing around like a soapy little eel. She was too large to sit in the basin as all the smallest children did, but insisted on trying. Her greatest joy was to have

the whole bowl of water poured right over her head, flattening her hair down over her ears.

I looked around for Polya. She was just disappearing behind another door. Grabbing the children, I followed hastily and thrust open the heavy door. A cloud of steam rushed at us. We gasped and spluttered and tried to see through the fog. Three tiers of benches were covered with bodies that were perspiring from every pore. A woman rolled to the edge of the middle section, clambered weakly to the top, and flopped with arms outstretched. Polya was lying on the bottom bench, her face the color of a peony. We stood there one whole minute and then staggered out—to find the once-too-hot bathing room very comfortable.

After half an hour, we decided to go home. As we were dressing, Polya poked her head through the vestibule.

"Why," she said in amazement, "someone *said* you were going and I didn't believe it. You've only just come. Rebecca Edwardovna, do you mind if I stay a while longer? There are some things I would like to talk over with a couple of my friends here, and the bath is the only place I have a chance to chat."

It was two whole hours before we saw her again.

November 6th

It is too soon to say how we are going to fare with food. At least we'll not starve from lack, although variety is another matter. Our menu is necessarily simple:

Breakfast (7:15)

Tea in glasses, with sugar
Dark brown or black bread, with butter, honey, or marmalade
Kasha [porridge] or fried potatoes

Dinner (12:30)

Cabbage or macaroni soup
Meat—fried or croquetted
White potatoes (If we get any green vegetables like onions, squash, or carrots, we rejoice—but we have them for only two out of every seven dinners.)
Marmalade and bread for dessert
Tea

Supper (6:30)

Soup
Bread, butter, and honey
Tea

Occasionally there is a tea, jam, meat, or bread "famine" for a few days. Potatoes are our standby, for we can get them through the hospital in sacks. Milk is forty to fifty cents a quart, and we have to boil and cool it. But it tastes better than the cold buffalo milk we drank in the Himalayas and had to disguise with cocoa.

Eggs are very scarce, and range from ten to fifteen cents apiece. Flour and sugar can be bought generally. We buy sweet butter for the children in spite of the expense—it is $1.50 to $1.75 a pound. We tried the "boiled" butter the Russians love, but it has a rancid taste to our jaded palates, and we ate it only once. Polya could not understand our repugnance, and shook her head as if to say, "Well, Americans are strange kittle cattle, anyway."

Tea, to our surprise, is very expensive. And the coffee down here is in powdered form and doesn't deserve the name. We can get no fresh fruit except a few apples, now and then, fit only for applesauce. How we miss our orange juice!

When the word gets around that there is something particularly good for sale at one of the co-operatives, such as

raisins or granulated sugar, a long line of people forms and there is a "run" until the article is sold out. What can be bought in winter I don't know.

We shall not get fat on our menu, which is a good thing for Hal and me, but not so good for the children. I shudder to think of the effect on their teeth, but so far they have been getting cod liver oil, and I think we can keep this in stock, perhaps by another trip to Kazan. The Soviet Union is keeping the price of cod liver oil low, for it wants the children of Russia to get the "c-l-o habit." Harry and I are lining up for our tablespoonful every morning, and the infants think that justice is being done at last!

Our food is, I believe, adequate, but minimum for the safety of the children. The "sameness" will probably be galling—that remains to be seen. If one considers the sliding wage scale—say 100 to 3,000 rubles a month—I would say that we are approaching a Russian standard of living on 660 rubles. But only "approaching," until we can live within our income, whatever that may happen to be as time goes on.

November 7th

Today we took part in the celebration of the October Revolution. It is the Fourth of July, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, and Memorial Day rolled up into one. As we had a free day yesterday and are having a holiday tomorrow, we are reveling in three glorious days.

Last night a home-talent concert followed two hours of speeches, and I was interested to see that after the main speech the meeting was thrown open and anyone could come up from the floor to say anything he wished. The stage was resplendent with a red sun from which beams of

light radiated. A bust of Lenin stood on an imitation marble pedestal at the back of the stage. (I was told this was a replica of the marble in his tomb in the Red Square. The resemblance was slight!) Pictures of Kalinin [President of Russia] and Molotov ["Prime Minister"] stood on either side of the bust. A table with apples and candy on it, artistically arranged between electric floor lamps, was on the stage near the foot lights.

The main speakers sat at the table, and behind them were eighteen guests invited up from the floor. The names were proposed one by one, and seconded by popular applause. The choice was interesting: a couple of chiefs of departments, Stakhanovite workers (including two women) who had exceeded the daily "norm" of "expected" work, two workers who were not Stakhanovites, representatives of the "Young Pioneers" and of the "Young Communist" group,[1] and visiting Communists. To the right of the table stood the dais for speakers. (This speaker's stand was strangely similar to an altar, by some chance.) After the main speech of the evening, people from the floor went up to the stand to talk. The first were two former Tzarist soldiers, and they spoke of the agonies they underwent during the "hopeless war," when there had been only one rifle for every three soldiers. A woman spoke who had been separated from her little children and thrown in jail by the Tzarist secret police. (I couldn't understand for what offense—probably Communism.) She was very much moved, and spoke in swift, terse phrases. All this time a huge portrait of Lenin and one of Stalin gazed at us from the spaces on the wall between the stage and the sides of

[1] These are Communist organizations for young people. "Young Pioneers" are between 10 and 16 years, "Young Communists" between 14 and 23.

the room. Our eyes were dazzled by strings of glaring electric lights festooning the pictures. (So far the idea of indirect lighting is confined to large cities like Moscow and Leningrad, where it is cleverly applied in some of the buildings.)

Today was the great day. We marched in a grand parade in which all workers took part, each group forming at its own headquarters (we, at the hospital), and from there marching to a central meeting place, where we began the real and united parade through the hitherto forbidden grounds of the Marbum Factory, to see the progress made. How they expect to be able to turn out a ton of paper a day by the first of January, I don't see. But they still say they are going to "fulfill the obligation." It was thrilling to see the hundreds of people, united in their purpose of seeing that Russia gets good paper, walking together through the factory grounds, and kept in line by one Red soldier galloping back and forth along the side. The school children sang as they marched, and two bands added to the gaiety. All over the Soviet Union millions of people were doing the same thing. It was a unique experience to be one of the workers, and to feel I had a right to march with the others and not be an onlooker. The parade ended at the Club, where there were more speeches. Then everyone went home.

All this sounds idyllic, perhaps. Some material things here are far from being idyllic, but temporary drawbacks can be changed with education. Every year advances are made. At times, of course, we get discouraged. The cultural facilities of a provincial, backwoodsy, pioneer place like this forest town are nil. Have we any right to subject the children to this raw, crude atmosphere? They are adjusting marvelously to it all—even Nicky, although it is not

easy for her. We have gotten permission for her to practice her music at the Club several hours a week, just to be sure she does not forget what she now knows.

We cannot, really, leave Marbumstroy until June, and possibly not until September, as they need malaria workers here so badly, and Hal feels under obligations to the Tropical Institute for the trouble they have gone to in getting us here.

One thing I am pleasantly surprised at: there seems to be not an iota of the feeling that we are under suspicion as foreigners. We are treated in all sincerity in the way we most appreciate—as fellow workers. As far as I know, no letters have been opened by censors, and we are not watched in any way. There is no tension. Russia seems to be a very normal place in which to live.

A few of the reliefs: there is no racial hatred, and anti-Semitism and lynching are unknown; there are no kidnap stories in the papers (no one would have money with which to pay ransoms!), no breach-of-promise suits, no details of crime or suicides, and no "sexy" advertisements; and there seems to be free speech, providing you steer clear of anti-Communist theories, and aspersions against the characters of people in prominent positions (it would be unwise to criticize the policies of the President, or Stalin). Constructive criticism about Marbumstroy is encouraged.

But in spite of all this I do get homesick, and not just because of lost comforts and food, either!

Well, we'll give it a year's trial, if we can keep ourselves going that long on our combined salaries, and if the adjustment is not deleterious to the children. If we were stationed in Moscow, it would be a very different matter. On the other hand, we are learning Russian faster here, I'm sure.

November 16th

I am copying down this letter in the journal before Hal mails it to Dr. Kingsbury: [1]

P.O. LOPATINO, MARIISKI OBLAST
MARBUMSTROY, MALARIA PUNKT, USSR
NOVEMBER 16, 1936

Dear Dr. Kingsbury,

Since the letter to Dr. Boudreau [2] was written, the malaria brigade has gone back to Moscow, and my colleague, a woman doctor who was left in the malaria station with me, has gone to Leningrad for a refresher course of four months. So I am now in charge of the malaria station until February. I run the dispensary, which is full of relapsing cases just now, and get the materials and plans ready for the spring campaign. I am busy on the budget, which has to be presented to the directors of the factory in a few days. It amounts to 225,000 rubles for the year's work, that is about 12.5 rubles a head for the population. That is not an expensive project of malaria control. Here, as elsewhere, the idea of preventing a disease so as not to have to cure it has to be sold to the directors. They have difficulty in foreseeing the event. During the winter, I expect to be busy also in setting up a small clinical laboratory for the hospital, which now has nothing of the sort.

I am much interested in the article you sent me on "Medicine's Horse and Buggy," by James Rorty. When one works every day with an already far-advanced social medical system, so far advanced that it is doubtful if doctors in this country will ever think in any other terms

[1] John A. Kingsbury, M.D. co-author of *Red Medicine.*
[2] See pp. 53ff.

—it is interesting to watch the first toddling steps of our American doctors in that direction. The system over here is far from perfect, however. It is still unable to supply the element of intimate personal touch and spiritual comfort which is said to characterize private practice at its best. But I see no reason why it should not eventually make good that defect, when the doctors become numerous enough and get some training in that respect. One of the greatest satisfactions to me in medical practice in this country is the provision of sick insurance. Leave from work can be granted with from 50-100 per cent of pay for any disabling sickness whatever, and for as long as disability continues to exist. This in itself is a form of medication because it automatically puts the patient at rest in both his body and his mind. He does not have to worry about losing his job, or trying to get back to work before he is able to do so with safety.

After getting a thorough acquaintance here with the atmosphere of complete socialized medicine, I might be rather useful to some experiment in that direction back home. After I have been here at Marbumstroy for a year in practical field work, I should like to have the opportunity of getting around over the country and seeing Russian medical work as a whole, and studying it as a factor of social growth throughout the whole nation. A year of practical work would make a splendid background for such a study, and having the confidence of the medical authorities, and the language, I would have many advantages. I am not quite sure how such a study could be financed. I am beginning to get some ideas on how a social medical organization ought to work, but I should like to be able to let them grow in Russian soil for a while before transplanting them elsewhere.

I should say that we are not finding it very easy to get along here on Russian standards, and therefore anything that comes in from articles will be very welcome. Green vegetables are almost not obtainable at any price, and even such things as potatoes and cabbage seem to be getting scarcer as winter advances. There was a partial crop failure this year and the peasants are holding on to their vegetables. Only two days ago the community was put on a modified bread ration by limiting the amount of bread which any person could purchase at one time to two kilograms. I have been promised translations from medical journals in Moscow, and have received a few for which I get paid fairly well. But their value as a source of income will depend on how often they come. We shall also try to write a few articles for publication abroad.

With best regards to you and Mrs. Kingsbury, and best wishes for the season,

Sincerely yours,
Harry G. Timbres

November 17th

And here is the letter Hal and I collaborated on, for our friends all over the globe. It has to go out now, to reach them by Christmas:

P.O. LOPATINO, MARIISKI OBLAST
MARBUMSTROY, MALARIA PUNKT, USSR
NOVEMBER 17, 1936

Dear Friends,

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!

As we write, winter has set in in good earnest, and we are snugly tucked into our log-house apartment. The

Russian brick stove is so hot you can't lean up against it; and outside the forest is moaning and creaking under a heavy snow that has been coming down constantly since early yesterday evening.

The last letter we sent you at this season was from India, where we had to decorate a palm tree with Christmas spangles. Tonight we are writing from the interior of Russia, 700 miles east of Moscow, where we are being given the opportunity of seeing the country from the point of view of the workers.

Our apartment is in a house on the main roadway, opposite the site of a future stadium and athletic field. We have two large rooms and one small room on the first floor. Heating comes from a Russian brick stove which extends all the way up to the ceiling. Electricity is brought from Kazan. When it elects to be temperamental, we use candle power, pure. At present the overcrowding in the community is bad, but housing conditions will probably improve when the construction is finished and the permanent factory population moves in. We are fortunate in having three rooms. Even so, with beds, desk, table, cupboard and trunks, every inch of wall space is taken up. Furniture—beds, mattresses, cupboard, wardrobe, chairs, tables—are supplied by the housing committee of the factory.

We have just "settled in," as our trunks came by freight from Leningrad only last week. We were in despair when we found that saucepans, frying pans, broom, double boilers, cutlery, pails, nails, clothesline, clothespins, writing paper, bowls, and pitchers can seldom be bought, and when they are available, the supply soon gives out in face of the mob of people queueing up for them. The prices are high. For example, an ordinary

two-quart, enamel saucepan costs $4.00, and a set of five wooden-handled knives and forks, $5.00. It is a good thing we brought plenty of warm clothing with us. The purchase of food takes up about 95 per cent of our salary. Everything but meat is more expensive than at home.

The children have started to school, and, much to the dismay of Nicky, they were both placed in the first grade to learn to read and write Russian. They have a sympathetic teacher, who assures us that Nicky is doing so well that by next August she will probably be ready for the fourth grade, the equivalent of sixth at home. Already their accent is better than ours, but so far they have not been able to tell secrets in Russian in front of us as they hoped to be able to do before the year was up. There are other non-Russians in the school, as Marbumstroy is situated near the boundary separating four autonomous districts or republics, namely, the Tatar, Mordvin, and Chuvash Republics, and the Mariiski Autonomous District, each having its own language. We can see the Mordvin and Chuvash Republics across the river, and in order to go to the public bath less than a half mile away we have to cross over into Tatary.

The Russians have accepted us wholeheartedly and confidently into their lives and problems, and have given us positions of responsibility. We have not been made to feel the slightest breath of suspicion, but have been taken at our word that we want to help and have been put to work. It gives us a thrill to think that the second largest paper mill in the world is being constructed for the benefit of the workers themselves, and not for the profit of a few private individuals. It is a great satisfaction to be an integral part of this pioneer effort and to

watch the growth of a factory in a place where four years ago there were only forests and swamps. This project is not unique, but is one of thousands of other industrial enterprises springing up through the united efforts of this great federation of nations to bring about a new and just social order where every citizen, according to the new Stalin Constitution, has the right to education, work, and leisure.

There is no possibility of doubting the sincerity of these people's faith in the future that lies ahead of them, or of their trust in the leadership of the Communist Party, which has brought them out of so dark a past into the promise of a bright future.

But in spite of new social orders, life in the great woods gets lonesome at times, and letters from our friends seem to be the only antidote.

This letter started out in the first person, but we all four of us have had a share in composing it, and we all four have a share in sending you our warmest greetings.

THE TIMBRES TRIBE { Rebecca, Harry, Nicky and Nadya

November 25th

Sadness hath befallen the family! Nell's letter, in a patriotic envelope, arrived day before yesterday and was stolen before we could read it. I hope it was not too entertaining, for I hate to think of the smiles and tears wasted on empty air. No one reads English here, so secrets are safe, but how my heart yearns for the lines inside the "konvyert" [cover]. Thanksgiving tomorrow, too. Of

such stuff are minor tragedies. The way it happened was this: Hal received the letter, with another, from the postman. He had to go to Headquarters, and while there laid the two letters on the table. The room was crowded. Hal turned to talk to another doctor for a few minutes, and when he turned back the red-white-and-blue envelope was gone—forever, I guess. Everything else was safe. Think of the responsibility of the American government to make such gorgeous envelopes that it creates a major temptation for foreigners! However, that is one thing about the people in the lowest wage scale here, particularly those with a poor education, and again, particularly, the Tatars—you have to watch everything you own. It is very annoying. But when you think of the background of these people, many of them coming from nomad tribes, you forgive almost everything. Education is working miracles among their children.

The electric lights are out again. This happens frequently from six-thirty to eight o'clock. We have two candles on the desk. I don't mind writing by candlelight, but I do object to trying to typewrite by the aid of two flickering points of light that throw conflicting shadows. Hal is coaching the girls in Russian while I am writing, so I may throw a few "shas" and "shchas" in by mistake.

We had a grand day yesterday. First, we fixed up the children's costumes for the Winter Festival—Nicky as Snow Queen in a dress like an Indian sari, with flowing sleeves and multipleated skirt (made from white cheesecloth brought from Philadelphia), white shoes and stockings (mine!), and a silver crown of her own design, rimmed with tinfoil, cotton batting, and two of my strings of beads. She looked lovely. Nadya is to be "Dyadya Moroz," or "Uncle Frost," and is to wear a tall peaked

snowcap made from cotton wool, white eyebrows, mustache and long pointed beard, a white, short blouse dress (made from one of my American flannel nighties), and white valenki. The only color will be a brilliant red sash and a brilliant red nose. As the affair is supposed to be on the 18th of December, and so far there have been no rehearsals, we wonder what the play will be like. It is interesting to learn that the class voted that Nicky and Nadya should have these two leading parts. The teacher said she brought no influence to bear.

Then we put on our snowsuits and took a long walk into the woods through the snow, and let ourselves be perfectly happy, away from everybody. The trees and stumps held inviting cones of freshly fallen snow, and we nibbled as we went along. How Mother would have enjoyed making her "orange sherbet" out of this delicious snow! It is too glorious for words, now that winter has come. So far the cold has not been severe, the lowest temperature being about 15° F. above zero. But once the snow is down, it does not melt until April, I believe. The sunset was lovely, seen through the fir trees, and after dusk set in we kept warm by finding a level spot on the hill we were climbing, and playing "Fox and Geese" until dark. We drank boiling hot tea from the thermos, ate sardine sandwiches, and mooched home, singing everything from "Say, Darkies" to "Only Me" at the tops of our lungs. It's a good thing they don't have a "No Noise Campaign" here.

Am still thrilled over my first Russian salary! One aspect is taken for granted by the people here, but is so humanly decent that I want to put it on record. I did not begin to work in the clinic until the fifteenth of October. With my first salary, I received money dating from the

day of my arrival in Leningrad. When I expressed amazement about this, I was told, "But you were going to be a worker here, so of course you had the right to be fed and housed on the way here. That is only justice." I find that this is not an isolated case, but is the policy for workers coming to a definite piece of work. I shall be interested to see if it is a policy consistently carried out.

We live on a tear, all the time. We rise at 6:15; breakfast at 7:15; are at the clinic from 8:00 to 12:00. We walk the half mile home through the forest for lunch; have a Russian lesson; and return to the clinic from 2:00 to 5:00. Supper is at 5:30. We teach the children Russian from 6:00 to 7:30, and then put them to bed by 8:00 (sometimes). Before they settle in they want four songs, and insist on the guitar. They take turns in choosing the tunes, but "Alabama Coon" is a great favorite. I can play in the dark, so it is fun to have just the light from the open door of the big stove flickering over the faces of the children. We pretend it's an open fire. After the "young" are settled, I write home, scribble in this journal, or study Russian. Sometimes I'm so tired I can't think, and then I have to go to bed, and I drop to sleep like a plummet while Hal toils on at reports or his Russian.

November 26th

Thanksgiving Day at home. I have been thinking about it all day. We are just putting the children to bed for the night, and in Media the family is eating Thanksgiving dinner at this identical moment. It is pitch black here, but with television we could see the sun shining on plum pudding and hard sauce. I don't dare think about it! But my folks must have felt my thoughts and my love winging over to them all day.

November 27th

An American engineer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wagner, are here for a couple of months. So now there are six of us who speak English. Mr. Wagner is supervising the installing of one of his patents in the paper mill. We have seen a little of these nice people, but when your working hours are eight to five, and you study Russian every available minute, there is little time for real visiting. They came to dinner one night, and promptly at 6:15 the lights went out. We had to be fashionable, and eat by candlelight.

November 28th

The old co-operative store next to us has been closed for several weeks. Today was the grand opening of the new one, and crowds of people pushed to get in. An effort toward efficiency was noted in one door marked "In" and one "Out." The effect would have been more startling if the people had obeyed the letters of the law. The interior decorating was amazing—for Marbumstroy. We now have glass containers on the walls, and nicely arranged exhibits therein. There seems to be a real effort toward an artistic appeal to the customer—the first such trend I've seen in Marbumstroy.

November 30th

Our accounts for November show that we have not been able to live on our combined salaries. January 1st—we'll cast accounts again, and then we'll have to make up our minds what is the right thing to do. Food prices are going up still higher, and we can no longer buy cabbages—the last of the green vegetables available up to now. We were

told in Moscow that it would be impossible for us to live in Russia unless we had a certain income of 1,000 rubles a month. We are having to draw on our "Emergency Fund." Perhaps we have not learned the best ways of shopping. And I think we can earn extra money that will help us out. Doctors are poorly paid in comparison to engineers, architects, and factory managers, and teachers are even less well paid than doctors. On the other hand, salaries are higher all along the line this year than last, so there is hope. But not hope for a 100 per cent rise, of course—which is what we need! Isn't it too bad that even here in this country of tremendous hope and future one has to depend on vulgar money so much? The lack of a proper salary may be the reason we'll have to leave our beloved Russia. Maybe a miracle will happen. A salary such as an engineer receives is plenty. But how can *we* get it?

Here is the Christmas letter we are sending home. The folks are not to read it until they sit in the "Magic Family Circle" on the living room floor at 11:00 A.M. Christmas morning.

[This a "hit-and-miss" letter. One person writes what he wishes, puts his last sentence or phrase on a separate line, and folds the letter back so that only that line shows. The next writer is in honor bound not to look at anything that has been written except the last phrase; he takes his cue from that. And so it goes.]

MARBUMSTROY, USSR
NOVEMBER 30TH

MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you.

When you are reading this, say at eleven (REBECCA) o'clock in the morning, in the Magic Fam-

ily Circle, it will be six hours later here—in fact, five o'clock in the afternoon. We will be thinking of you at that very time, knowing if we could ride a radio wave we could be with you in less than one minute! We are sending you as our joint present, a turkey for dinner, and a basket of fruit.[1] Please be sure to put these on the dinner table, as they will help Florence with her menu. The variegated variety of Turk is particularly enjoyed in this region of Russia, and we are sure the taste, and delicious aroma of orange-violetta will entrance you. It is like no other bird we have ever tasted!

And yet—

We are having a very good (NICKY) time. A few days ago we learned that some Americans were here and we went to visit them. There names are Mr. and Mrs. Wagner. (No children). They are extremely nice and have had children, grown up by now. They are here for three months. He travels around the country reparing certain machines put in his care. He has been in the country about a year and she about three or four months.

But although—

the little island on the valga (NADYA) breeds mosquitoes, we went ther. That means, daddy Nicky and Nadya. Daddy got two pieces of wood for a sled.

Most of the—

day is night here. The sun has (HAL) a harder time to get up than we do. We always see him stretching and yawning as we go to work down the big highway that runs between the tall columns of the pine trees. He never manages to climb more than about

[1] Pictures drawn and highly colored by Nicky.

twenty feet above the horizon, and then plops down again about 4:00 P.M.

The Kids—

are bounding, and abounding (REBECCA)

in good spirits. Which reminds me—I lay in bed this morning and looked at the tiny pane of glass that opens outward (only one pane in the whole window can be opened), and thought how cold it must be outside if the room could be so chilly with only that tiny space open. And I thought me of a Japanese poem (original). The point of a Japanese poem is beauty in brevity. The word for frost in Russian is "moroz." And so I composed this poem that comprises beauty with extreme brevity:

Moroz
Froze
Nose.

And that in its turn (extremely turned at the tip)—

reminds me—

that one day Nadya and I (NICKY)

pranced up to Daddy and said,

"Skates and skis
If you please."

So pretty soon we're going to get them. Daddy's making us a sled. Today we went to the island that is in the middle of the Volga River. The river was all frozen over so we walked right across it. We got some poles for the sled runners and then went to visit the Wagners.

And then—

we had a good time in school. (NADYA)

What did—

little robin say (HAL)

In the nest at break of day?
"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning!"

Well, well, here I am back again on the subject of how hard it is to get up in the morning in winter—and there won't be any robins for months and months. But we do have woodpeckers—we saw one on the island today. He was percussing a tree for worms and cussing his hard luck in not finding any. Didn't you know a woodpecker can cuss? He can cuss a blue streak; that's why he's called a blue woodpecker. Or is it a blue jay? I'm getting maudlin, so I had better

Turn it over to the next—

And change the tempo of the text! (REBECCA)

Something like this:

There is a grand family named Johns (pronounce Juns!)
With a daughter and three grown-up sons.
How we long for the meals
That our dear Florence deals;
And we languish in vain for Bob's puns!

After that I think I had better—
Let some one else take on this letter.
So—letter rip (apologies to Bob),
And take this tip—
That we are liveing on a (NADYA)
Russian salry and not over, at least I hop so.
We are—
going to have a play for a certain (NICKY)
Russian festival. It is a play about winter.

Nadya is Dyadya Moros, or Uncle Frost. She is dressed in Mother's white nightgown drawn up to the knees, and a red sash and beard, mustash, high pointed hat, red nose, white pants and valenki. Valenki are boots made out of felt that come up to the knee. I am the queen of the snow.

I wear a crown and a white sari. I have a septre and all I do is to sit on a throne and try to look pretty.

After we—

the deluge, said somebody or other (HAL) famous—and I say after this letter we expect a deluge of others in reply. Your letters are always like a deluge of rain on a dry field to us—we drink them up. And now we drink to your health and happiness for the New Year.

Nadya, Nicky, Rebecca, and Hal

December 7th

We have been reading, hearing, and breathing—the new Constitution. The "Eighth Special All-Union Congress of Soviets" met in Moscow at 5 P.M., November 25th, in the large Kremlin Palace. I was interested to see that a conference of non-Party delegates was scheduled to meet at 1 P.M. at the same place, followed at 7 P.M. by the first general gathering of delegates. (People at home seem to think only Party members are delegates. This is not true.) The first speech was given by Kalinin, followed by the report on the Draft Constitution of the USSR by Stalin. (This was given verbatim in the paper of November 26th, and is such a thrilling account that I am putting it aside for my great-grandchildren to read.)

Everyone, of course, is supposed to have studied the Constitution over the past months, and to know it thoroughly.

Litvinov gave a brilliant and witty speech on foreign constructive and destructive criticism about the Draft Constitution, speaking of himself as "a man who sits at the window which looks out abroad." This report, also, I shall keep for my great-grandchildren!

In the *Moscow Daily News* of December 2, 1936, was the headline, "Draft Constitution Adopted Unanimously." I am interested to see that the third item in the decision of the All-Union Congress is:

> 3. To instruct the Editorial Commission to submit within three days for the consideration of the Congress the final text of the Constitution, taking into account *both the results of the country wide discussion of the draft of the Constitution,* as well as the discussion at the Congress itself. [Italics are mine.]

Both infants came down with German measles last Tuesday, and have had a jolly vacation from school. Nicky went back today, and Nadya has to stay here, as she's still running a temperature. Polya takes care of her when I'm not home.

Life is interesting, and runs along so smoothly in general that the weeks slip by, and the free days come on us before we know it. Having five working days and then a free day is a great institution. You get much less weary than if you have to plough through a Saturday A.M. As a consequence, there seems to be no "dragging." Free day is my chance to write letters, but most of these are confined to the family, for every letter out of the country costs 10¢, and if you send it air mail, 30¢, and we are having to watch our budget more than carefully.

It is hard to believe that Christmas is less than three weeks off, and then New Year's will be upon us. I wonder what this new year is going to hold for Europe. The rumor is spreading that Germany is massing troops and equipment, especially planes, near the border, and trouble is brewing.

December 14th

We are thrilled over the prospect of having the Wagners spend Christmas day with us, as well as being here to see the infants hang up their stockings. We have asked Ada Yenelayeva to spend several days with us, but I doubt if she can leave Kazan, although there is hope, as her husband happens to be away for a "cure" of some kind.

We shall have to celebrate Christmas on the 24th, and hang the stockings on the 23rd, as the 24th is free day, and of course the 25th is not a holiday.

Life goes on merrily—and not so merrily. We are still undecided as to how the "experiment" is going to turn out. Nicky is unhappy down here, without her friends and the cultural advantages she has at home, such as art, music, and dancing. This particular place is "provincial" in every sense of the word, except that the school is good. The atmosphere we revel in, a child can't understand—freedom of thought and action and speech, and lack of race prejudice. We are experiencing real working democracy. Hal and I could get along beautifully, alone. But if the children are going to be warped, physically or mentally, by the experience, we must "think another think." We cannot repeat, for their sakes, another year like this one in the province.

On the other hand, if we have an opportunity offered us to go to Moscow next year, the problem may be solved, as there is an "English School" there.[1] In a large city, cultural advantages can also be secured. But the chance of getting a position and quarters there is so slim that the idea

[1] This is one of about eighty schools in which national minorities are allowed to teach in their own vernaculars, with Russian as the secondary language. The studies are so standardized that any pupil can go from one of these minority schools to Leningrad or Moscow for advanced study.

is a pipe dream. There are two things that would have to happen: a 100 per cent increase in salary (first impossibility); and quarters in Moscow (second impossibility). We might, however, change the word "impossibility" to "improbability." It is too much to expect, since we have been over here such a short time; and yet we are running on a budget nearly 166 per cent of our combined salaries, and something will have to be done, as our "Emergency Fund" is getting dismally low. But cutting down expenses means just one thing for the children—malnutrition, and we can't do that to them.

So the strange situation may arise that for the sake of the children—partly for whose sake we came here—we may be forced home. Moscow is the only place I'd be willing to have the children stay in next year, and people have been waiting years for "quarters" there. It seems our intellectual enthusiasm is warring with our emotional instincts of recoil against the strange, unknown, and uncomfortable. We shall have to decide, definitely, before another two months go by.

It is very cold and raw, with occasional flurries of fine snow like ice-needles. The sleighs dash past, but no snow has fallen for such a long time that the roads are sheets of ice, very dangerous for horses (and pedestrians). I fell the other day, and I thought I broke my ankle, but it was only a bad sprain. I've gotten thinner. I've cut my hair very short, and will let it grow gradually, as my "permanent" has almost vanished, alack! But I still seem to hold the love of my family, in spite of straight hair, so I guess I shan't worry.

December 18th

Things are "lookin' up." Hal has had more translations,

and that means extra money. We have been able to buy a quantity of meat and potatoes—enough for several months. So we feel safe on those scores. We bought half a cow, and hung her in the attic, but now we are cold-storing her in a trunk nailed down to the floor of the veranda. Polya, being a canny peasant, has put sticks of wood on the top of the steamer trunk to camouflage it!

Today was the day of the "Olympiad." Nicky looked beautiful as Snow Queen—Hal could scarcely bear to look away from her. The little snow-fairies were darling, and the "Uncle Frost" who took Nadya's place was very cute.

Nadya still runs her evening temperature, and her glands are badly swollen. She is thin, but very chipper. She was as good as gold about not being in the play. She was so weak I had to take her up to the Club on the sled (a pre-Christmas present), and I was able to get her a good seat on a table in one wing of the stage. The whole Olympiad took about three hours, with a program ranging from dancing to recitals and skits. "Winter Festival" was the only pageant. I left Nadya and went down on the main floor to watch. The picture was adorable, especially when the snow began to drift down from above. I don't know yet whether it was feathers or cotton, but the *deus ex machina* was a man on the rafters, with a box.

Later, Nicky danced the Highland Fling in her Scotch costume, and was applauded vociferously by the 800 or more children in the hall.

Then we went to the Wagners' for a Roast Goose dinner, and did we eat! Played "Hearts" afterwards, and at 7:45 wended our way homeward. The Wagners' house is a bungalow right on the top of the bank of the Volga, about a quarter of a mile from our ranch. The infants were settled by 8:30—some day for a child who had not

been out of bed for weeks! We are doing many strange things in Russia that we would shudder at in America, I find. We'll see if it does her any harm. Her temperature when she went to bed was no higher than last night—99.8°.

The weather continues mild, for Russia. It is only cold enough to keep the snow and ice from melting. So far there has been very little snow, however, so that in exposed, windswept places the ground is scarcely covered. The scenery changes constantly from one beauty to another. The frost-laden branches of the firs, reflecting the pink of the sunrise as we go to work, are ecstatic beauty. Every day something is different. I can't imagine summer being as beautiful as winter. We have had only three really cold days so far. Everyone calls it a most extraordinary season, and most of the Russians don't like it. I must confess, I am bearing up nobly. If Napoleon had had a "break" like this, I wonder how different the story of his retreat from Moscow would have been?

We heard a neighbor's radio playing "Polly Wolly Doodle" in English tonight, and were we homesick!

December 22nd

Polya has had to move to another room and must pay nine rubles a month for it. We went home with her today on a tour of inspection. It is a small room, airy and light, in one of the newest apartment buildings, and is just large enough for her bed, chest, sewing machine, and a table and two chairs. So we are raising her wages to fifty-nine rubles, as we feel that forty is not enough, even with all food supplied.

December 23rd

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner came over for a supper of soup

and "pirogi" [meat pies]. Hal and the children had chopped down and dragged home a Christmas tree from deep in the forest, and after supper we all decorated it with ornaments that the children had made—cotton snowballs, gaily colored rings of paper, and fancy figures, including several of Santa Claus in his sleigh. We sat on the floor. First, Mrs. Wagner read the story of the star, the wise men, and the babe in the manger from our Bible. Then we sang "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Silent Night"; we all joined in "The Geese Are Gettin' Fat," and ended with "The Night Before Christmas," with the children pointing toward the stockings hung with exceeding care before the open grate door of our Russian stove! Whereupon

The Wagners wafted away
and the
Children hit the hay.

(This is literal, as their mattresses are stuffed with straw.)

December 24th

Santa was versatile, so the gifts in the stockings ranged from a pair of summer socks to Russian cologne (something to avoid if you have delicate sensibilities) and nail files. In the toes we put two real apples Hal was able to buy in Kazan, and some nuts. Powder, two automatic pencils, writing paper, two strings of beads from Woolworth's, and candy filled up the chinks, and out from the top of each stocking blazed a lurid Chinese paper toy. The tone was decidedly utilitarian, but the kidlets were tickled pink, and called them the nicest stockings they had ever had.

At eleven, the Wagners came over, and we opened the other presents. We announced the candy, writing paper, and $5 bill that letters from home have said are en route, and then opened the gifts. For some reason, I had brought two of the same cookbook, so we gave one—plus a cake of soap—to Mrs. Wagner. Mr. Wagner's gift was a real one —a Prophylactic nailbrush. The Wagners gave Hal two handkerchiefs, and me, some lovely soft toilet paper (this isn't humorous—no one will ever know how we all appreciate it!), and the children, ice skates. So, with the sled, the infants are all set for the winter, which seems very slow in coming. So far we have had New York weather, cold but not extreme. Today was one of our coldest days, and it may have been 10° above.

To get back to Christmas, we had a feast! Roast pork, with gravy and applesauce, coleslaw, creamed carrots, riced potatoes, pickled beets, "blinchki" [rolled pancakes with jam inside], tea, cake, candy, and nuts. It was a communal dinner, each family paying pro rata. Hal had gotten the fresh vegetables, cake, candy, nuts, and fruit in Kazan, so we were able to have this marvelous meal.

At four o'clock, our next-door neighbors came in to tea. We are especially fond of the little six-year-old boy. We gave him a plate with a glass of weak tea on it, cake, and candy. He sat a long time without touching anything. Finally his mother said, "Well, go ahead and eat." He looked up and replied, "I can't decide what to start with!"

At five o'clock, six of our eight girls from the malaria clinic came for tea, and stayed until 9:15. We found out one interesting difference between our table manners and the Russians'—at least in the provinces. The girls were greatly upset when we kept urging them to "have more";

evidently guests in Russia are expected to reach out and help themselves to whatever they want without waiting, or wishing to be asked. Finally one of the girls said, "Why do you keep asking us over and over?" And another, who was afraid our feelings would be hurt, said, "Oh, that's the American way; it's fun to hear them." We really had a very cheerful Christmas, and I simply forced myself not to think about home.

December 26th

For the first time, we are in sight of living within our combined incomes. The prophecy that we would be forced out because of lack of proper food has not come true, so far. We are getting along very well indeed, much to our surprise and delight.

Nadya is well again—the Olympiad cured her! She was pitifully thin for a while, but is filling out now.

Our short days are very amusing. We have daylight from eight to three-thirty. The sun never gets overhead, as it does at home, but flirts with the horizon. The highest she gets is about a quarter up. But the shortest day is past and gone, a whole week ago, and already the days are longer. So far we have not seen a single "northern light," and feel cheated. It would be amusing to have to come back to the States to see an aurora borealis!

There is much excitement just now, as the examination for air pilots is on. Hal and I wanted to take the exam, but the officer in charge looked at us pityingly and said, "First place, you both wear glasses; second place, you are not '18 to 25.'" So that was that. Hal looked very grieved, which made me chortle and chuckle. It is the first time I have ever seen him checked off on the age count. But he soon perked up again. Even after that

bitter blow, he realized that thirty-seven isn't ripe old age, yet.

Hal is teaching me to dissect mosquitoes. This year is being extremely educational.

December 27th

A week ago I was walking to the clinic by way of the post office, which is next to the factory entrance gate. I heard steps behind me and looked back. Dunya ran up to me and grabbed me by the arm. She is one of the prettiest and most popular girls here, and works in the factory office. We walked along together, and as she was getting her breath we heard the rhythm of a Cossack dance from the outdoor loudspeaker of the Club radio.

Suddenly Dunya said: "Rebecca Edwardovna, will you lend me your blue necklace for the masquerade party at the Club on New Year's?"

I had no idea she knew I had a string of blue beads. I am commencing to suspect that everyone knows everything about us! Even the proportion of 4 to 17,996 does not allow us to sink into oblivion. On the contrary!

Then I began to ply Dunya with questions about her family and village, and why she had left to come to this factory community where rooms were so overcrowded.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference. I'd do anything to learn to be an engineer, and I can get good night-classes in mathematics here. There was no choice when I had such a good chance."

"How many evenings do you spend in night school?"

"Four."

"Well, tonight is free-day eve. I suppose you are going to the Komsomol [1] dance?"

[1] Young Communist League.

She hesitated a moment. "No, I don't happen to be a Komsomol, so I am not going."

"You are *not* a Komsomol? Why not?"

She looked around. No one was near. In a low tone: "While my mother lives. . . ." and stopped.

I dropped the question. But today it was partly answered.

We have just come back from Dunya's village, about ten miles away, where we were whisked by sledge. In fact, coming back we were whisked clear out, as the horse got skittish and decided to turn circles—and over the sledge plopped. I can still see Hal grabbing his box of precious blood-slides and holding them over his head as he was hurled into a snowbank! No one was hurt, and we laughed until we had to lean against the fir trees, the snow dropping off the laden branches onto our heads.

When we arrived in the village early this morning, we found it quite typical. A single long road stretched nearly a mile ahead, flanked by two rows of separate cottages, most of them needing paint and repair. The front of each cottage was connected with the front of the next by a high fence which had a heavy gate in the middle. These were the only entrances to the houses, as there were no front doors. The impression given on entering the village was that of a low, broad, unbroken canyon of houses.

The communal farm lying around the village was worked by the people of the village. A large church blocked the road at the far end of the village and seemed to look questioningly and a little condescendingly at every one of the sixty cottages before it.

We had promised to call on Dunya's mother, so we asked first for her house; it was in the very center of the village. I was charmed with the elaborate wood carving

along the eaves. Pushing open the gate, we found ourselves in a neat courtyard, large enough for six or eight cows. We saw only one. We went up the steps to the main door, and knocked. The door opened, and before us was a peasant woman in a homespun dress heavily embroidered in vivid colors. Her hair was parted in the middle and drawn straight back over her ears; her cheeks were flaming with color, and her blue eyes snapping with joy. She snatched up a kerchief which she threw over her head and began tying under her chin as she talked.

"Well now, welcome and come straight in! I'll have the samovar ready right away. Won't you wash your hands? I hear Americans always wash their hands all the time. Now look—" And she led the way to the far side of a huge old-fashioned brick stove, white with a covering of hard-baked clay. The chimney leveled off eight feet from the floor, forming a flat surface where several people could sleep—and evidently did, as blankets were rolled along the edge. She pointed to what was clearly the pride of her life—a water container with a hole at the bottom, plugged by a plunger. A basin lay beneath, and beside it a piece of yellow soap. This was indeed luxury, and we took turns pushing the plunger up with our hands, thus unstopping the hole and allowing the water to dribble down. All we had to do to stop the flow was to release the plunger, which fell, plugging up the hole again. We wiped our hands on pure linen towels, cross-stitched with huge blue and yellow roosters. Then we gazed around.

Leading from the main room was a small bedroom, containing a large built-in wooden double bed, topped with a heavy red canopy. Pillows and comforts were piled high.

Turning back to the living room, I caught my breath. There in the corner was one of the most beautiful icons I

had ever seen, and an oil light flickered fitfully beneath it. I turned to Dunya's mother and said:

"Please don't answer if you'd rather not, but I would like to know if anyone ever asked you to take down the icon or put out the light?"

She never hesitated: "Oh no, that light has never been out—at least since I have been alive. It was lit on the day my father and mother were married."

The next day I told Dunya how much we had enjoyed meeting her mother, and how beautiful the icon was.

Then I said, "Do you always go to church when free day and Sunday coincide?"

"I'd like to, Rebecca Edwardovna, but sometimes the service isn't held."

"You mean you are not allowed to go to the cathedral?"

"Oh no, I don't mean that at all; but half the time our priest is drunk."

So it seems that in this locality at least, there has been no religious persecution, and it is the priest himself who is causing criticism with the church among the young people of that village. I am interested to see also that no economic pressure is brought to bear upon this girl because she is not a Komsomol. She has an excellent job, and I learned that she is to be sent to Moscow to receive training in engineering on the recommendation of her union. All of her expenses are to be covered by a scholarship until she has finished her course.

January 1st, 1937

Free day was supposed to be on December 30th, but we worked right through it, as New Year's was to be "free" instead for the whole nation. Last night, the Wagners

came here after supper, and we all dressed for another Masquerade at the Club. Mrs. Wagner, Nadya and I dressed in Indian saris. Nicky was in her Snow Queen costume. Hal and Mr. Wagner were Indian pundits with turbans.

Did I complain about the mild weather? We sallied forth in a blast of wind that came straight from Siberia, and it made the 30° below zero seem colder than ever. When we got to the Club, we found the room practically unheated. We had to wear our coats, shedding them only when we danced. We were able to endure it for an hour; and then Nicky, who was longing for a costume prize—and might have gotten one—begged to go home and get the tension of cold muscles relaxed. We had a picnic of bread, jam, and tea hot from the thermos flask at 10:30. The babes were asleep at 11, and Hal and I wrote and studied until 1937 was ushered in with no other noise than the regular bell from the fire tower clanging twelve strokes.

We slept late this morning, had breakfast at nine-thirty, and to our horror, the ambulance (called "Skoraya Pomoshch," or "Swift Help") stopped at the door, with a message from the driver that Hal was supposed to "dejurit" [be on duty] at the hospital all day as well as all night. We were very much distressed to have our holiday smashed up without warning, but realized someone had to be responsible for the patients, holiday or no holiday. Hal should have been forewarned, of course. He managed to get over to the Wagners' for dinner at two o'clock, and was able to stay until four. The Wagners, the children, and I played "Michigan" and had fun until nine, and both of the Wagners brought us over the cleared fields and through the forest to our house. It was not too cold—about ten below zero—and there was no wind.

January 6th

The All-Soviet Census was taken today. A great deal of education has been carried on about the census through the newspapers, in the schools, in the Clubs, in the trade union meetings, and over the radio. We are very much impressed with the seriousness with which the people of the Soviet Union are being educated for citizenship. We were checked twice as to the number in our household before the final census day came, so they must be doing a very thorough job if the same care is being taken throughout the Union. We are told that even passengers on trains were obliged to fill in the papers. I was informed that there had never been a reliable census during the Tzarist regime, and the time had come when the Soviet government felt it was able to make an accurate count. Among other questions it asked if we were "Believers."

The day was beautiful—there was warmth in the sun, but a crispness in the air that made your cheeks and nose tingle. We kidnaped the Wagners, and crossed the frozen Volga on ice two feet thick, so transparent in spots that we could see air bubbles moving below our feet. The Wagners and I explored the island, tramping straight across to the bank of the river, while Hal and the girls attempted to ski on a pair of skis Hal had bought for Nicky. I am not allowed to try, yet, on account of my ankle, which is still wonky, although better. I am just beginning to get back to dancing form! Then we all had a three o'clock dinner here, as Polya asked for the 7th off instead of the 6th, the 7th being the old-Russian-calendar Christmas. After dessert we taught the Wagners—poker! and had the time of our lives, until eight o'clock, when they left. The rest of the family has flopped straight to bed, worn out by skiing and tramping.

We gathered some pussy-willow branches while we were on the island, and they are draped about the room, displacing the fir branches that have been arched around the door.

January 7th

I have been writing letters, and soon I must fly to the clinic, as it is twenty minutes of two, and we should uphold the American reputation for punctuality. I must confess that the girls at the clinic are always there when we barge in. One girl was in the habit of being a little late, and Elizavietta, our chief, gave us a group talk on maintaining the morale of our unit. (Social disapproval seems to work far better than the threat of a time clock at home.) After all, we are working only seven hours a day, so we *should* be on time!

The children are still having a holiday, which began before New Year's, and lasts until the 13th. They study Russian every morning, and do as they please (reading, painting, and so on) the rest of the day.

Nicky came home from standing in the queue at the co-op next door trembling with excitement.

"Mother! A man tried to get in *ahead of his place* in the line before the bread counter, and does thee know what happened to him? Another man stepped out of line and *knocked him down*, and everyone shouted 'Pravilno [Right].' "

Nothing has come through from home. It makes me mad just to *think* of chocolates.

January 9th

I would be very happy if I could put the thoughts of some of these people in words that my family at home

would understand. The whole attitude of working—not for gold, but for the common welfare—is strange to our philosophy. Patience in the present, faith in the future, joy in the doing seem to be the keynotes.

A road digger:

"The Future's ours—
What matters it if we are cold?"
And as he spoke
The chill wind from the Volga bank
Ripped his thin jacket open wide,
And seared his bones as with a liquid fire.
He laughed through bluish lips:
"Now if I worked where you come from
My life would be a dreary stretch
Of bleak monotony. For I would feel a slave.
Here we are free. The country's ours,
To make it as we choose. If we are cold just now,
And have to share our barracks, eat plain food,
What matters it? This world is ours.
Together we will make of it
A beauteous thing to pass on to our children.
Nay—to all the children of the world at large.
That is our world. And we will live
Defending it, and we will die defending it.

We are all young, even they
Who bend and cannot straighten backs
From loadsome hours on farms or in the mine
When we were vassals to the money lords.
I was a child then. Now I am a man
And have to bow to no man.
(Yet I bow inside in spirit to Comrade Stalin
Who is leading us along the way.
He cheers us with the word that things are better.)
And so—why mind if we are cold or tired,
Or even hunger-weak at times?
Were we in Spain just now—
Were we in Spain—

We would be glad to die if it would mean
That Spaniards then would be as we are now,
Knowing that life is stretching out before us
Full of joy and hope and understanding brotherhood.

—I turn off here to help to build the road.
Good-by."

January 10th

Here is our budget for December. It should amuse the people at home, for things range so differently in importance here.

Expenses		*Income*	
Rent	$ 0.00	Hal's salary	$ 92.00
Fuel	0.00	Rebecca's salary	40.00
Light	0.00	Hal's translations	79.22
Telephone	0.00		
Tax, "cultural"	6.60	Total	$211.22
Union dues	1.80		
Operating expenses, including Polya's salary	37.24		
Postage	4.31		
Christmas and recreation	15.29		
Russian lessons and books	5.48		
Carfares	1.62		
Clothing	.38		
Food	166.20		
Total	$238.92		

We are still not keeping within our income in spite of the fact that we are spending nothing for clothing.

Our food bill has dropped to 64 per cent of the total expenditure. We have been able to get only one cupful of

milk a day for the past month, and we give this to the children for their porridge. And the only green vegetable we can be sure of is dried onions; most of these are brought across the solidly frozen Volga in carts by farmers from the Chuvash Republic. Hal was able to get six tangerines in Kazan—buying up the store—at 12¢ each. These were a marvelous treat to us after a fresh fruit "famine," and we doled them out in sections. There are no oranges or lemons obtainable at this time of year. The little boy next door has never seen a banana, and begged us for a picture of one to cut out and hang on his wall.

Considering the fact that we spent 831 rubles in December for food alone, we have been wondering how our Russian friends can possibly live on a salary of 200 rubles a month.

I was talking to one of them yesterday, and asked, "How *can* you speak of things being better when you have so little to live on?"

His reply was something like this: "Our standard has always been low. If we were certain of black bread, salt, garlic, and tea, we felt we were well off. Now we are sure of receiving wages; we can buy extra food now and then; we can always get 'kasha' [porridge] and white potatoes and marmalade, even in winter. Why, this year, Rebecca Edwardovna, we can even get butter and margarine. Things *are* better!"

If we feel we'll have to return to America next year, it will be with a feeling of great thankfulness that we have had the privilege of being here this year. We have learned more than we can ever tell. We have seen what we would consider miracles accomplished. Moreover, our sense of values has sharpened, and we have been able to weigh things more justly than before.

The baking powder and chocolate that I asked Nell to send arrived today, but we are in despair. Although she paid only $1.62 for it in the States, she sent it unregistered, and the Customs charge is $38. Another slip said $5.80. So they telegraphed to Moscow this afternoon to find out which was right. We shall probably have to refuse the parcel. We haven't told the children that the candy is so near, for if we have to refuse it, the disappointment will be too great. Well, at least we've learned that important packages should be registered, and the duty of about 100 per cent should be paid in the States.

January 11th

The plywood factory asked for a clinic and got it. They promised transportation for the doctors. As it hasn't come yet, Hal and I skied across the site for the future stadium, through the forest, down the steep bank, and on to the frozen Volga. The wind was blowing toward us, and for a while I did little better than hold my own. The footing was uncertain where the ice had been whipped clear of the snow. A man on a sledge passed us. We passed him. He passed us again. The horse "snoofed" at us scornfully. This roused my ire, and I shot past him, during a lull of the wind, in a whirl of glory, only to have one ski slip on the ice and cross the other ski, throwing me into a grand tumble. The horse was chortling just behind my right ear when I picked myself up in a most dignified manner and sped ahead more warily. The most maddening thing of all was that Hal was striding manfully yards in advance and never even deigned to look back. Three miles of agony—not to be repeated by me if I can help it. Never having learned the art of skiing, I prefer softer mounds to fall on than the ice-bedded Volga.

Hal says he is going to continue to ski to the factory clinic until the promised horse and sledge appear. Man power evidently is not conserved as well as machine power here. The doctors all have to walk to and from the hospital, with the exception of the one who happens to be on "duty." The ambulance calls for him about four-thirty in the afternoon, and brings him back the next morning. The hospital service rotates so that each doctor spends one night there in every six or seven. Harry thinks this militates against getting to understand the cases well. Yesterday one of our women doctors fainted on her way home. She was taken by ambulance to Kazan to be treated for heart strain, and we hope she will be back next week. I am interested to see if even this will result in a horse and sledge.

January 12th

Well, we've seen a "comrade court" in action. It was entirely unexpected. The regular union meeting was crowded, as we met in the rather small room that was the surgical clinic in the daytime. Every chair was taken when, just before the meeting was opened, Dr. B— entered, bringing in a chair from another room and placing it beside the chairman's table. He sat down, facing the rest of the people. He could not have known what was going to happen, or he never would have placed himself in such a prominent position.

After the regular business had been disposed of, the chairman said slowly, "Comrades, we have a very serious matter to discuss together. The morale of our union is being lowered by the actions of two of our doctors. A few days ago Dr. S— was in the operating room of the hospital. A request for attention came from one of the

workers in Marbumstroy. Without seeing the patient, Comrades, without a personal examination, Dr. S— sent medicine to that man. How could she know what was wrong with him? Comrades, that was very bad technique. But Dr. S— is not here tonight to speak for herself, as she is on duty at the hospital, so I shall now pass to a much more grave offense. Dr. B—," he turned to the Mariiski doctor who had brought the chair in, "you are accused of —graft!"

In all my experience as a nurse, I have never seen a man change color the way Dr. B— did: his sallow complexion had the greenish-gray pallor of putty. Graft is a prison offense. And then we saw the union meeting turned into an informal court. (We were told later that if minor misdemeanors can be adjusted within the union itself for the morale of the union and the community and the rehabilitation of the individual, the action is preferable to taking the case to the civil court. In case it cannot be handled within the limits of the union or the adjustment is not satisfactory, it is then turned over to the regular court.)

The chairman continued: "You are accused of taking money directly from the patients in your clinic instead of sending them to the registrar to pay for their medicine. What have you to say?"

Dr. B—'s face had regained some of its natural color while the chairman had been speaking, and at the question he rose, keeping his hand on the table as if to steady himself. He then enacted one of the cleverest scenes I have ever witnessed—he conducted an able and witty defense of the *absent* Dr. S—, saying that the man who had asked for the medicine was an old nuisance anyhow. He was well known to be thoroughly "unco-operative." For instance, he never tried to go to the clinic in the daytime, but seemed

to wait until things were the very busiest at the hospital to make his requests. He was dreaded by all the hospital workers, was extremely neurotic, and everyone knew that all he ever needed was five grains of aspirin for the psychological effect. Of course there was a million-to-one chance that one day he really might have something the matter with him, but if he did you could be assured he or his family would camp out in the hospital until he got the attention needed. So he asked the union to excuse the action of Dr. S——, who had been terribly overworked and had not felt that it was fair to the other patients in the hospital to go to the home of this man who was known so well to all the staff of the hospital as a "demander."

It wasn't long before Dr. B—— had the sympathetic ear of the union, although we realized he was laying a background for his own defense. For a man accused of a serious offense to care so much about justice that he would defend someone else—well, he must be a pretty good fellow after all. Everyone makes mistakes of judgment, at times! And when he turned to his own case, the members listened very carefully.

"As for me—one day last week the registrar went home ill. I took the money from my patients that one time, and then I just didn't like to make them go through still another change of routine, so I did not send them back to the registrar on her return. I assure the union that I had no motive that was unworthy in this. I have the money carefully put away at home and will return it tomorrow, intact, to the registrar, and the instance will not occur again. I appeal to the union to say if I have not been diligent as the chief of the —— clinic, have not been a faithful member of the union, paying my dues, and participating loyally in its proceedings; and I ask that I receive the assurance of

confidence in my honesty and integrity. I put myself in your hands."

The meeting was then thrown open for discussion. Men and women rose all over the room to speak for or against the physician. In case of adverse comments, the line was based on "principle," never on an attack on a personal basis. After half an hour the consensus of opinion seemed to be that Dr. B— conducted a valuable clinic in an excellent spirit of devotion to science and the State, was skillful as a physician, had been very careless in regard to the money but probably had not meant to do anything wrong, and that if he would pay the sum back the next day as he had promised, nothing more need be said, and the case would be considered closed.

As the meeting adjourned I noticed that Dr. B— was greeted cordially by members of the union, even those who had found it necessary to criticize him. The whole procedure seemed to be accepted in an objective way by both Dr. B— and the union members (after the first shock was overcome by Dr. B— at the beginning of the meeting). But there is no doubt in my mind that the consensus of opinion, if it had been unfavorable, could have as objectively landed Dr. B— in prison, if the union had felt that he had deliberately planned to defraud the dispensary.

January 15th

Harry is sending this letter to Edmonton:

MARBUMSTROY
JANUARY 15TH

Dearest Mother and Daddy and Folks,

We got your Christmas letter in answer to ours. We

have had a good many replies to that letter but none as welcome as yours.

In the New Year's festival Nicky dressed up in her Scotch costume and danced the Highland Fling. A few days later she was chosen to go with about thirty other children to the District capital, Ioshkar-Ola, about thirty miles away, and take part in a festival there. They call it an Olympiad, or contest. The trip has been postponed, however, until some time in February, when it will probably include Kazan also, and perhaps even Moscow. Just as well, because Nicky has now come down with a beautiful case of mumps and looks just like a pig. That is what the disease is called in Russian—"Svinka," or "Little Pig." Nadya is immune.

I have been given some additional work, looking after the surgical patients in the new dispensary. I handle these patients along with the malaria patients, who just now are rather few in number. I get extra pay for this work—150 rubles a month—and that helps. Evidently I am going to be given more and more responsibility.

The *New Masses* and *Moscow Daily News* keep us pretty well informed about what is going on in the world. Things do look dark.

But one thing we have missed, and that is the story behind the King's abdication. There was only a brief paragraph about it in the *Moscow Daily News*, and so we feel cheated out of the greatest piece of gossip in history. Please write us all you know, how it happened, and what the King said over the radio when he abdicated. Don't disappoint us.

In eager expectation of all the juicy morsels, and with much love,

Harry

January 18th

Well—I suppose there are bound to be discouraging moments here, now and then. Or perhaps we get moods in which we are apt to get discouraged. But we always seem to bob up serenely, like the apples in a tub at Halloween.

Great excitement the other day: I discovered sporozoites in the gland of a mosquito I had dissected. This means it was infected with malaria. It was the first find we had made in the 280 mosquitoes we had examined. Hal was as proud of me as if he had "borned" me. We have started a new piece of research work that this fitted into, so were thrilled over the event. I went around very cocky for a few hours. It isn't often I can get ahead of my doctor husband.

"The State Budget of USSR for 1937" has been published in the paper. There seem to be no state secrets. The account includes revenues and expenditures, and everyone is urged over the radio and through the newspapers and in Club meetings to read and understand the budget. We all are getting a terrific dose of citizenship training.

We notice very little Red Army activity here. Occasionally, as we watch the sunset across the river, we hear a group of men marching behind us across the fields. They must take their training after working hours, and they dress in ordinary clothing. This may be the initial training before they are taken into the army. I have not had a chance to find out.

Speaking of the army, Stalin's recent statement on foreign policy is almost word for word the same as Litvinov's statement to the French press in 1935.

Everything seems to be straightening out. We are encouraged about the children this week, for Nadya seems

as happy as a lark, and Nicky is getting along with her Russian pretty well.

Nicky got her reward of 25 rubles yesterday for winning the dancing contest. And we learned today that the fifteen-piece "Toy Symphony" from our school got first place in the competition in Moscow against all Russia—no, the whole Union. The school is wild with jubilation, and feels it has put Marbumstroy on the map! Did I say there was no culture in Marbumstroy?

What a joy any magazines or books would be. So far we have read nothing for months but *New Masses* and the Webbs's *Soviet Communism.*

Nadya and Hal went skiing today and had a grand time, Nadya falling down only five times, and Hal twice. This time they went to the forest on the hill behind us, and found the skiing better than on the island. This forest is very primitive, and we are told it extends from here to the Urals. We are told, also, that there are deer and wolves, but we've not seen any—only jackrabbit prints in the snow.

January 20th

Several days ago I had an extra ruble, and decided to treat the girls at the clinic to candy. We had had streams of people coming through for spleens and blood examinations, and we all needed a little stimulus. At lunchtime I asked one of the girls, Julie, if she'd stand in line at the co-operative and buy me the "konfyekt." I put my hand in the pocket of my coat—and no ruble was there! I laughed about it, and wondered out loud if I could have left it at home.

Today I heard a great whispering. The quinine dis-

tributors came in and were taken into corners. Something was up. I wondered what was wrong.

Julie came up to me and said, "Rebecca Edwardovna, we're going to have a 'sobranye' [conference] directly at twelve. Will you stay?"

And at noon, Elizavietta called ten of us to order, and immediately, without preliminaries, one of our members—a married girl with a baby—was accused of stealing. She had been seen taking cash that morning from Julie's pocket. I was called as witness that a ruble had disappeared from my coat a week before, and T—— was accused.

She started to cry, and said, "I don't know why you're making all this fuss. If I had *asked* you to lend me money, you'd have done it. I just didn't take the time to *ask*. I'll pay it back. And I won't do it again, but I think you're taking this much too seriously."

The girls decided that was not a good defense, and all day she has been in "Coventry," everyone being extremely cold and distant. The fact that both she and her husband are receiving salaries is against her, as the girl she stole from has only one salary to depend on, and every kopek means a lot these days.

Evidently the idea of dropping her (she is an excellent worker) did not occur to Elizavietta. This may be because only a very serious crime would result in the drastic measure of being dropped from the union—or because they think they can "regenerate" her better this way. Elizavietta insisted on paying me back my ruble at once, and when I protested vigorously, the consensus of opinion was that I shouldn't be made to suffer for the lowered "morale" of the clinic group. I noticed, however, that Julie did not get her money back when I did. I felt so uncomfortable about it that I spent it on "sweets" immediately for the

crowd. And at once I felt their strong disapproval of this action. Perhaps they thought I was not taking the matter seriously enough.

January 22nd

We are all thinking and talking about Lenin today, as it is the anniversary of his death in 1924. The paper printed a large picture of him, surrounded by a black border. Alongside the picture appeared a statement by Stalin saying that the Soviet Union has realized in the main the first phase of Communism, which is Socialism. As far as I can tell, the difference between the two is that under Socialism a worker gives to the state according to his ability and receives from the state according to his work, while under Communism the worker gives according to his ability but receives according to his *need.*

This is interesting when so many Americans think "Communism" as such exists now in the USSR. Hal says, "The fundamentals and foundations, however, are here and cannot be shaken. Whatever we do is constructive and will build into a more perfect future. Nothing will be lost. There is none of the feeling of frustration we had in a country like India, or even at times at home, where our work may be lost effort, and the results of our work swept away."

Nicky's going to give her first prize of 25 rubles to the Spanish Fund, to help some child there. She decided this with no outside influence, either at school or at home. We are very proud of her, for it means a real sacrifice on her part, and some deep thinking along social lines. She had decided to give half to Nadya, who had not been able to take part in the Olympiad. So in the end, it was a joint decision on their part.

Nicky is almost over the mumps, but we did not think it safe for her to go with us today on one of the loveliest trips we've ever been on. At two o'clock, right after dinner, we took our skis and went far up into the forest, where we found some not-too-steep hills, and we continued our first lessons in skiing. We were thrilled with it. The sunset, at four o'clock, tinged the snow on the trees a rose color that contrasted with the deep blue of the sky above. The snow on the ground turned violet and then purple. The moon was nearly full overhead, and as the darkness deepened around us, quite suddenly pink crystals in the snow began to glitter all around us in the moonlight. And there we were, in all this unbelievable beauty, miles from a living soul, flying through space on skis. It was worth coming to Russia for this one experience.

If we are allowed to, we shall stay here in Russia through the summer. We are going to try not to worry any more about what our decision should be. But by September we should have a very clear idea as to whether living on in Russia is feasible, or desirable, taking all points of view into consideration. Not one of us wishes to cut the experiment to less than a year. So we shall just have to see what evolves. We all are adjusting better, now that we are getting more of the language.

The text of the whole Constitution came out in today's paper. It was adopted unanimously by the Eighth All-Soviet Congress. I am copying out a few of the basic rights given in the text, for they seem very important to us here. It is interesting to compare them with the American Bill of Rights.

Article 122: Citizens of the USSR have the right to work; that is, the right to receive guaranteed work with pay-

ment for their labor in accordance with its quality and quantity.

The right to work is insured by the Socialist organization of national economy, the steady growth of the productive forces of Soviet society, the elimination of the possibility of economic crisis, and the abolition of unemployment.

Article 123: Citizens of the USSR have the right to rest.

The right to rest is ensured by the reduction of the working day to seven hours for the overwhelming majority of the workers, establishment of annual vacations with pay for workers and employees, and provision of a wide network of sanatoriums, rest homes and clubs for the accommodation of the toilers.

Article 124: Citizens of the USSR have the right to material security in old age as well as in the event of sickness and loss of capacity to work.

This right is ensured by the wide development of social insurance of workers and employees at the expense of the state, free medical aid for toilers, and the provision of a wide network of health resorts for the use of the toilers.

Article 125: Citizens of the USSR have the right to education.

This right is ensured by universal, compulsory elementary education, education free of charge—including higher education—by the system of state stipends for the overwhelming majority of students in higher schools, by instruction in schools in the native language, and by the organization of free vocational, technical and agronomic education for the toilers in the factories, state farms, machine and tractor stations and collective farms.

Article 126: Women in the USSR are accorded equal rights with men in all fields of economic, state, cultural, social and political life.

The realization of these rights of women is ensured by affording women the right to work, payment for work, rest, social insurance, and education, equally with men, by state protection of the interests of mother and child, granting preg-

nancy leave with pay, and by the provision of a wide network of maternity homes, nurseries and kindergartens.

Article 127: The equality of the rights of citizens of the USSR, irrespective of their nationality and race, in all fields of economic, state, cultural, social and political life is an irrevocable law.

Any direct or indirect restriction of these rights or conversely the establishment of direct or indirect privileges for citizens on account of the race and nationality to which they belong, as well as any propagation of racial or national exceptionalism or hatred and contempt, is punishable by law.

Article 128: To ensure to citizens freedom of conscience, the church in the USSR is separated from the state and the school from the church. Freedom to perform religious rites and freedom of anti-religious propaganda is recognized for all citizens.

Article 129: In conformity with the interests of the toilers, and for the purpose of strengthening the Socialist system, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law:

(a) freedom of speech;
(b) freedom of the press;
(c) freedom of assembly and meetings;
(d) freedom of street processions and demonstrations.

These rights of the citizens are ensured by placing at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication and other material conditions necessary for their realization.

Article 130: In conformity with the interest of the toilers and for the purpose of developing self-expression through organization and political activity of the masses of the people, citizens of the USSR are ensured the right of combining in public organizations: trade unions, co-operative societies, youth organizations, sport and defense organizations, cultural, technical and scientific societies; and for the most active and politically conscious citizens from the ranks of the working class and other strata of the toilers, of uniting in the Com-

munist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks), which is the vanguard of the toilers in their struggle to strengthen and develop the Socialist system, and which represents the leading nucleus of all organizations of the toilers, both public and state.

Article 131: The citizens of the USSR are ensured inviolability of the person. No one may be subject to arrest except by decision of a court or with the sanction of a state prosecutor.

Article 132: The inviolability of the homes of citizens and the secrecy of correspondence are protected by law.

Article 133: The USSR grants the right of asylum to foreign citizens persecuted for defending the interests of the toilers or for their scientific activity or for their struggle for national liberation.

It would be hard to improve upon *this* part of the journal, so I'll sign off for today.

January 24th

Today was a holiday, so Hal and I went to Kazan, motoring in the bus to Zieloni Dol, and getting the train there. While we were waiting, we saw one rather nicely dressed family sound asleep on mattresses spread out on the broad seat next to the wall of the waiting room. A side of meat was hanging above them on the back of the seat, towels were airing, and all four people—mother, father, and two children—were sound asleep amidst the pandemonium of a Russian waiting room. When we got back, at eight at night, the family was still there. I'd love to know their history. Believe me, when I get to speaking Russian more fluently, I'm going to know a lot more than I do now!

We had a successful day in town, getting food, material for new riding breeches for Hal (he has to have breeches

to tuck into his high boots), and our fourth pair of skis. We had two glasses of cocoa for lunch (costing 60¢). It's the first cocoa I've had since leaving America.

January 31st

I had an interesting conversation today with one of the girls in the clinic.

"Rebecca Edwardovna, did you know that Natasha is going to have a baby?"

"No. Isn't that fine!"

"We-e-ll, you see, the father is a Tatar."

(First breath I've had since coming here of any race prejudice. The girl speaking to me was a Russian. Thought I'd draw her out.)

"Does that make any difference?"

She looked a little ashamed of herself and said quickly, "Well, you see, the father's married to another woman, and has other children."

"Does that make any difference?"

She drew herself up, looked me straight in the eye, and said in a shocked tone, "Why, Rebecca Edwardovna, you know as well as I do that every baby is entitled to a father and a mother, *and* a home!"

(I am told that the trend back to the home is so strong now that babies are taken from orphanages and placed in families. Which leaves me to add the relief I feel when I see no persecution of "illegitimate" children such as we have in the States. There *are* no illegitimate children; every child born here is an individual in his own right—and with all rights.)

Good news today. I understand that all salaries are to be a bit higher in this next budget, with the teachers get-

ting a substantial raise. I do not know if this is true. Things are supposed to be getting better all the time. Certainly more can be bought at our stores. The other day one of the girls in the clinic brought a lovely rayon blouse she had purchased for forty rubles to the dispensary, and caused a near riot. She said she had seen a woman buying quantities of black silk from the bolt. By the time our girls had gotten to the store there was no silk left. There should be a maximum purchase for each individual buyer when there is a shortage of material. It is very irritating to wait several months for goods, come into the store when you hear the stuff has arrived, and find that the whole bolt has been sold to one customer.

Today was cold, but not bitter. Probably around zero. The last few days have been getting colder progressively, until last night, when the thermometer outside the drugstore registered 36.4° below zero Fahrenheit!! May I say most mildly, but very intensely, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

When you walk along in felt valenki (I bought myself a pair just before this cold spell, because in American shoes my toes became numb in five minutes), your feet are warm in the coldest weather. But your nose and fingertips get quite numb, though, and if you don't keep rubbing your forehead, you get what we used to call "an ice cream headache." Otherwise, there is little difference between zero and thirty below. I keep warm while walking, as I have woolen undies (from Sears Roebuck) and a thick padded coat with high collar that fastens under the chin. Breath frosts the hairs on the fur collar, and even my own hair is frosted as I walk along. I think Santa Claus should be portrayed with some of his hair and beard frosted. Some of the peasants carry what looks like a load of ice

on their faces. I have to take off my glasses, as they are soon turned into two windowpanes covered with ice. Better be somewhat near-sighted than completely blind.

I suppose this weather exists in our own western and northern States; but being an Easterner, this is my first experience with real cold since Poland in 1922. Cases of frozen fingers and toes are coming into the "ambulatorium" now. If not attended to, they are apt to gangrene. But the Russians love the winter. Everything is so clean and beautiful. Almost every boy has a pair of skates tied on to his valenki, and the sport of sports for boys is to skate behind an auto truck at thirty miles an hour. Also, a sliding board for children in the school playground has been covered with ice, and it is a breath-taking venture to zoom down on skates.

The Volga is still frozen solid, and will not be open for navigation, I suppose, until May. The view across to the Chuvash bank holds us spellbound when we see it, but a strip of forest intervenes between our house and the river, so that we can only get glimpses through the trunks of the trees. We walk down to the river as often as we can, and are glad that the Wagners have that view all the time.

Nicky is over her mumps with no bad effects, and Nadya is very proud of herself because she had them last year and didn't have to be careful to keep away from Nicky. As a matter of fact, she helped to nurse her, and did very well, to our amusement. The Wagners have kept their distance, as Mrs. Wagner has had double mumps twice, and is mortally afraid of it. However, she lent us *Gone With the Wind*. Imagine being starved for literature for months, and then suddenly having a book like that put in our hands! I've been reading every spare moment for the last

two days, and last night finished it at 3 A.M. Hal was on duty in the hospital, and couldn't "say me nay."

February 2nd

I was excused at two o'clock to walk the three miles to the main office to get my month's salary. On the way back I played hookey and dropped into the barber's for a haircut. It happened that there were two women in charge at the moment, and I asked if women or men made the best barbers.

They looked surprised. "Oh—it depends on the talent of the individual" was the reply.

I felt abashed.

February 10th

It was bitter this morning. Hal and I were starting early for the clinic. We came out into the frost-laden air, and stopped abruptly. There, through the trunks of trees, we saw two brilliant areas along the horizon about 15° apart —a double sunrise! The colors were identical, and changed from purple to rose, and then to orange. Just as the tip of the sun shone over the horizon, gleaming like a tiny point of flame, the reflected glory commenced to fade, and in a few moments had disappeared.

Hal held my hand tight, and we walked the half mile to the clinic in utter silence.

February 11th

We asked the Narkomzdrav to let us know by the first of February if we could be transferred to Moscow next year. As we have received no answer yet, Hal wrote to Dr. Reed, Dean of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, laying the situation before him and

asking if there might be an opening on the staff next year in case of our return to America.

February 12th

We have graduated from an Oblast to a Republic; and Marbum has changed from "stroy" to "kombinat." [1] As I understand it, there is a committee heading the kombinat, consisting of the secretary of the Communist Party, the secretary of the trade unions, and the factory manager. I think "kombinat," used in the sense of a factory in running order, is sanguine, as the place is still being built, and it looks as if it will be many moons before the first ton of paper will be rolled out.

It seems impossible to think that it is already Lincoln's birthday. The Pushkin Memorial is being celebrated tonight at the Club, but we forgot about it until just a few minutes ago, and we are not going, as we would not understand the poems anyway.

We have had another glorious day. We slept until nine, and started skiing at eleven, going up the hill behind us, deep into the forest. The snow was fresh, and it seemed as if we were the first human beings ever to enter the woods. The day was comfortable. In fact, we became so warm we untied our scarves and fastened them around our waists. The forest was like fairyland. The last snow had weighed the branches down until many trees formed arches across the paths. The snow was four inches high on the pine branches. And the soft snow made perfect skiing. We found three wonderful hills, and had the time of our lives skiing like lightning (and mostly landing like thunder). It is a wonderful sensation to fly down a hill on skis,

[1] A "kombinat" is a combine of related enterprises united under one direction and administered from a joint center.

making an original track in deep snow. Nicky and Hal are the best of us for balance, Hal and I for speed, and Nadya and Hal for endurance. I have never enjoyed any sport so much, with the exception of swimming and dancing. A great many people were out later, but there were whole half-hours when we were alone in an enchanted land.

At four, we dined with the Wagners, and came home at seven. Being very weary, I undressed, and am now writing this while I'm lying in bed. To our joy, the other day the Marbum house committee sent us a so-called "American" bed with a box spring. We could scarcely believe our luck.

The valentines from home are adorning our walls. Two grand things arrived the other day: the January number of the *Reader's Digest*, for which we have received a whole year's subscription, and *Gone With the Wind*. Christmas is lots of fun when it extends into February!

Just to show how we are hungering for good literature —when *Gone With the Wind* came, we were so eager to see what was inside the wrappings that we actually *tore* them off. Nicky was the first one to see the title and when she realized it was the same book we had read before—the *only* book we had read this winter—she burst into tears.

The work is getting more and more interesting. I like Elizavietta very much. She lets Hal plan the work, as he knows more about malaria work than she does. And the officials of the kombinat are commencing to take an intelligent interest in the proposed campaign, to take place this spring or summer. The children grow happier each day. We have not yet been able to live within our incomes —but give us time! Several people have asked us about English lessons, and that would augment our incomes.

It is light now from 7:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., so spring is coming. Hermann writes they've had no winter weather at all in Moscow.

February 20th

The last six weekdays I have been writing Russian names until I can, and do, dream them; for we are making lists of all malaria patients treated in 1936 for a checkup on their conditions. My job is to make the lists. What grand practice in Russian script! And I really can write better than I can read or speak, strange to say. It is a compliment to be allowed to make these lists. But last night I was terribly perplexed in a dream as to how to solve this problem: Alexis ÷ 6. My first dream in Russian—an impossible, "unsolvable" problem. Let's hope it's not symbolic!

Hal is very bucked because his budget for 1937 has been approved by Marbumkombinat. This should mean the accomplishment of real preventive work. But things are slow to move here, and we are not raising our hopes too high. Even if a budget calls for so many gallons of oil, pounds of quinine, and wire netting for windows, it may be impossible to secure them in time to prevent malaria gripping the people, as it did last year. All we can do is work—and hope.

The newspapers here are filled with articles about Spain. It may indeed be that the first battles of a new World War are being fought in Spain at this very time. If Russia declares war, the American Ambassador will probably request all American citizens to leave Russia. We are just getting to the place where the language is becoming real to us (speaking of the children and me). And there is no doubt we are needed right where we are. On the other hand, we have the children to consider, and if there is any danger of war, their place is in America, regardless of our

own inclinations. We hear little of war down here. If we had a radio and understood rapid Russian, we'd get the latest news. So we are going to buy a radio just to "keep up" with world events. You can get one, including installation, for $8; they are cheap because the government wants every family to own one. I have held off because they are apt to be raucous. But finer feelings must give way!

Hal has not been able to get away to Moscow yet. Well —I have a feeling the problem will be settled for us. This winter has been very difficult, but from now on things should be easier.

I now weigh 135—nineteen pounds less than when we sailed, and I feel fine. (Am a thing of beauty until you look me right in the face!) The children and Hal are thin, too, but are feeling well. We get enough to eat, and a balanced diet (minus fruit), so all is well.

Orjonikidze [1] is dead. The whole nation has gone into mourning. He was a most marvelous man, and his loss is irreparable to the Soviet Union.

February 24th

Hal spent a long time at the "Militsia" getting his Russian passport O.K.'d for the trip to Moscow to purchase laboratory material. He is on "kommanderovka" [orders] and his traveling expenses will be paid by the union. He is to be given an allowance for living expenses as well—I believe up to twenty-five rubles a day—as long as he is gone. This passport system seems a nuisance, but, as far as I can tell, no one is refused a travel permit—it seems to be a matter of routine.

We decided it would be best to have Nicky go with Harry for a change of scene and for the experience. They

[1] Commissar for Heavy Industry.

boarded the overcrowded truck which served as a bus at four o'clock this afternoon, and Nicky and Hal were pulled up bodily. The bus jerked violently in starting, and the last we saw of our dear ones was two figures, sprawled over the laps of the people already seated, trying to wave good-by to us from their prone positions.

February 27th

I have started teaching English to Ida ("Eeda") Lebenzohn, wife of the chief engineer here. She has to pass an examination by May 15th. Eight to ten, two evenings a week. The pay is excellent—ten rubles an hour. So in a week I make forty rubles, which is exactly what I earn by a week's work as technician and malaria assistant at the clinic. As there are five "five-day" weeks in a month, I shall earn 200 rubles for teaching English 20 hours, and 200 rubles for 150 hours of dispensary work! The teaching of a foreign language is, of course, a "specialty," and specialties are very well paid. This will help a lot between now and May 15th.

March 1st

Nadya and I went skiing, and took a little girl with us. Her mother is visiting Ida for a month; Nadya and Nicky have taken the child, "Masha," under their combined wings. She is their first Russian friend, and she is very good for their Russian language. She is ten, is congenial with both children, and has very good manners. Nadya says that if a child is ill-mannered in school her teacher tells him not to be a "hooligan," only she would spell it "khooligan," I suppose.

We have just had a four o'clock supper with Mrs. Wagner, and she gave us Baking Powder Biscuits!! We played

fan-tan until it was time for me to bring Nadya home and put her to bed.

March 2nd

This morning I saw a strange sight: the sun was as high as it gets this time of year, and was shining brilliantly against the snow. As I walked through the forest the atmosphere was filled with tiny little frost-motes (at first I thought they were dust-motes) that twirled and sparkled in the sun. They made the whole forest dance with their gaiety. You could see them for yards ahead. Two hours later they were gone. It was as if you were walking through a vibrating haze of gold-tipped diamonds.

Yesterday, Polya's little granddaughter died. Her son came for her in a machine, and expected to drive "up the Volga," right on the ice, to the bank nearest the village where the family lives. It is her second grandchild to die this winter.

I notice that down here (I can't speak for the cities) any woman wearing glasses is an oddity. Either the Russian women are too vain to wear them, or they think eye trouble cannot be alleviated. But, so far as I've observed, only two of us wear glasses, among a population of 18,000 people. Occasionally a teacher may put on reading glasses when absolutely necessary. On the other hand, many men wear tortoise-shell specs. So even here in equality-loving Russia, women have to "put up a front." I guess Socialism doesn't change the fundamentals of human nature, at least in Marbumkombinat.

I don't think anyone can accuse me of being masculine! Today a child came into the clinic. Before I started to examine him, he pulled Julie down close and whispered. She went into a spasm of laughter and said, "Well, just let him

wait a little while, Rebecca Edwardovna, and watch you with the next few patients."

In ten minutes the boy came up to me shyly, put his hand in mine, and said, "That's all right. You *are* a woman after all."

I turned to Julie.

"Oh," she said, "it's the glasses."

March 6th

The ground is hard and icy, no new snow having fallen, and the ski-slides are too slippery for us "tenderfeet," so we had dinner with Mrs. Wagner and played "Monopoly." We roar every time we play it—it seems so utterly incongruous in a Socialist country. Perhaps in Moscow we wouldn't dare to indulge!

March 7th

I walked to the factory clinic today to take charge in Hal's absence. Lots of gangrene cases of toes and fingers that have been frozen and then neglected are coming into the surgical clinic. Malaria cases are still declining. I am getting more expert at writing the routine case histories and examining the patients for enlarged spleens—and finding them. Hal's slogan of "never bluff" must have caused pain of spirit and body to some of the patients whom I sent away in the beginning after diagnosing "no big spleen." I am certain now that many a spleen was just hiding around the corner of that rib!

Today a problem child came in. The result of Russian efforts to train the infant without any physical chastisement may be perfect, pedagogically speaking. I wouldn't know. I do know that I'd hate to see a child of mine stage such a scene as this.

The chief actor was "Darling," a boy of four who came in with his mother. The child had been suffering from chills.

"Let the doctor feel your tummy, Darling."

"Ya-a-a-a," and the little boy jerked away.

I carefully took off my tortoise-shell glasses, thinking they might be affecting his aesthetic sensibilities.

I mixed the rather bitter dose of quinine with a generous helping of jam, and held out the spoon.

"Come, Darling," said the mother.

"Ya-a-a-a," screeched Darling.

"Mama wants you to. . . ."

"Ya-a-a-a."

Mama tentatively placed the spoon against Darling's mouth. Out flashed a hand—and out splashed the yellow mixture, adorning the pure and pristine walls with ocher spots—forever.

"Wouldn't it be possible to *tell* him to take it, instead of begging him to?" I queried.

Mama smiled tentatively.

"I suppose it wouldn't be possible to give him just a *little* spanking?"

Mama unsmiled decisively. She arose, gathered her chickling, and stalked out—shocked to the soul.

One has to learn. I shall never again make such a suggestion—in Russia!

March 8th

Today was International Women's Day. All women in Marbumkombinat have had a half holiday, from noon on. And all the men had to keep on working. Somehow that gave me a grand and glorious feeling. One up!

Tonight I took Nadya to the meeting at the Club adver-

tised as "Koncert, Kino, Dance." What happened was typical. After the Nursery School gave a recital of dances, drills, songs, and recitations, all the tiny tackers were sent home. Only the school children of eight and over remained—and they remained until *1:30* in the morning. (This is unusual, even for Russia.) A table was brought forward and a short speech made by one of the few men present, the head of the Communist Party here—a very nice, quiet, rather colorless man. Then a woman spoke for nearly an hour about the opportunities for women in present-day Russia, and how they should live up to those opportunities by "liquidating" all illiteracy. (The word for illiteracy in Russia means "without grammar." Considering all the case-endings, the choice of word is not surprising.) Several women spoke from the floor. Finally, after the speech of a Stakhanovite woman worker, prizes and bonuses were distributed to people who had worked steadily since 1935, or to Stakhanovites who had made over-average records of production, or who had voluntarily worked in their leisure time. The children's first grade teacher, Olga Vassilievna, was the only Stakhanovite teacher to be called, and she received a silk sweater. I believe she has been giving all her evenings to the teaching of night classes for adults.

This was the first silk sweater I've seen for months. Surely things are getting "better and happier" here. It is difficult to remember that a provincial area like this is not representative of the whole Union. On the other hand, it is perhaps more representative than a city would be, considering the enormous majority of agricultural workers and factory communities away from the cities.

Volunteers have been stopped from going to Spain, but

some of our acquaintances who are not Russian citizens are slipping through or are trying to.

March 11th

Hal is back, laden with books and material for the laboratory. He and Nicky had a wonderful time. He saw Walter Duranty, who is just back from Spain. Duranty thinks there may be a general war within two years, but some of the other correspondents feel he is too pessimistic, and that Germany is far from being "prepared." In fact, we hear that some of her battleships are in bad condition owing to her inability to procure good steel. Well, everyone has an opinion. I wonder whether Germany wouldn't rather pounce now, while her conditions are still bearable.

Nicky had the time of her life in Moscow—theaters, ballet, and movies, but she seems glad to be home.

Hal tells me that the prospect of getting to Moscow by the first of September, when the schools open, is so faint that we had better begin to give up hoping. I had a talk with the teacher here; she says Nadya can go into the second grade, and Nicky into the third grade, only, next year. That is an impossible situation for Nicky. There is no one here to coach her, and Hal and I can't do it on the Russian system. So it will be a question of sending Nicky to Moscow alone, or on home to America, and I don't see that. If we can't see the thing through together, as a family, we'll just have to say we've done the best we could—and go home. Harry will be most disappointed; but when I suggested that he stay, and we go home alone, he refused to consider it for a moment. The reason I suggested this is that he has his own life to lead, and if Russia means more than anything else, he has a right to choose to stay here.

The reaction was illuminating: Russia does *not* mean more than "all the rest."

There is still a million-to-one chance that the head of the Tropical Institute (who wants Hal in Moscow for editorial work as well as fieldwork and teaching) can arrange living quarters for us by then. But the chances are slight. One excellent doctor has been waiting for quarters for months, and is working in Poland until he is sent for. They have no idea when they can send for him, although they wish his services. There simply are no places in Moscow to get.

We shall be very sad, in many ways, if we cannot carry our plan through, but we should have been ten years younger, and with very young or no children. Well—I'd rather have what I've got! There will be times at home when I can foresee we'll be very depressed, wondering if we've made the right decision. This year has been invaluable to all of us. The children have become more self-reliant, and, by studying Russian, have learned to concentrate. I have been a "woiking goil" and liked it. And Hal has had a splendid opportunity to study the Russian methods of malaria control at first hand. And it was the wisest and only thing to do, for the children and me to join Hal here and come to a joint and well-thought-out decision.

I love teaching English, much to my surprise. Ida works in the mill, is a Jewess who lived for years in Germany, is a fairly recent citizen of the Soviet Union, and is a delightful person. She says she feels that Russia is the only place in the world in which an individual can have real intellectual and personal freedom. She is radiantly happy here, and is glad her little baby girl is a member of the Communist regime by birth.

We are needed here until September, and Hal will be in virtual command of the campaign. The work done so far

has been approved by the committee in Ioshkar-Ola, the capital of the Republic. Hal and Elizavietta have been given supervision over the whole district, automatically changing our "Punkt" to "Station." But Hal fears that the honor (and it *is* an honor) may not be accompanied by an adequate increase in the budget.

March 15th

Natasha, the other microscopist, is to be relieved from work from May 1st to October 1st, at full pay, so she may have two months' rest before the birth of her baby, two months afterward, and her regular one month's vacation. The other girls are very funny about this: they say they are going out to "catch a baby" immediately. I'll be alone in my glory from May 1st on, during the busiest part of the year. They tell us that last year they worked from seven to seven, with no free days off, from April to October. So I am not sure I am glad Natasha *is* going to have a baby.

Teaching English to Ida does not leave me much time to do my own studying. I am learning new words, however, in talking to her and studying her textbook, which is written in Russian. Her examination comes May 15th, so we'll have to hustle. After that I can relax again.

We are too busy to dance. We haven't learned a single new step since we've been here. Haven't even seen any attractive dances. The people at the Club have artificial folk dances adapted to huge groups. The steps are set, and boring. And the American dances are very popular, especially the fox trot, rhumba, and tango—although the Russian style of dancing them is a little odd. They wouldn't be recognized on Broadway!

March 17th

There has been an International Chopin Contest of Pianists in Warsaw. Twenty-one pianists were selected out of all the entrants in the contest, and four were from the Soviet Union. Nicky is thrilled over this.

The days slip by. I have just finished a copy of the English translation of *Quiet Flows the Don*, including the passages deleted for American readers. It is about the Cossacks' life before and during the War and Revolution. It is marvelously written, but is certainly "candid" in spots. The opera, which Hal saw in Moscow, is not very much like the book.

Pending our final decision, we have asked that Nicky be put in fourth class (children 11 to 15) even if she doesn't understand what it's all about. Yesterday was her first day, and she came home simply thrilled. It was heavenly, after being with infants up to now. The school for the older children is half a mile away, so she gets good exercise coming and going. The hours are 12:30 to 5 P.M. In the mornings she'll be studying her Friends School work, so that, if we return, she can go on with her class. Nadya has been playing with Masha, who speaks perfect Russian after being here five years. She goes to the "German School" in Moscow. But she is going back to Moscow in three days, and great is the gloom!

March 18th

Hal and I have been spending all day trying to cure Polya's little crippled grandson of tapeworm. The medicine never even fazed it! We worked over him until five, and then gave it up and went over to the Wagners for dinner. The children had been there since eleven in order to give us a free field with the boy.

March 19th

We had a tea party tonight to celebrate Mrs. Wagner's birthday. Ida, Masha and her mother, and the Timbres Tribe. A friend of Hal's had just sent us a grand and glorious fruit cake from New York (via Union Tours), so I put eleven candles on it, and it blazed merrily. Besides cake, we had "blinchki" [pancakes], jam, and tea. A simple repast, but everyone seemed gay, and we ended the evening with the demoralizing game of "I Doubt It," or "Cheat 'Em," amidst shrieks of laughter.

March 20th

We walked to Julie's village today to take blood slides of the people in the village. The arrangement of cottages was different from any I've seen in Russia. One long row faced the brow of a hill which descended abruptly twenty-five feet to a lake below. The one village well was situated halfway down the main street. Opposite the well, a road led away to the school. At the far end of the main road the houses turned to the right, forming an ell.

There were about seventy cottages, and as there had never been a complete malaria survey of the people before, the children of the first few families were diffident in allowing the physical examination. They howled when blood was taken from their fingers; but after that there was great co-operation, for the first victims were so gleeful to see the others squirm that most of them were put on their mettle and wild horses couldn't have drawn a single "Ouch" out of them!

One exception, however, was a grown man drunk on the floor, who was having D.T.'s and thought we were demons torturing him. Another was a woman who was mentally de-

ranged. She would and she wouldn't, she wouldn't and she would. She finally—wouldn't. When she saw the baby smile at me through his tears, she consented. This woman was one of the two cases of insanity in the village. Neither was violent, and they were taken care of in the homes, as a matter of course.

Hal had started at the near end of the village, and I at the ell. We were to meet at the center. When my team of three got there—no Hal. We went into the next home—no Hal. We discovered that he had not been past the village well, and then realized he must be struggling valiantly in the school. As we started up the lane to help—he came forth, wreathed in smiles, saying he had won the race in spite of going less than half the distance. I gave in, as he had far the greater number of slides.

I am terribly sleepy tonight. I must take a little nap before I go off to my two-hour lesson with Ida.

March 22nd

All four Soviet contestants were placed in the International Chopin Contest—first, second, third, and fifth, I believe. The children in school are jubilant. This is a triumph for the government policy of taking an active interest in children with talent and seeing that they receive proper technical training. I understand all expenses are paid, and the children are placed in a technical school where music as a "major" and general education are carried on simultaneously.

As women have the same opportunities as men here, I asked Nicky and Nadya what they would like to train to be.

"Well," says Nadya, "I think it would be thrilling to be a ship's captain."

March 23rd

Charles and Fritz Wagner (as they have asked us to call them) came to dinner tonight. Afterwards, Masha and her mother dropped in to say good-by while we were still at the table. I had just heard of a "sobranye," or conference, to be held at the Club, and was wild to go, but couldn't leave my guests. It seems there is great criticism of the management here because we are behind the running schedule by at least six months; so all the heads of departments were raked over the coals yesterday, and tonight a meeting has been called, open to the public. The Commission sent down from Moscow will attend. (The meeting yesterday was a closed session.) Complaints by the workers will be in order. My only comfort in missing the meeting is that Hal is not here, and I would not be able to understand everything without his help.

March 24th

It seems that the main points brought forward by the workers last night were: (1) the occasional postponement of the payment of salaries; and (2) the inability, at times, to get bread.

Overcrowding and inadequate housing were also discussed. It was said that seventeen tons of bread a day are brought in—more than enough for the 18,000 people here; but peasants from the surrounding districts have come in with sledges and bought quantities of bread which they use for themselves and for their chickens and cows, the hay crop having been meager this year. There have been cases of bad malnutrition here in Marbumkombinat this winter owing to lack of bread. In order to protect the workers for the kombinat, only people having permits are now allowed to buy bread.

At "long last" Mother Timbres has sent us all the data about the abdication speech over the radio, and the action of the Houses of Parliament. Otherwise we'd still be groping for news.

March 26th

The opening of the factory, due January 1st, is now scheduled for May 1st. We really doubt if it will be possible to commence even then. Perhaps we may have a joyful surprise. It is not that we are skeptical, but we are learning that it is better to believe when we see! I look around at the people here to discover if they are discouraged at the long delay. As far as I can tell, they are not. They consider each step ahead a distinct gain, are glad when a program is completed, but are not downcast if it is delayed.

March 27th

Hal has been away to a small community in the backwoods to look over malaria conditions there. He found the woods full of swamps and the people full of parasites. One interesting thing: a small stream rises not far from the village, right out of the ground, and it is so warm that it never freezes, even in the coldest weather. Hal says it is a perfect all-year breeding place for mosquitoes.

He got back yesterday morning after a sleepless night on the train, which had left at 2 A.M. His drooping spirits seem uplifted after a plethora of sleep over the past "sutki" [24-hour day].

A strange thing happened in that village. Hal decided he wanted a glass of tea. He went up to the counter in the station, and found a line of people waiting, so he stood to

one side and started to whistle softly to himself. He heard an angry "Shush" from his nearest neighbors. He was surprised, but soon was whistling again—this time a little louder.

The proprietor of the counter came up to him fiercely: "Why are you acting like a naughty hooligan—a grown man like you? Stop it, I tell you!"

One of our own group whispered to Hal: "Better stop—they believe that whistling in a house is sure to bring bad luck to the host, so it is the worst of manners!"

I asked the girls at the clinic why they hadn't stopped me when I burst forth into shrill sound (as I do several times a day), and Julie laughed and said: "At first we were shocked, but then we knew it couldn't be vulgar in America, or you wouldn't do it. Now we like to hear you."

March 28th

I have fifteen minutes' extra time here at the office between 4:45 when the microscopes are taken away to be put in the safe at the main office for the night and the official closing of the station. If anyone comes in for a spleen examination at this last minute, I shall have to stop writing, as I am in charge. My family would be proud of my Russian if they could hear me "handling symptoms." The sentences are there, but not the proper case-endings. (I am speaking of grammar, and not the patient!)

The mystery of the huge packing boxes at the co-operative store next door has been solved. Ten spring beds were exposed this morning to the chilly zephyrs. By the time we got back for lunch, every bed had been sold—so great is the demand for the niceties of living.

I am due to teach tonight, but have called it off so that

I can go with Hal and the other infants to a "Magician" at the Club. Heaven knows what it will be like, but here's hoping we won't go to sleep. The kids are thrilled.

The show was "sump'n"—fire-eating, strong man, needles through skin, clown act, two-man elephant (volunteers from the audience), and hypnotism (acted well, but not wholly convincing to two American medical workers). The best act was the age-old one that is always interesting —finding eggs in boys' mouths and ears, and taking a padlock instead of a watch from a man's vest.

We appreciate simple pleasures here—*really* appreciate them.

March 29th

We are still waiting to hear from Dr. Reed—whether he would care to have Hal return to the Johns Hopkins staff next year. In the meantime, we are inquiring about ships sailing in August. The children are wild with delight at the idea of going home and staying there. Nadya's stammer has worried us. It began in February and is so bad at times that she cannot finish a sentence. There is evidently a bad conflict somewhere. It might be the uncertainty of our tenure here, unhappiness or strain at school, or the learning of a new language. It is hard to say. She has been the one who has seemed the better adjusted. At any rate the stammer seems improved with just the thought of going home (and having "security"?). There is no doubt, now, that we must return for the sake of the children—unless we get a definite offer from Moscow.

Real news! All the "old girls" in the clinic (the new batch just being trained were not included) went to Kazan over free day, and came back with *permanent waves* ($4

per head). The crowd appeared en masse in the doorway this morning—with extremely frizzy coiffures, and radiantly happy faces!

Nicky has written a letter that I think is worth putting in the journal.

MARCH 29TH

Dear Aunt Nell,

How is thee? Well it looks as if there will be no more ski-ing this year. Today as I came to school it was like a cool summer day. The ground is in rivers of mud. Though there is still mud on the ground, the weather is very warm and it is a common sight to see a Russian stop in the road, take off his coat, and sling it over his arm. I stopped wearing mine about a week ago.

Well, I have been promoted to the fourth grade. I have found a lot of friends and am happier than when I was in the first grade. They are already having % and fractions. Also anatomy.

To go to school I have to take quite a walk because there is a different school for the fourth grade and it is a good deal farther away than Nadya's school. I go to the school in the afternoon and do my English studies in the morning. It is a queer feeling to go to school then. We start school at one o'clock and end about five. We have four or five classes during that time with about four recesses. As we are the last classes in the school, we may stay late if we please.

The first day I stayed late, the children were preparing for a dance-show of some sort. I watched them. The dances were nice enough, but O! the time those children danced to. The first part of the dance would be slow. Then faster and faster or slower and slower according to

the time of the girl dancing herself, so that two girls humming the same tune and dancing would often find themselves singing two different times altogether. Still it was interesting.

After the first day when I was escorted home by about fifty or sixty children, I usually stayed late. When I go home an hour later I go home only with my friends.

There are about forty-two children in the class. Some of them are fifteen or fourteen years old. But most of them are twelve.

On the third day of school in the week we have drawing. Some of the drawings I see are pretty fierce. Here there is no teacher for drawing, but on the fifth day of school we have a singing class.

In the class there is a little hunch-back. He is thirteen years old and is very deformed but as cheerful as a cricket. What amuses me is that he beat up the biggest girl in the class. He doesn't even come up to my shoulder.

Here the girls don't stand up for themselves. They allow themselves to be slapped and kicked without doing a thing in return. Well, I am not a Russian girl, so the boys got a little surprize when they tried to put me out in the corridor.

I made a monopoly set of my own out of cardboard and playing cards. Then when Mr. Wagner went to Archangel and Solombal he got their monopoly set. So we played on theirs and mine has only been used once.

I am writing this letter in class, while the teacher is scolding someone. I just now happened to listen in.

Thee sees, yesterday we wrote a lot of Russian grammar. In the grammar book it asked questions and we were supposed to answer them. This particular boy, it seems, had been giving answers like this:

Q. How many months are there in a year?

A. How many in a year are there twelve months.

Q. How many seconds in a minute?

A. How many in a second there are ten minutes, and so on for about twenty questions. The boy had mixed the question and answer all up. The teacher was rather angry.

Well I must say Good-By.

Love
Nicky

P.S. Please share this with the family. I am sending thee a picture I drew myself. The paper was given to me by a girl friend of mine. We have no nice paper any more.

April 2nd

I am being very lazy, and am sitting up in bed, while Hal is using our only desk. His papers are spread all over the top, while he's typing a letter to Walter Duranty in Moscow.

Up to three days ago, the weather had been perfect for a month—clear blue skies, and a gradually warming sun. It climbs higher in the sky now, and does not look so much like a lost orphan wandering about uncertainly. In fact, we saw several little boys barefooted. But they didn't look too happy, the boys so bold, nor the toes so cold! The mud has dried up very well, thanks to our main roads having a cobblestone base, but if the spring rains are heavy we shall probably be ploughing through mud, oceans of it, as we did in the fall.

Today has been windy, with a Russian variation of our own April—sun one minute, snow flurries the next. The Volga is due to break up at any time, and I went to the embankment this afternoon to try to get photographs be-

fore the ice disappears. We met workers hauling huge blocks of ice chopped from the rivers and ponds and carried for storage in underground cellars that serve as refrigerators in summer. For the past two weeks there has been a sultry blue gleam in the depths of the ice, but now it is dull and colorless. Within another two weeks it will probably be "liquidated"—to perpetrate a Russian pun.

The trees are slow in budding. The pines, firs, and birches remain a delight. There was a period of some months when the only birds we saw were the black-and-snow-white magpies. Now, trills are showered about us as we pass through the forest. Sometimes it is hard to move, and we feel as if we were being enchanted—perhaps into trees—so that we could hear the music forever.

One joy of living here is the unusual scenery. Today, walking to the post office, I saw a landscape symphony in silver. Behind a cluster of silver birches, the sun was turned to a perfect disc of rose-silver by a fragile misty cloud passing before it. And against the sun, the silhouette of the trunk of a birch tree was etched in clear-cut silver lines.

This, the moonlight on the snow in the forest, the gleaming, scintillating shower of ice-motes that danced around me one day in the forest, and the double sunrise are pictures of beauty in Russia that I shall carry with me always. Painting could not do justice to these—poetry possibly—music more certainly. Man has far to develop, in an evolutionary way, before he can begin to express the pain and sheer delight of beauty.

We are reveling in the letters we receive from home. We feel in such close contact with the people there that, when their letters arrive, we forget the material distance between us. The feeling of unity with them is very wonderful.

Our own plans are still undecided. The children are far happier than they have been, now that they are with their own age groups. Russian is a difficult language even for them, but they are commencing to pick it up, which makes life more interesting.

Our hours are longer, now that malaria has commenced in earnest. We have to be at the station at 8 A.M., which means getting up at 6:15. We work until noon; lunch at 12:30; have an hour in which to do as we wish. This generally means a rest for me, for this triple-decker program is strenuous. Back again at the station from 2-5; supper at 5:30; coaching Nadya (Hal has Nicky in hand) in her "English School" work from 6:15 to 7:15; and two nights a week teaching English from 7:30 to 9:30. Free day eve is reserved for the children, and free day is our joy. Everything personal is jammed into it—writing, studying, accounts, reading—and thinking. Tonight, I am simply taking "time out" after I should be asleep.

April 3rd

Hal says I may copy part of this letter he wrote to Mr. Duranty last night:

MARBUMKOMBINAT
APRIL 2ND

Dear Mr. Duranty,

You asked me to write you some technical points in regard to the control of malaria in the USSR.

Just now we are starting in the spring survey, consisting of a person-to-person blood and spleen survey. We shall probably finish about 10,000 persons before the end of April. All persons having parasites in their blood or enlarged spleen, or both, will be treated before the

onset of the infection season around the middle of May. We have three treatment points, and a staff of twelve persons at present, which will be increased to thirty by May 1st. There is one other doctor besides me. We want to get three more, but shall not succeed. A brigade from the Tropical Institute worked here in 1935 and 1936 during the summer. Their work seemed to be effective in reducing the incidence of malaria, but how much the reduction was due to their efforts and how much was due to causes over which they had not control, I cannot say, but I am sure both factors were at work. I think I can tell better at the end of this season.

Drainage is the foundation of permanent malaria control. Without it, the disease will never be completely eliminated. We have a drainage scheme for Marbumkombinat, and a small part of it has already been fulfilled. Drainage costs money, it requires a large capital outlay, and then a not inconsiderable amount for maintenance, since badly maintained drains are worse than none at all. Our area is rather fortunately placed, in being one where drainage is practicable, but there are large sections of this district where the land is so flat and so waterlogged that effecting proper drainage and filling in will be the task of generations.

With best regards,

Sincerely yours,

Harry G. Timbres

April 4th

For some days we have heard rumors of spring:

"We'd better get our supplies from across the river before the ice breaks."

"I am going to walk up the Volga today to see my sick

nephew. Who knows at what very second the thaw may come?"

We were working in the clinic this morning when we heard excited voices: "Comrades, Comrades—the ice is breaking!"

We could scarcely wait until five o'clock, and then we tore home, picked up the children, and ran through the forest. As we drew near the Volga, we could hear a low throbbing hum, punctuated by an occasional loud grinding noise and dull crash. When we reached the bank, we joined numbers of people standing spellbound. Before us was an overwhelming picture of resistless power. The solid surface of ice that had held so firmly for months was moving slowly, relentlessly downstream. Huge cracks appeared and widened. Occasionally, the edge of one sheet of ice would be pressed up and over another and would slide along until broken off with a sharp report. Blocks rose perpendicularly ten or twelve feet, to fall with a terrific force on the ice below. Behind us the forest was vibrating to the constant undertones and staccato crashes.

Even the children stood motionless until night hid the tremendous spectacle from us.

April 6th

Here is a letter from Hal and the children to Mother Timbres. It was written on two long, narrow sheets of paper (23 inches long by 5 inches wide) glued together.

MARBUMKOMBINAT
APRIL 6TH

Dearest Mother,

Me and my brats, we is goin' to write you-all a nice long letter on my birthday, or thereabouts. It's only three days later, but what are three days in a century?

Eleanor, otherwise known as "Nicky the Hicky," and Nadja, better known as "Puddin' and Pie," are sitting on and about the desk, and are a-pesterin' of me to do something with them, and so I am going to make them dictate the letter.

So says Nicky the Hicky—Zdravstvuitye, Babushka milaya moya, which means, How-do-you-do-my-sweet-granny; kak tui pozhivayesh, which means, How-are-your-symptoms-sagaciatin'?

So says Nadja Puddin' and Pie—We play with a German police dog named Elma, who belongs to one of the engineers. She is very beautiful and well-trained. She will sit down when she is told to and you can put a piece of candy on her nose and say "Nelzya," which means "Don't move," and she will sit still until you say "Vosmi," which means "Take it," and then she throws her head up and catches the candy in her mouth. The candy disappears in a flash, and also in her mouth. She chases after sticks and jumps as high as my head when I hold the stick in the air. And she gives you her paw and begs. She is a very beautiful dog, and seldom fights with other dogs, because they are all afraid of her.

So says Nicky the Hicky—I have been promoted from the first grade to the fourth grade a few days ago—quite a jump, don't you think? I have found a lot more friends than I had in the first grade, where all the children were too small for my size. In the fourth grade none of the children are younger than 11 years. There are even some fifteen year old boys in the class. We study Anatomy, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, Reading, Singing, and Drawing, all in Russian. Of all of these subjects, I understand most in Arithmetic, which is quite a bit further advanced than fourth grade in the States. Of the other subjects, I under-

stand something. During the play period the girls skip ropes and the boys fight, and sometimes they fight with the girls. There is a physical culture class the first day of the school week. A week consists of Monday to Saturday, with Sunday left out, so there is a six-day week. Only the names "Monday, Tuesday," etc., are not used, but First Day, Second Day, etc., like the Quakers do. The Sixth Day is called Free Day.

So says Puddin' and Pie Nadja, who says that Nicky the Hicky has said enough for her turn—In our school we have skipped up in Arithmetic from the numbers 20 to 100. This is very hard for the children. In my reports I get "Khorosho," or "Good," in everything. The only higher thing is "Otlichno," or "Excellent," but not many children get this. I got it twice in Arithmetic. A few days ago my American school books came from Baltimore. I got two Arithmetic books, one Science, one Reading book, one History, one spelling book, and a book of compositions. I am in the Russian school only until noon, so I study my English books for three hours in the afternoon. First I go out for a run in the forest with Elma. And after my lesson I go out again. Spring has started to come but winter is fighting to stay. Yesterday it began to snow again. Most of the winter snow has already melted, but now the ground is covered with snow again. The ice has gone out of the river.

So says Nicky the Hicky—A little German-Russian girl came from Moscow with her mother to stay with the family of the engineer who owns the dog. Her name is Masha. She was very nice and stayed for a month. She spoke only German and Russian. She had been here only one day when Daddy took me with him to Moscow. We returned in about a week and a half. When we came back, we

found that Nadja and Masha were very good friends, and went out every afternoon to play. Nadja's Russian had improved a lot. By that time my English books had come, and so I could play with Masha only in the evening, but we had a good time anyway. One day we went out skiing with her. We went to a good hill. No one but us three children were there. It was in the big forest. The week before, when Nadja and I had been there alone, we had hollowed out a place in snow for a fortress, and so we took Masha there, too. We played until it was nearly dark and when we returned home we found that Mother and Daddy had gone out to look for us. So I went out to look for them, and we met in the forest near the hill. We were sorry when Masha had to go back to Moscow, as she was the only really good friend we have made yet.

Says Pie-faced Nadya (Nadya objects strongly at this very point to my spelling her name any longer with a "j." "I like 'y,' and I want 'y,' Daddy!")—When Daddy and Nicky had gone to Moscow, I slept with Mother every night. It was lots of fun. I do not kick her any more, and she is nice and soft. (Mother, who has arrived in the meantime from giving an English lesson, says that is not true, but after all she is not the judge.) We had lots of fun skiing in the winter. Mother said she would give me a present if I skiied down a small hill and a big hill opposite, without falling. So the very next time I went down without falling and won the prize, which was a beautiful red scarf. Daddy is the best skiier, Nicky is next, Mother is next and I am last.

Says the Hickitty, Nicketty—When Daddy and I went to Moscow, we took a late night train, on which we got the last two reservations there were. We traveled "hard," that is, third class. We slept on wooden benches, but we

had our sleeping bag and this made the bench soft. When we got to Moscow the next evening, we went straight to Annushka's. Everybody in Moscow is crowded. Annushka was very glad to see us, and as soon as we had had some supper, she took us to a movie called the "Youth of the Poet, Pushkin." Pushkin was a great Russian poet who died one hundred years ago. He was killed in a duel.

The next day I stayed in Annushka's room and played the piano while Daddy went out and bought things for the laboratory. It was the first time I had had a good chance to play the piano since I had been in Russia. I had brought some of my own music with me. In the evening we went to a ballet in the Grand Theater. Daddy had got the tickets that day. The ballet was called "The Sleeping Beauty." I have never seen such a beautiful performance in all my life. The stage decorations were marvelous, and the dancing was like fairyland. After the play was over, the audience went wild with applause and called back the princess thirteen times. We did not get back until after twelve o'clock.

The next day we went to a children's theater where we saw a ballet about a doll maker who brought a doll to life. When he brought her to life, the doll was discontented with everything he did, so she finally arranged to bring one of the other dolls to life so she would have a companion, and then ran away with him from the old doll maker. There were also some Russian folk dances and a very beautiful ribbon dance.

The same day we went to visit Mr. Duranty who had only lately come back from Spain. I expected him to be very good-looking but he wasn't. He seemed to know about everything there was to know about Europe. He said there was sure to be a war between Germany and

Russia, but that we would have several months' warning before anything began to happen. I hope he is right. He took us home in his car.

Another evening a Russian movie actress and her husband took me to see a show at the Theater of People's Art. It was a kind of vaudeville show. There was singing and folk dances. All the performers were amateurs, who worked by day in the factories. Another evening we saw a revolutionary movie called "The Last Night." It was about the capture of one of the large railway stations by the Reds in Moscow in 1917, and how the mother of one of the fighters risked her life in order to save the Red troops. It was very thrilling.

Another evening, Daddy took me to the Music Conservatory for a tryout in front of the Director. He wanted to see if I could be admitted in there. I played two of my own pieces and a waltz. The Director said it was very good but that I should have more preparation in a lower musical school. Later that evening we called on Bob Miller, another newspaper correspondent, who said he was going to call on Dr. Muller, a great American Scientist in Moscow, who was leaving that night to join an ambulance unit in Spain. We said we would go, too, to see him off, as Daddy had already met him; but first we had to call on Hermann Habicht, another friend of Daddy's. By the time we got to Muller's apartment we found that he had gone. He had left on the night train because he feared that the airplane would not fly the next morning because of the bad weather. So we stayed there all night, and the next day we took a train for home. We were glad to get back.

Moscow is a lovely city. It has some very fine looking stores. The inside of some of the stores is inlaid with

beautiful wood of different colors, and there are many tall columns and mirrors. The metro is the best and most beautiful in the world. I loved riding up and down the long escalators which lead from the street to the subway. The stations are all faced in marble, and are light as day.

Says Nadya of the Plum Puddin' Face—We had a grand celebration on Daddy's 38th birthday, and if it hadn't been for thee, Milaya Babushka moya, we wouldn't have had any celebration at all. In the morning Polya, our servant, came in on tiptoes and showed us a beautiful cup and saucer which she had bought out of the shop herself, for Daddy. I made him a blotter with a small calendar on it, and Nicky made him a safe (because he was having a lot of trouble getting an iron safe for the clinic, to lock up quinine in) out of paper, and put 38 candies in it. The candies were given him by the workers in the station. Nicky also embroidered him a handkerchief with a clipper ship on it. That evening we had a birthday supper. And guess what we had for a birthday cake? A pile of blinchki, or thin pancakes, with candles stuck on top. The bottoms of the candles melted because the blinchki were hot. Mother made some sure enough American fudge, three lids of them. We used the tops of lids of tin boxes for plates to pour the fudge on, as we had no other plates of that kind. We had another doctor and the owner of Elma in for supper, too.

Says Daddy the Whiz-Bang—It was a grand birthday, in fact the best I ever had. But it had one fly in the ointment. Thee sees, I had a favorite clay mug, made of nice red unglazed clay that I had picked up in the bazaar. It was a real muzhik's cup. But Polya, our servant, did not think it proper that a doctor should drink out of a muzhik's mug, and so she got me a great big porcelain cup with

lovely flowers on it for a present, and I had to take it in order not to offend her, and now I cannot use my mug any more.

The spring campaign has started and we are very busy. The first airplane dusting will probably be about May 1st. A lot has to be done to get ready for it.

We feel quite set up that we have survived the Russian winter. We are in some doubt, however, as to whether we ought to stay on or return to the States. The main difficulty is the children's education. We are going to try to get to Moscow. When I was there, I went to see the Tropical Institute and was told I would be taken on the staff there except for the difficulty of finding me an apartment in Moscow. Prof. Moshkowsky talked even of my giving some lectures in the autumn, if my Russian was good enough by that time. Another Institute, of Physiology, wants me, too, to help in getting out the English section of a scientific Journal—that is, for translations from Russian, editing, and so forth. I could get plenty of work in Moscow if we could find an apartment. But if we can't, and it will be difficult—we think we may return to the States in the autumn. I can probably get a job at Hopkins again. Nothing is certain yet, however.

Well, there are three feet of letter, and that makes up for former silence. With love to everyone,

Thy loving son,

Harry and his offspring

April 10th

The house next to Wagners' is being torn down by workers. We hear indirectly that some of the construction work on the factory is being held up because of the refusal of the cement factory to ship fresh consignments

of cement to Marbumkombinat until the bills are paid to date. Whether this is true or not, we do not know. (If this is so, I can see where the autonomy of each factory might work hardship to a general industrial scheme.) We are hearing also that workers have not enough to do during this delay, so they are tearing down houses and rebuilding them elsewhere. On the other hand, we have long understood that these cottages by the river bank were temporary only. And so the rumors fly, just as they do in America and India. As the Russians are so fond of saying —"Who knows?"

April 12th

I suppose other places are as beautiful and full of variation as this spot, but I have yet to see them. We had lunch at home today and then walked down the river bank for a "couple of miles or three" until we had left all signs of Mariiski civilizations behind us. We were free to gaze across the swift-flowing river, flecked with small islands of floating ice, to the bank of the Chuvash Republic, and imagine that we were the discoverers of a new land. But we could not have thought it long, for on the top of the cliff, outlined against the sky, stood a valiant tiny windmill. When a windstorm arose, whistled past us, dashing us a few swift pellets of rain, and scurried across the river, the windmill stirred to life, suddenly whirled wildly for five minutes, and just as suddenly ceased to move.

We read, talked, and rested in an open, natural park, created just for us. All around were clumps of pussy willows, gray on red branches, the soft fur turning silver against the angry blue-black of the storm cloud. The sun was warm and comforting after the short chilly interlude,

and Hal made a bow and some arrows for the children, and all four of us infants vied for honors.

On the way home, about six o'clock, we saw the sun setting behind the steep cliff across the river. We sat on the bank, with our feet over the edge, and watched until eight o'clock. The colors were flame, greens, purples, and gold, and were reflected in pastel shades in the river. Pieces of floating ice caught the sunset light, and turned rose, or amethyst, or topaz as the sun happened to hit them. They changed colors as they floated past us. Opposite, the banks still had deep fingers of snow reaching down the slopes. The grass on the level above looked soft as velvet; and the olive green shade of bushes, the white of the snow, and the dark browns and yellows of the bank were reflected in the river below.

When the last glow had faded, we came home, but not before we had discovered the slenderest little thread of a new moon hovering over the river.

April 17th

At eleven o'clock on April 2nd, a man came into the clinic asking us to see his wife, who was ill with malaria in one of the barracks. Hal and I left one of the girls in charge and plunged out into the bitter wind. We entered the long hall of the barracks, knocked on a door halfway along, and entered. The room was steamy with heat and so stuffy that we had to fight for breath. On one of the six beds crowded against the walls lay a woman with color flaring in both cheeks. She muttered in delirium. Hal examined her while I took a blood slide.

"It looks as if we were five days too late," Hal said. "That is the trouble with these people. Instead of coming to us immediately, they suffer in stoic patience until they

are sure it is 'important' enough to 'bother' us, and then it is infinitely more difficult to treat them."

We left her, returning to the clinic to stain and examine the slide, and found she had two types of malaria parasites —one virulent. The next three hours were spent in trying to get the busy ambulance. When we finally cornered it, we called for the woman at the barracks. Her husband was there.

"No, I won't let her go to the hospital."

"But it is necessary," said Harry. "You don't want her to die?"

"She won't die—I'll take care of her. Look—here's my card excusing me from work to nurse her myself."

"She needs more care than you can give."

"The devil! I helped her when all eight children were born, and we only lost two. Please be reasonable, doctor."

"Let me see— How would you like to ride in the ambulance with her? And you'll see what a nice clean bed she's put in. And she won't be disturbed by the children crying, and she won't be waking you up at three o'clock in the morning shouting in delirium, as she did last night. How about it? Khorosho [All right]?"

"W-e-ll, khorosho."

The wife was bundled in old blankets and placed on the ambulance litter. As they drove off, watched by a huge crowd that had gathered around the ambulance, Hal remarked:

"I'm afraid it's too late even with quinine given intravenously. Six children—poor man."

Today, in walked that woman, looking as if she had been to a Spa, to thank us for saving her life. Behind her ranged her husband—and the six children!

April 18th

We got up at 3:30 A.M., had hot tea from the thermos, jam, and bread (we have been on a butter famine for nearly a month), and started out to the first twitterings of sleepy birds. We walked up the river three miles to a small fishing village, and hired a rowboat in which to go across the river, which was in flood. The sunrise turned the opposite banks a deep violet, which changed to rose-violet and finally to orange; windows far off were reflected pools of orange fire.

We had to have two rowers, for the current was so swift we could barely hold our own. Little by little we gained, until we reached a sheltered spot between two islands. Then we plunged ahead, and up beyond the town of Kozlovka, when we turned, rowed straight across, and let the boat drift down to the landing.

We were after eggs, meat, butter (no luck), carrots (no luck), onions, and anything else that was offered. We were thrilled to capture ten pounds of prunes, which we divided later with the Wagners, four jars of baked beans, two brooms, and some lace for the girls' collars. So we had a very successful shopping tour. We were shown a pig, just slaughtered, and we told the owner we would purchase half if he could manage to get it across the river that night. It was an agreement. But we have never seen hide or bristle from that moment to this. We learned our lesson. We should have taken it across in our own boat, somehow. Could I say there was something fishy about that pig? The gentleman may have been a pig bootlegger. There was something decidedly "khitry," or "sly," in his manner. But oh! the beauty of the pig!

We rode back on the swift current in style and speed.

And when we reached home, we found it was only noon, and we had the whole day ahead of us. We slept until four, and then read, wrote, sewed, and have been doing things we never have time to do on ordinary days.

April 23rd

Nadya says this has been the happiest day of her life. We have just come back from her birthday party at Wagners'. The box Nell had mailed from Union Tours came into our possession just day before yesterday. It has been held for "duty," which we could not and would not pay (from principle as well as no principal), and there had been a series of wild telegrams between the post office here and the post office in Moscow. But we received it, perfectly clear, in time to give Nadya a cake of chocolate, a box of cocoa, and a grand box of chocolate peppermints.

We all dressed fit to kill, as Nadya wanted due honor to her ninth birthday. Hal wore his one and only pair of white striped trousers; I had on my blue silk flowered dress and gold earrings that Nadya loves; and the children put on their summer party dresses for the first time since we left America.

The table was lovely. Huge anemones ranging from light violet to deep royal purple were "growing" in a bowl, in the center of which stood one large candle. Around the rim stood eight other candles, and the base was hidden by sprigs of balsam. Nadya sat at the head of the table while we stood. One by one, we would read a short poem composed by Mrs. Wagner, and would light one of the candles. It was a beautiful candle ceremony.

The dinner was delicious, and ended in a flaming plum pudding (à la Dickens!) with pink hard sauce.

And presents! Never was there a happier child than Nadya tonight.

April 24th

The results of Nadya's birthday party laid me low today, and so no letters home were written. I think it was the third helping of the delicious plum pudding that did it; but for no number of "bad days" afterward would I give up the memory of that plum pudding! So I have just finished a short note home, apologizing for the delay.

April 25th

I am going to the post office on my way to the station. In order to do this, I have to walk a quarter of a mile farther along the road than I do when I go directly to the clinic. At the turn to the post office I pass the entrance to the mill; and right there is the huge blackboard on which is posted a new set of names of best workers in the mill. Although the Stakhanovite workers get bonuses and prizes, I really believe that social approval is the greatest stimulus for improved speed and accuracy in work.

April 30th

Next to Nadya's birthday, our Easter party (held according to the old-calendar date) has been the most glorious evening we have had since we arrived in Russia. For days, Nicky has been blowing the eggs we were lucky enough to find in Kozlovka, painting the shells with the cutest little faces of dolls and clowns and birds, and framing them with hats and caps and frilly paper scarfs and dresses. My favorite is "an elegant owl." As we were only able to get six eggs, there were just enough for favors for the Wagner-Timbres party at dinner. Nadya had

drawn, painted, and cut out pictures of bunnies, and fastened them to little stands. They peeked out here and there around the table in the cutest way. I have never seen Harry so gay. He kept us in spasms of laughter the whole meal; and Mr. Wagner and he kept up a fusillade of jokes and puns. When Hal is like this, I just adore him. The children were entranced and radiantly happy.

Hal put a blanket around his shoulders about nine, without saying anything. At ten, the party broke up, and I put the children to bed. After I had kissed them good night, Hal called me and said he felt a chill coming on, so I piled blankets and hot-water bags under, over, and around him, and he feels better. I am writing this while I see what is going to happen. It has been over two years since Hal has had a chill, and perhaps this will turn out to be a "chilly" and not a real chill.

Yes, Hal has dropped to sleep.

May 1st

May Day, but what a day! At 3 A.M. Hal awoke with a terrific chill, shaking the bed and even the floor. Vomiting and diarrhea accompanied it, just as in India. He would not take quinine, as this would disturb the reading of the blood slide for malaria parasites, and during the day I've taken eight blood slides, stained them and read them under the microscope, and cannot find a single malaria parasite of any type. The blood looks peculiar, but I cannot detect what might be wrong. And Hal is so weak today that he cannot sit up long enough to look into the microscope even if I hold it on the bed, as I tried to do once. Malaria was not found once in Hal's blood in India, either, and yet Hal is positive that he has malaria.

If this kind of thing is starting, and is going to continue, as it did in India, we might just as well make up our minds to fold up our tents and steal back home, where we know from experience Hal can be free of the curse, whatever it may be! This way we would be no help to the USSR, but a burden.

The children took part in the May Day parade. But it rained hard part of the time, and the crowd that finally gathered for speeches in the Club must have been very bedraggled, if Nadya and Nicky were samples. I tried to get a picture of the school children as they marched past our "drawbridge," but I am afraid the effect will be blighted by the rain.

May 2nd

Temperature up around 100.4° F. Hal miserable and very nauseated. He stayed in bed all day, but still refuses quinine. If this is malaria, another chill is due tonight or early tomorrow morning. The Wagners and Ida Lebenzohn have been very kind. Ida brought us two lemons sent to her baby by Mr. L.'s mother in Moscow, and the Wagners sent several oranges. These things are priceless. Ida has offered the use of her ice any time we wish, so an hour ago I left Nicky in charge, and went over to stock up for the night, just in case Hal has another chill followed by high fever.

The ice cellar is like Aladdin's cave. You go into the woodshed, and suddenly you spy a weird round ring-handle just lying there. You seize it, give it a tug, say "Umph" (because it's hard to pull), and lo and behold! there before you is a treasure house full of gleaming brilliants. You clamber down a little stepladder, and select your loot, climb up the little ladder, drop the trap-

door with a bang, and scurry away home as fast as you can, with many fearful glances over your shoulder, for what you carry in your arms is coveted by the many who are not so fortunate as to have treasure caverns in their possessions.

May 3rd

At 2 A.M.—the worst chill Hal's ever had in all his life. "Bocca, if I have another chill, I think I shall die!" Never before has he said anything like this. His temperature shot up to 104.4°. He became delirious and threw himself out of the bed. For the first time, I had to call Nicky to come into the room (thought it wiser to keep her out before, just in case), and she helped me lift him back into bed. As we were helping him in, he gave his head a nasty crack on the iron bedstead. Later, he complained bitterly of the fellow who had cracked him on the head! By five o'clock his temperature had dropped to 102°, and by noon was normal; but it rose again at four.

He was in a flood of perspiration, all day, and had frequent attacks of diarrhea. I have no bedpan (never dreaming of the necessity of taking one to a medical center in Russia), so have been using a washbowl with a rolled towel over the rim. I am forcing fluids on him, which is necessary in a high fever like this, but the diarrhea continues, and nothing is being ordered to check it. Have cut up my beloved poncho (that I bought on Chestnut Street one hot day last August—feeling very guilty for being so extravagant) for a rubber drawsheet and bathsheet. Thank goodness I have it! We moved Hal over to the spring bed today, but have to keep the old mattress under him as well. It was all Polya and I could do to accomplish the moving, for Hal is so helpless now that he feels as heavy as a giant

to us two women. If it had not been for the moving technique I learned in training at the Presbyterian Hospital we never could have done it.

The doctor (Makrinski, Medical Chief) has just been here. Says to keep on forcing fluids, and said he would "watch" the diarrhea!! Elizavietta called on her way to work this morning. Hal was still a little delirious, and poured out to her his plans and hopes for next year, talking brilliantly for fifteen minutes without stopping. Elizavietta listened with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Hal has not slept a wink since the chill.

I have taken a huge bowl, have put cakes of ice in it, and placed glasses of fruit juice, pitchers of water (boiled) and milk in it, and call it my refrigerator. I dare not put ice into fluids, for the ice, of course, has not been boiled. When the fruit juices run out, I open a can of peaches and use the syrup. We are fortunate that there is a stock just now in the store. A little while ago there was nothing of the kind there. I am drawing on our emergency fund for the high expense of these extra foods. Started quinine today, 20 gr.

May 4th

Hal worse, temperature between 103° and 103.8°, with no letup in the morning. No sleep. The insomnia and splitting headache are nearly driving Hal insane. It is terrible to watch him suffer. Quinine 30 gr. Took one more blood test—negative (as we expected after the quinine). Tried to take differential count. Equipment unsatisfactory, but as far as we were able to tell, it came out normal. Timagen, the surgeon, came to see Hal this afternoon. Says he'll call tomorrow. Makrinski didn't come today.

May 5th

Headache, insomnia, and unremitting fever continue. Gave Hal two sleeping tablets last night, and it simply gave him waking nightmares and no sleep. Timagen came with Elizavietta this morning, and suggested having a consultant from Kazan, as this does not seem to be a plain case of malaria. Temperature 103° plus. Hal enjoys his drinks.

Tomorrow is my birthday, but Polya wants the day off as it is free day, so made birthday blinchki today for lunch. "Fritz" Wagner came over to share them with me and the children. I took ten minutes off to eat and open the presents from Polya and the children.

This afternoon, spots came out on Hal's chest, abdomen, arms, legs and back—very light pink. He says it is malaria plus

Measles?
Scarlet Fever?
Quinine Idiosyncrasy?
Typhoid?
Typhus?

He had me take down the volume on "Diseases" and read him the descriptions of all these diseases, and then he added, quietly, "Yes, of course, there is no doubt in my own mind that it is typhus. But the diarrhea is atypical. Nevertheless, it *is* typhus."

I was grimly amused at reading, re typhus: "There is no disease where good nursing is so essential to the saving of life. There is little treatment possible, other than symptomatic." I am doing the best I can, and I am sure Hal is better off right here with me to nurse him than at the Marbum "hospital," but I would feel rather helpless, if I had the time to think about *anything* but the next thing necessary

to do for Hal. And I cannot afford, for Hal's sake, to think what might be done for him in America; after all, we are right here, and we must just do the best we can right now. Fortunately, the weather is cool, and things are keeping well. I have to replenish our "refrigerator" only three times during the day.

Nicky is being a great stand-by at this time. She stays in the living room and runs all the errands for ice, fruit, and hot water. She is a tremendous comfort to me. I send Nadya to the Wagners as much as possible.

May 6th

What a birthday! I snatched time out to open my presents from the Wagners: two handkerchiefs, a cake of Woodbury's soap, and a pair of galoshes. Then I flew back to Hal. I have not taken my clothes off for two nights, but have been able to get a bit of sleep here and there. Hal's irritability of May 3rd has completely passed off. He is thoughtful and courteous, and so brave and plucky that it wrings my heart.

"This is thy birthday, Darling, and to think I'm causing thee all this trouble!"

And a little later, "I have not made thee happy this winter. I want thee to forgive me!" And when I protested, he held out his arms and kissed me in the strangest way.

May 7th

Took a basin bath this morning and feel better. I am getting a little dopey. I can still do what has to be done, of course, and thank goodness I am not getting vertigo or headaches, as I did in India when I lost sleep. Can go strong for a long time yet. The climate is in my favor, of course.

Hal's temperature keeps soaring. I can't bear to think of the suffering he's going through. Night after night to stare into the dark, desperate for sleep, feeling your mental powers giving way before an enemy you rail against but are powerless to fight. And add to this the physical discomfort of a raging fever and an excruciating headache. It is a terrible thing to watch. I throw myself into work. If I can keep emotion out and remain as impersonal as possible, I may be able to put this thing across. And yet, on the occasions when Hal appeals to me for spiritual or emotional help, I must be able to give him that, too, without losing my balance. Thank goodness there are so many things to do that can make him, temporarily, at least, more comfortable, and I really am too busy to let myself dwell on the horror of this thing—if it is typhus. I am so thankful for my nurse's training.

Hal has had no respite from the fever. He gets no temporary relief by a morning lowering. The temperature never drops below 102°.

Makrinski says a consultant is "nye nada [not necessary]."

May 8th

Hal said this morning: "Promise me that *under no circumstances* will thee allow them to take me to the Marbum hospital!" I promised. Then he said wistfully, "I *would* like to go to the Kazan hospital. It's run by the University. But there is no way to get there; these people won't let me go; and anyway, I'm too weak to stand the trip." In order to hear him I have to lean over the bed, as his throat is getting very husky. This afternoon, he has slipped into the first quietness he has had for days, but it seems

more like coma than sleep. His pulse is good, and respirations regular.

Timagen came again this morning, and was horrified that a consultant had not already been sent for from Kazan. Ida came a few moments later, took one look at Hal, at me, and hurried out.

7:15 P.M. Ida has just been in to tell me that she and her husband got hold of Turin, the acting manager of the factory, this morning, and he got in touch with the doctors to talk the situation over. They consented to Turin's phoning to Kazan to a consultant. Couldn't get him on the wire, so a chauffeur has driven over to Zieloni Dol to phone from the station. He will wait until he gets the message through.

MIDNIGHT. My hand is shaking so I can hardly hold the pen. I got Hal fixed for an hour (he can't go longer than that without attention) about 10:30, and had just taken off my dress and put on my kimono for the first time in days when Ida came in with the man from Kazan, a Dr. Deziderov. The doctor took one look at Hal, said "Exanthematous typhus," and gave him a thorough examination.

We went into the next room, and Ida and I waited while Dr. Deziderov, Makrinski, Timagen, and Turin held a "sobranye" in Turin's apartment. It was decided that a choice should be made between these alternatives: (1) to take Hal to the Marbumkombinat hospital and have me nurse him there; (2) to keep him where he is, and provide me with linen, equipment, and an aide; (3) to take Hal to the good hospital in Kazan in spite of his weakened condition, as his heart is in good shape. I had no hesitation in approving of the last proposal, and the consultant left to be driven back

to the train—saying in his opinion it was by far the best decision. I am waiting now for Turin and the doctors and Ida to come back from another "sobranye" with a final decision as to ways and means.

Timagen has just been in with the message that Turin will try to get a *boat* to take Hal to Kazan, to save him the train and ambulance fatigue! I must give Hal a hypo of camphor, and my hand is shaking so I don't know if I can do it. But it is a funny thing how you can control that kind of thing by sheer will power.

May 9th

Hal was in a light stupor all night, but restless at the same time. He roused about eight, and we have been ready for the ambulance since eleven. It is now one o'clock, and he is beginning to get tired before we start!

May 10th IN THE KAZAN HOSPITAL

The ambulance called at 1:30 yesterday afternoon. I gave Hal another ampoule of camphor. The driver brought the litter in, and Hal was wrapped in blankets, placed on the litter, taken carefully out the door, down the steps, across the "drawbridge," and lifted into the ambulance.

Before Nadya had gone to school in the morning, I debated with myself whether I would dare to take a risk and let the children kiss Hal good-by. I decided that was the only thing I could do, so the children had a few moments with him then. But when Nadya, who had come home for lunch, saw Hal being lifted into the ambulance, she started to climb in, to kiss him good-by again. Polya pulled her back, saying, "You mustn't disturb Daddy, now, the boat is waiting."

Off we started for the wharf. We found a huge

ferryboat at the dock, and discovered that Turin had engaged the entire boat for the trip to Kazan, in order to save Hal fatigue. Hal, Julie (the girl we love best in the clinic) Makrinski, and I were the passengers. Hal was immediately put into the Captain's room, right on the floor, but still on the litter. The boat started about 2 P.M., and we arrived at the Kazan dock at 4:30. All the way down Hal had been alert, and had begged for descriptions of his adored Volga as we steamed past various landmarks.

We had to wait almost an hour at the dock, as something had gone wrong about the message to Kazan, and no ambulance was at the dock to meet us. Finally the ambulance came. The next twenty minutes must have been torture for Hal, because the ambulance had no springs, and the streets for the five miles or so that we had to drive from the dock to the city proper were cobblestoned. Hal was tossed from side to side, and the ambulance nurse and I both had to hold him tight. His face grew grayer and grayer. At last we reached the hospital. Hal was taken in one door; Makrinski and I went to the Admitting Office. The doctor in charge was kind but stern at first. Makrinski explained the situation.

"But you cannot mean you wish to be with your husband. It is against all our regulations. This is an infectious hospital."

"But that is just what I do mean. You see, I have nursed him for nine days, and I promised him I would stay with him every minute, if we came here."

"You wish to nurse him then, or be with him as a wife?"

"As a wife, and perhaps I could help the nurses a little."

"But you are not afraid! You might catch a disease." With a quizzical look. We both laughed, and I knew that

that particular battle was over, when he said, after a moment's hesitation, "Khorosho [All right]."

I was shown to the same door Hal had disappeared behind. I said "dosvidanya [good-by]" to Makrinski, who was returning by the boat, I believe, to Marbumkombinat, and as I turned to enter the hospital, I felt that I was leaving behind me everything I had tangible hold of, and the immediate experience before me seemed like a vague whirlpool into which I was going to be sucked. I was passive, and willing to suffer anything if I could only be with Hal again. That was the one clear point in my mind. I had had no sleep for centuries. I was an automaton, not Rebecca. But Hal needed me.

I closed the doors behind me, and found myself in an entrance room ending with swinging doors equipped with glass panes, through which I looked. Hal was lying prone and was being shaved over every inch of his body. He was put into a steaming bath, scrubbed thoroughly, and taken away somewhere. He looked as if he were unconscious.

I felt as if I were two people. One was a distressed soul, yearning after Hal. The other was a creature passively intrigued by all the odd happenings. It had joked with the admitting physician about fear. It had sorted over and listed every article of clothing, leaving all but a few essential things in the suitcase to be locked up, and had accepted a duplicate copy of the contents. This procedure had taken over half an hour's time. It had noted that the "sanitarka" [practical nurse] had gone into raptures over a gaudy can of powder from Woolworth's, decorated with flowers of violent hue. It had gone past the swinging doors to the shaving and bathing room; had asked if it would be necessary to shave its head. "Nye nada." To wash its hair,

then, if it had already been washed that morning? "Nye nada," if a nurse's cap was worn. To be bathed? "Konyechno [Naturally]." Could it bathe itself? Hesitation. "Da [Yes]." But it was watched by two sanitarkas very carefully to see that every inch was scrubbed with the disinfecting soap. It got out of the tub and was dried by the sanitarkas. ("And where is Harry now? I must be with him every second!") It was given a muslin shirt that came down to the knees and tied in the front, and a muslin apron that came to the knees and tied in the back, making the ensemble foolproof; it put on a pair of huge sandals that were held on the feet by a sliding buckle-strap. A kerchief was tied over the hair, and lo! there was the creature dressed for the sojourn to the infectious hospital.

It went up the stairs, groping after the other soul that was seeking Harry; and was met at the top of the stairs by another sanitarka, who opened the hatbox containing the "essentials": nail file, polish, mirror, comb, toothbrush and paste, diary, pencil, face powder, cold cream, the children's miniature, *Soviet Communism* by the Webbs, two dictionaries, a grammar, a reader, a watch, and writing paper. One by one she examined and exclaimed over these, and a group of interested onlookers gathered, both men and women. She eliminated as "nye nada" everything except the picture, the Webb volumes (!), toothbrush, pencil, and paper, and comb. These she allowed to be taken into the ward.

There—in a bed at the far end of the ward—was Hal. Suddenly the two souls jumped together, and I was one being again. I ran up to him, felt his pulse and found it fairly strong, better than I had dared to hope. I gave him a drink of water, and then looked around me. The ward held about sixteen beds. Every bed but the one next to Hal was occupied, and on every pillow was a shaven head. I

thought, "Well, this must be a mixed ward. And of course you can't tell the women from the men just by their heads in the dusk." The idea of a mixed ward had never occurred to me, but if the Russians have mixed family swimming parties, why not hospitals? The logic seemed sound, and I lay down on my bed with a sense of profound gratitude that we were in a place where Hal could receive scientific treatment, and where I could be with him. The Russians were so very kind. The tension of the necessary alertness to Hal's every breath that I had felt since the third day of May dropped from me, and secure in the knowledge that he was in good hands, I could sleep.

At 3 A.M. I awoke suddenly. I jumped up, leaned over Hal and felt his pulse. I could feel nothing. I called the nurse, who gave him a hypo of camphor and called the doctor in charge. The doctor ordered a second hypo in two hours. In ten minutes Hal's pulse was strong. The nurse said she'd keep a close watch, and would call me if he needed me; and I fell asleep again.

I awoke slowly. Something was wrong. I heard many bass voices. Suddenly I realized what was wrong: I was in bed, and all around me were voices—*masculine* voices. I sat up. Not another woman in the whole ward. I was in a *men's* ward! I nearly fainted. But as I had accustomed myself to the idea of sleeping in a mixed ward, it must have been merely a feminine loneliness that caused my consternation. But now what should I do? My ultrashort nightie coming to the knee was most immodest, and yet to lie in bed in the daytime in a men's ward was ridiculous. And I had to attend to Harry. . . . I sank back to think it over.

Just then a doctor came down the ward and stopped, looking at me severely. "Are you ill?"

"No."

"Then don't you think it would look better if you got up? After all, this *is* a men's ward, and—er—"

I popped out of bed.

"You may take a nap at three, and you may retire in the evening, of course."

He must have seen me trying to keep a sober face, for he relaxed, and the stern look gave place to a very friendly one. "You must, indeed, be very tired. You can help the nurses, but you are not to do the nursing. You will be allowed to be with your husband constantly."

I asked him if he could get in touch with Dr. Yenelayev or his wife, as these are the only people I know in Kazan. He said he would try. My Russian is full of errors, but somehow I get over most of what I want to say. I am at the place where I long to be able to really speak to people, without the strain I have to go through now. (I am sure the strain is far worse on the people who are trying to understand my execrable Russian, however. The difference is that they don't have to live with it all the time.)

The nurses do let me help a little. I feed Hal, help change the sheets, and rub his back. Everyone is most kind. Hal is in the right place. Two professors and three doctors have seen him, and (much to my distress) he was demonstrated to a university clinic class as an atypical typhus case. The students surrounded the bed, and I felt that the strain of being turned over was too great for Hal's strength. The doctor must have felt my distress, for he came all the way down the ward to assure me that Hal would not be disturbed again. Two glucose injections have been given, and he gets hypos about every two hours. Routine tests have been made.

About one o'clock the bed linen had to be changed, and

Hal was moved a great deal. Immediately afterward he became very cyanotic. I was terribly frightened. They gave him a saline solution. He felt better, and was able to eat a light lunch soon afterward. He has been sleeping for an hour, and I have taken this chance to write.

4:30 P.M. Ada Yenelayeva has just been here. She was not allowed to come upstairs, of course, but to my surprise and delight I was allowed to go down to the hall to speak to her. She was horrified to hear of Hal's illness and said she'd stop tomorrow afternoon. I am afraid I was very pessimistic, for that attack this afternoon has frightened me. I gave Ada a letter to mail home, and when I got upstairs remembered that I had not signed it.

The doctor has discovered pneumonia in the left lung, but says it is a light case.

May 11th

103.3° F. in A.M. The crisis is due tomorrow. I am watching Hal's back like a hawk, and today, after I had spoken to two doctors, they gave me a bottle of real alcohol, and some powder. (My own is in the pile of stuff the sanitarkas said was "nye nada.") He is receiving hypos of strychnine, camphor, adrenalin, and caffeine to build him up for the crisis, and he is so much more cheerful and himself today. He smiles at me, and tries to talk, but I can understand him only with the greatest effort on both our parts, and I think it very unwise to let him try often. He understands everything I say to him. When the doctor speaks to him in Russian, I have to answer, for Hal is unable to speak *one word of Russian* at this time. It seems so strange, when he was speaking so fluently two weeks ago! Nor does he check up on mistakes I make. It is just as if

Russian were indeed a foreign language to him. I wonder how long it will take for it to come back to him?

Ada came in a little while ago while Hal was asleep (I think they must have given him something to quiet him), and I suggested that as long as Hal is so very much better today, there is no need for her to come tomorrow, as it is free day and there must be many things she would like to do.

Harry seems so much more like himself, but the horror of that half-hour yesterday, when I thought we were losing him, still hangs over me. My life seemed to stand quite still—and utterly meaningless.

* * *

May 13, 1937 KAZAN

It was just seven o'clock. Long shadows slanted across the grass on the hill where we stood, high above the Tatar fields and the Volga River. The sun was flaming a triumphant red and gold as Hal was lowered into the earth.

The swift, beautiful service commenced with the silence of man—the symphony of sky, trees, grass, birds.

Timagen, who loved Harry, stepped forward and spoke of Hal's fineness as a worker, as a comrade, as a seeker after truth, as a scientist, as a human being who was lovable and courageous, and as a pioneer in research.

Elizavietta, trying to control her voice, told of the inspiration it had been to her to be a co-worker of Hal's; and how the devotion he had shown toward science and truth would be a help to her in her own work in the future. She spoke of the inspiration she felt in thinking of Hal's untiring efforts to help the people of Marbumkombinat and the

district personally, and collectively, to raise their standard of health. In doing this he was serving the whole people of the USSR in a spirit of joyous devotion to the cause of Communism.

Charles Wagner read Hal's favorite Psalms:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. . . .

Like as a father pitieth his children. . . .

Silent worship.
The Lord's Prayer.

Nadya had written a little note to Hal, covered it with "silver paper," and held it tightly in her hand all day. Very carefully, she dropped this on the top of the casket, so it would be "next to Daddy" always. Our friends covered Hal with earth. He lies in the very heart of the Russia he loved so passionately.

Part 3

CONCLUSION

Conclusion

MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA

I have carried with me constantly the memory of the kindness of the Russian people, a kindness amazing—and humbling.

In Kazan, the whole burden of responsibility was taken from my shoulders by Mr. Kaizberg, the purchasing agent for Marbumkombinat, who attended to all the necessary details. I had only to decide in which part of the cemetery I wanted Hal to lie, and to choose the words to be engraved on the tablet that would be erected by the kombinat.

On the way home on the train that night, Mr. Kaizberg said, "Did you really think it was necessary to wire the American Embassy to help you? We have agents all over

the country, and would have been glad to see that you reached the boat safely."

The next day I was called to the post office and given 2,000 rubles that had been wired from Moscow. I had no idea who had sent it or where it had come from—until the next day, when this message was delivered:

PEOPLES COMMISSARIAT OF HEALTH AND THE TROPICAL INSTITUTE EXPRESS SINCERE CONDOLENCE TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ON THE DEATH OF THE ESTEEMED GARRY GEORGEVICH TIMBRES AND AT THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE PEOPLES COMMISSAR OF HEALTH SERGEEV THE TROPICAL INSTITUTE SENDS YOU 2,000 RUBLES.

ACTING DIRECTOR RABINOVICH

—No stipulations were attached. They knew I was in trouble, and thought I might be in need of money.

While I was getting ready to leave Marbumkombinat, Ida was allowed time off from the factory for three days, at full pay, in order that I might be helped with the affidavits. Arrangements were made for the laboratory to buy Hal's microscope and instruments so I would not be short of funds. When I thanked the party secretary and the factory manager for all they had done, they said, "We are so sorry this had to happen to you. We have been glad to do anything we could. But you must realize there is nothing personal in this—any worker in the Soviet Union in similar trouble would receive the same aid."

In Moscow, we were met by Annushka, Mrs. Rumreich, and an interpreter from the Embassy. From that time on the Embassy took charge of us, and made everything as easy as possible until we left.

Dr. Sergeev—busy as he was—gave the children and me an interview, and said he would see that the application for the children's pension was brought to the attention of the proper authorities. This application had been filed in Marbumkombinat before we left, under the law that children of a father who dies in line of duty are entitled to the difference between the father's salary and the mother's salary until they are sixteen years of age. This had been forwarded to the capital of the Mariiski Republic. Dr. Sergeev said the pension, if granted, would probably be paid in rubles and not in dollars, and for that reason could be used in Russia only.

As a result of the application, the following letter was received from Mr. Oumansky, of the USSR Embassy in Washington, on the first of February, 1938:

Dear Mrs. Timbres:

I wish to inform you that according to the decision of the People's Commissariat of Social Welfare of the RSFSR of October 31, 1937, your children Eleanor and Rebecca Timbres have been given a pension of $84.40 a month; viz., $42.20 a month to each child.

Your daughter Eleanor is to receive this pension from May 12, 1937, until October 1, 1940; Rebecca will receive a pension from May 12, 1937, until April 23, 1944.

Should the Misses Eleanor and Rebecca continue to go to school after the above-mentioned dates of expiration of the pensions, the pensions will be extended until each reaches the age of eighteen (18) years.

The pensions will be transferred to you, through this Embassy.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) C. Oumansky

My last day in Moscow, I saw Dr. Rabinovich and Hal's beloved Dr. Butyagina. I wanted to thank them for their great kindness at this time, and over the past year, and to present the Tropical Institute with Hal's medical library. Dr. Butyagina said, "We were going to write you—when the wire came from Kazan. The final arrangements had just been made for transferring you to Moscow in September. We had been speaking of the joy it would be to have Garry Georgevich with us. We all loved him and admired him, and respected his work. Our loss is great."

I wonder if somewhere—somehow—Hal knows, and is glad that our "experiment in social living" would have continued.

* * *

And now I must close this book, giving it to the two small daughters of a man who was unswerving in his search for spiritual, social, and scientific truth—the most honest man I have ever known.

SWEDEN
FINLAND
HELSINKI
BELO-OSTROV
LENINGRAD
STOCKHOLM
Baltic Sea
ESTHONIA
RIGA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
S S S
MOSCOW
POLAND
KIEV
KHARKOV
UKRAINE
RUMANIA
BESSARABIA
ODESSA
CRIMEA
Black Sea
UNION of SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
TURKEY
0 50 100 150 200 250

R
MARIISKI REPUBLIC
MARBUMSTROY
PARADSK
ZIELONI·DOL
CHUVASH REPUBLIC
KAZAN
TATAR·REPUBLIC
KUIBISHEV
Samara
URAL·MTS.
EUROPE
ASIA
RAILWAY
SVERDLOVSK
TRANS-SIBERIAN
RATOV
Volga
Ural River
STALINGRAD
ASTRAKHAN
Caspian Sea
GROZNY
MOUNTAINS
BAKU
CENTRAL
ASIA